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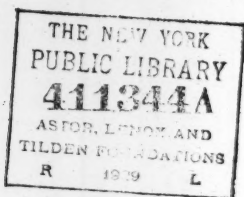
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ROY WEBB
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 497.—JULY, 1928.

Art. 1.—THE BERLIN TREATY : FIFTY YEARS AFTER-
WARDS.

1. *The Secret Treaties of Austria-Hungary, 1879-1914.* By A. F. Pribram. Harvard University Press, 1920-21.
 2. *Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette, 1871-1914.* German Foreign Office, 1922-27.
 3. *Bismarck's Diplomacy at its Zenith.* By J. V. Fuller. Harvard University Press, 1922.
 4. *Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy.* Vol. III, 1866-1919. Cambridge University Press, 1923.
 5. *History of Modern Europe, 1878-1919.* By G. P. Gooch. Cassell, 1923.
 6. *The Letters of Queen Victoria.* (Second Series.) Vol. III. Edited by George Earle Buckle. Murray, 1928.
- And other works.

FIFTY years have elapsed since the Congress of Berlin concluded its sittings, and it is a little surprising that no adequate history of the Congress and of its place in modern history has been attempted. The territorial arrangements in the Balkan Peninsula which have provided the basis of Near Eastern diplomacy down to the present day date back in their essential features to 1878; but this by no means represents its whole significance. It placed a strain on Russo-German friendship which was never properly healed, and furnished perhaps the most important single cause of the reorientations of the European groupings which continued from 1878 onwards; it inaugurated a new phase in British foreign policy, and necessitated a revision of British diplomatic technique; it gave an unexpectedly powerful impetus

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to Balkan nationalism, and, in consequence, gave the death-blow to the Near Eastern policies which two great powers had vigorously pursued for several generations. Its importance, indeed, is recognised; but its significance has still to be assessed. Such comment as has been passed, has been, on the whole, derogatory; and though these fifty years have witnessed some strange reversals of reputation we are still waiting for the fulfilment of Beaconsfield's prophecy that posterity would appreciate the great work performed at Berlin. The Congress had a prejudicial effect on the political careers of Beaconsfield, Andrassy, Corti, Shuvalov, Carathodory, and, indeed, of most of the principal actors; in England Harcourt was declaring before the end of 1878 that the work of the Congress was already moribund, and even the supporters of the statesmen concerned have displayed a temptation to praise their heroes with not very faint damns and to excuse them on the ground that individual responsibility should not be too readily fixed where so many politicians were in co-operation. In unambitious but well-meaning verse an admirer of Salisbury declared,

“Peace with Honour” was the message he brought home
From the Councils of Berlin many years ago—
Peace he wished for, and, if it was not gained,
The failure was not his, as we now clearly know.*

Such lukewarm enthusiasm for the work at Berlin is typical, and it remains for a later generation to examine the justice of some of these adverse comments.

European diplomacy since 1878 has been characterised by a certain voluble reticence which has more often than not succeeded in misdirecting rather than in mystifying public opinion. Viewed as a readjustment of the map of Europe the Congress was an undoubted failure, and the voluminous Blue, Green, and Yellow Books which discussed the various modifications of the treaty have concentrated attention to these territorial aspects rather than on the broader questions that lay beneath. ‘No solemn international covenant has been so systematically and openly infringed and ignored, in part by the Signatory Powers themselves, as the Treaty

*. ‘Poetical Tributes to the memory of the late Marquis of Salisbury’ (1904), p. 102.

which was concluded in Berlin in July 1878 "in the name of Almighty God," writes Mr W. H. Dawson.* In the summer of 1880, within two years of the Congress, a second conference had to be called at Berlin to deal with the Greek clauses of the Treaty, and Beaconsfield, in reply to a *very secret* invitation from the Queen, expressed some bitter comments on the apparent desire of his successor to reverse his policy in many parts of the world. 'The real cause of the dangerous malaise in Turkish affairs is that the Powers are carrying out the provisions of the *Conference* of Berlin, and not of the *Congress*.'† In 1885 Bulgaria absorbed Eastern Roumelia; in 1886 Russia repudiated the Batoum clause; Greece received far less territory than was designed for her, and nursed the grievance for a generation; in 1898 Crete was taken under the custody of the powers; Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed by Austria in 1908; and in 1912 the Balkan states proceeded to a redivision of Turkish territory. Some provisions, such as the razing of Turkish fortresses in Bulgaria, the handing over of Albanian territory to Montenegro, the immediate assumption by Serbia and Bulgaria of the Turkish programme of railway construction, proved impracticable. The reaffirmation of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire was totally disregarded by France, England, and Italy in their North African policies. Nevertheless, these changes, important as they are from many aspects, do not affect the main result of the treaty. The treaty was a compromise which developed into a deadlock, and the very intensity of the struggle over each modification of detail throws into prominence the stalemate which neutralised the Near Eastern policies of the great European powers. It is as a diplomatic stalemate that the Berlin Treaty has influenced the main trend of European history since 1878./

The Near Eastern question has a habit of eluding definition, but certain main factors in the problem in its 19th century form are clear. After three hundred years of confident prophecy of the imminent decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire a Turkish state based strategically

* 'Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy,' III, 143.

† 'Letters of Queen Victoria' (Second Series), vol. III, p. 144.

on Constantinople and the Straits has continued to exist and to defy all attempts at its abolition. The value of Turkey as a buffer between conflicting European interests has been too great to allow the cause of Christian emancipation full play, and the attitude of the powers towards emancipation and reform has varied as it concerns either the fate of outlying provinces or the fate of the core of the empire itself; an inevitable though confusing contradiction of which the rival 'Jingo' and 'atrocities' agitations in England in the 'seventies form an admirable example. In the earlier stages of the modern history of Turkey in Europe the powers displayed a minimum of opposition to the setting up of a series of autonomous states composed of the border principalities of the Turkish Empire, the Danubian principalities, Serbia, Montenegro, and Greece. A new stage was reached when the same process threatened the inner ring of provinces, in Bulgaria and Macedonia, and the powers disputed this issue with a vehemence which appeared to threaten European war. A third stage may be observed in which the growing power of the Balkan states modified the problem in many aspects, presenting both new obstacles to Turkey's opponents and a new threat to Turkey herself. In these later phases of the Near Eastern question Bulgaria played the decisive part, the peculiarities of Balkan geography strengthening the importance of territorial proximity. Russia, the aggressive power in the 19th century, met with no decisive diplomatic or military opposition until she had pushed the Ottoman frontier back, step by step, to the Balkan Mountains, a range which provided the last effective geographical barrier on the eastern side of the peninsula. The excellence of this line for defensive purposes was shown in the two campaigns of 1828-29 and 1877; and the appearance of the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora in 1878 was an unpleasant reminder to Russia that after an exhausting campaign in the Balkan Mountains she might still have to meet the forces of Turcophil Western powers before Constantinople. The rapid descent by Russian troops on Constantinople was impossible as long as the Western powers could transfer troops rapidly from the Mediterranean and the Turks in possession of the Balkan passes could delay the most formidable military advance.

As the problem appeared in the 'seventies, the integrity of Turkey could be threatened only by Russian control of the Balkan passes or by an agreement in favour of partition between the European powers. Any agreed partition would have the powerful support of Bismarck, who regarded Turkey and the Turks as an intolerable nuisance; and Russia saw such agreement as a possible though not perhaps a very likely solution. Austria might be bought off by the recognition of her claims in the western half of the peninsula; Italy and France might be relied on to hold back through their hostility to the aims of the Central Powers. Germany might be persuaded to compel Austria to accept an agreement, or even to throw her weight on the side of Russia. And if agreement could be reached with these four powers, the risk might be taken of ignoring England's opposition. In 1876 and 1877 negotiations do proceed with considerable success along these lines, as long as the vital question of the Bulgarian passes remains untouched. From a very early stage in the crisis this becomes the main interest of all the powers. After agreeing at Reichstadt in July 1876 to give Serbia, in the event of victory against Turkey, extensions of territory in Bosnia and Novi Bazar, and limiting the future of Bulgaria and Roumelia to a single line reference, Austria and Russia in the Convention of Budapest, signed on March 18, 1877, omitted all reference to Serbia, and agreed to constitute 'Bulgaria, Albania and the rest of Roumelia' as independent states. The Russian government in its plans for turning the war to political advantage, contemplated the creation of a strong Bulgarian state, which, dominated by Russia, would bring Constantinople a stage nearer; but the Budapest Convention compelled her to promise Austria that 'the establishment of a great compact Slavic or other state is excluded.' The Big Bulgaria of San Stefano brought England and Austria together in opposition, and by the Berlin Treaty the southern boundary of Bulgaria was to stop at the Balkan Mountains, the boundary line following the principal chain of the Great Balkan, from Cengei in the east to the summit of Kosica (Art. XIV). The Sultan was to have the right of providing for the defence of this (and other) frontiers by erecting fortifications and maintaining

troops (Art. XX); and south of the line Eastern Roumelia was to remain under the direct political and military authority of the Sultan, with a Christian Governor-General, though under conditions of administrative autonomy (Art. XIII). In short, the treaty left the powers as far as ever from any agreement on the question of partition and with a good defensible frontier still in Turkey's hands.

By 1878 the situation had been reached which can best be described as a stalemate. No general manœuvring for an agreement, no sudden move presenting a *fait accompli*, had so far been effective in producing an acceptable solution of the fate of Turkey, and no alternative presented itself except an upsetting of the board and the certainty of European war. The mutual jealousies and suspicions of the powers which prevented agreement on any general scheme of partition appear of course in other quarters, but they are particularly well illustrated in the history of Turkey. By 1878 the preservation of the *status quo* in the Near East had become inextricably bound up with the existing form of the European states system, and could only be threatened by a threat to the system itself. The unification of Bulgaria, the Armenian atrocities, the question of Crete, Ferdinand of Coburg's defiance of the powers, all show the helplessness of the powers for a generation after 1878; and when Austria proceeded to disturb the *status quo* the result was a threat of war in 1908 and a European war in 1914. An additional factor was the strength of national feeling in the peninsula. By the treaty of 1881 between Austria, Russia, and Germany, the union of the two Bulgarias was to be Russia's compensation for the eventual annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the strong national feeling against Russia, which appeared in Bulgaria shortly after the treaty was signed, made it obvious that the union would no longer be regarded by Russia as adequate compensation. All schemes for an agreed settlement of the Eastern question involved a partition of Turkish territory among the European powers; and violent expressions of local nationalism threatened both an unexpected element of opposition to these schemes and the possibility that some powers might make local disturbances an excuse for occupation.

Nevertheless, Europe was slow in realising the importance of Bulgarian nationalism. Even the spectacular horrors of the 1876 atrocities produced no ready recognition of a new factor in Balkan affairs, and the first utterances of European statesmen between 1876 and 1878 seem to anticipate no very serious assertion of the national principle in that quarter. The belief that an autonomous Bulgaria could be dominated by Russia or partitioned to suit the Turks was made the basis of the Berlin Treaty, and Europe had to suffer a generation of diplomatic alarms in consequence.

It is interesting to examine these aspects of the Berlin settlement in the light of some discussions of the Eastern question which have appeared in recent years. There is a tendency to attribute to several of the great powers lines of policy which the difficulties of the Eastern question in the 'eighties and 'nineties would scarcely have warranted, and in any case are difficult to support with any positive evidence. Although there is still much to be known about this period no evidence that has as yet come to light seems to support the view that the powers could do anything except more or less helplessly await events.

The intensity of Gladstone's denunciation of the Turks from the 'seventies onward, and certain anti-Turkish speeches of Salisbury and others have suggested the abandonment by England of the old pro-Turkish policy, and a declaration in favour of partition as opposed to reform. Dr Hazen, for example, in his volume on 'Europe since 1815' (p. 570), suggests that as early as 1876 Gladstone was an advocate of the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, 'bag and baggage'; that, in other words, he had publicly renounced the Palmerstonian policy of maintaining Turkish integrity. This is a complete misunderstanding of Gladstone's intentions. In the atrocity agitation of 1876 he carefully limited himself, as in his pamphlet on 'Bulgarian Horrors,' to a demand for the 'extinction of the Turkish executive power in Bulgaria.' A few days after the publication of this pamphlet a similar statement occurred in the Blackheath speech of Sept. 10; in this he declared himself willing to say to the Turk, 'You shall receive a reasonable tribute; you shall retain your titular

sovereignty; your empire shall not be invaded.' He had, in fact, in order to remove any misapprehensions as to the meaning of his pamphlet proposals, explained in the 'Times,' of Sept. 9, that his desire that the Turks should 'carry themselves off' was 'strictly limited to military and official Turks.' As the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 established an autonomous, though limited, Bulgaria, the Conservative Government practically accepted the 'bag and baggage' policy; and in the Midlothian speeches the policy of maintaining Turkish integrity was not under discussion, criticism being limited to the bellicose and 'wild-cat' elements that Beaconsfield was accused of having introduced into his conduct of foreign affairs. Much political passion had been generated by the personal rivalry of Gladstone and Disraeli, and in spite of differences in application both English parties remained pledged to the treaty settlement of 1878 as embodying the two fundamentals of the maintenance of Turks in Constantinople and the amelioration of the condition of the subject Christian races.

'The Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy' does not throw much light on the situation after 1878, but there are many indications of the failure of British statesmen to discover alternative solutions to the question. The union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia in 1885 undid one part of the Berlin Treaty, and Lord Salisbury in approving the union apparently reversed his previous policy. But the reversal was more apparent than real, for the anti-Russian motive in British policy was expressed as strongly as ever; his first action on hearing of the union was to announce his disapproval, and it was only when Russia, alienated by the Russophobia of the Bulgarian Government, decided to oppose the union, that he gave it support. His policy, as in 1878, was primarily anti-Russian, and neither pro-Bulgarian nor pro-Turkish in sympathy, though considerable personal sympathy for Prince Alexander was felt in court and political circles in England. Lord Rosebery remarked that Alexander was too fine a man for such a 'beastly country,' and the recently published volume of Queen Victoria's Letters shows how her interest in the prince, active from their first meeting in 1879, was intensified by the crises of 1885. This sympathy was

quite in keeping with the previous development of British foreign policy, and pointed to support of an independent Bulgaria as an additional barrier to Russian advance; and behind the barrier Turkey could continue her shaky existence. Beaconsfield and Salisbury before 1880, Salisbury and Lord Rosebery in the 'eighties and 'nineties, examined schemes for the partition of Turkey and weighed the possibilities of alternative governments. As time went on the gradual disappearance of Turcophil feeling in England allowed politicians to express, in public, condemnation which had previously been voiced in private correspondence and behind closed doors. But the Armenian question in the 'nineties showed once more the powerlessness of the powers, and indicated that the stalemate was to continue; and though Salisbury in 1897 could lament in the Lords that support of Turkey had been a backing of the wrong horse, he was compelled to add the observation that it might be 'in the experience of those who have done the same thing that it is not very easy to withdraw from a step of that kind when it has once been taken'; in fact, 'that you are practically bound to go on.'

Though Russia could hope for no modification of British policy her aims in the Near East might still be secured through an agreement with the Central Powers which would present Britain with a continental combination too strong to be opposed. Bismarck seems to have visualised a scheme of partition which would satisfy the ambitions and occupy the energies of all the great powers, with North African territories to keep Britain, France, and Italy quiet, and with a partition of the Balkan Peninsula into spheres of influence as a basis of understanding for the Alliance of the Three Emperors. This solution is clearly expressed in the various agreements negotiated between Russia and Austria, with Bismarck's mediation, up to 1885. As far back as December 1875 he had urged the Russian Chancellor to co-operate with Austria-Hungary, adding that Germany would approve any decision arrived at. Early in 1876 Bismarck suggested to the Russian ambassador in Berlin simultaneous advances of Russia into Bessarabia and of Austria into Bosnia and Herzegovina; and this idea formed the basis of the Reichstadt Agreement of

July. In 1878 the Russian Government received no support from Germany in its fight for a big Bulgaria which, stretching far south of the Balkan mountains, appeared to give Russia an overwhelming preponderance in the peninsula; nevertheless, Russia received Bessarabia, and the violent denunciations of Germany that appeared in the Russian press after the Congress are explicable only on the erroneous assumption that Bismarck had promised to favour Russian ambitions at the expense of Russia's opponents. There is no evidence to support belief in such a betrayal; and though Bismarck, in the autumn of 1879, formed the Dual Alliance with Austria for joint opposition to an attack on either of the Central Powers by Russia, he showed anxiety to return to friendly relations with Russia, and succeeded in restoring the three powers to the amicable relationship of 1876. In the Alliance of the Three Emperors of 1881 it was recognised in principle (Art. II) that Austria reserved the right to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina at whatever moment she might deem opportune, and that the three powers would not oppose the eventual reunion of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia if that question should come up by force of circumstances. In 1884 the Alliance of the Three Emperors was renewed and the friendly conversations of the Emperors of Austria-Hungary and Russia at Kremsier, in August 1885, provided further evidence of Bismarck's skill in reconstituting the understanding between the three empires which had seemed hopelessly shattered after the Congress of Berlin. He pressed the idea of a division into spheres of influence at each successive crisis or discussion over Balkan affairs, and in the Reinsurance Treaty of June 18, 1887, promised not only to recognise the legitimacy of Russia's influence in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, but also to accord benevolent neutrality and moral and diplomatic support if the Tsar should find himself under the necessity of assuming the task of defending the entrance of the Black Sea. All these agreements are consistent in their approval of Russia's movement towards Constantinople, and his policy would present no difficulties but for the fact that numerous agreements exist which appear to commit Germany to equally definite opposition to all Russia's Balkan ambitions. When the disturbances in

Bulgaria, between 1885 and 1888, made a Russian occupation a possibility, the 'Mediterranean' group of Austria, England, and Italy, formed to maintain the *status quo* in lands bordering on the Mediterranean, received Bismarck's undoubted support.

The controversies which have continued since Bismarck's dismissal have hitherto failed to give any really satisfactory explanation of this contradiction; but a fresh turn to the discussion has been given since the war by Prof. J. V. Fuller, who, in a more elaborate study of Bismarck's later diplomacy than any hitherto attempted, has arrived at conclusions concerning the negotiations of 1885-88 which differ in many essentials from any hitherto advanced. Approaching the Near Eastern question from the point of view of German policy, he argues that when the question was reopened in 1885 three possible courses presented themselves to the German Chancellor. 'Germany might support Austria unreservedly from the start, announcing boldly that she would be on her ally's side in the event of war. She might espouse Russia's claims and persuade Austria, for a consideration, to concede them. Or she might keep in the background, letting Austria go ahead on her own responsibility, only endeavouring to assure her the support of some other combination, not openly including Germany, which in the end would balk Russia of her desires.'* The first course, threatening as it did a great struggle between Slav and Teuton, of which Constantinople should be the prize, and which would certainly precipitate the Franco-Russian alliance that it was his lifelong struggle to avoid, was inconceivable so long as Bismarck stood at the helm of the German ship of state. The third possible course, the indirect blocking of Russia's advance, had most to recommend it.† 'The situation was probably as difficult as any with which Bismarck was ever called upon to deal. The Bulgarian question was reopened and must be boldly faced. Further temporisation was useless: the solution might as well be sought once and for all.' The second course, that of compromise and mutual aggrandisement for both Russia and Austria, would only result in a temporary solution. 'That any such arrangement could be made

* Fuller, p. 77.

† Ibid, p. 80.

to the permanent satisfaction of Russia was a practical impossibility.' Bismarck therefore determined to solve the Near East question, 'once and for all.' By engineering his secret diplomacy skilfully, he could serve all Austria's interests and yet avoid breaking with Russia. Germany could thus keep France and Russia apart and maintain her own advantageous position as the mutual friend of both Russia and Austria.* An obvious objection to this view that would be advanced by any one familiar with the published material for German diplomatic history in this period is that Bismarck's correspondence nowhere contains any statement—made either to his own diplomatic agents or to the Austrian Government—which can reasonably be construed as an admission of such a policy. Prof. Fuller goes to some trouble to explain this difficulty. He considers that the explanation is largely personal: Bismarck had not much confidence in Kalnoky's discretion. His opinion of the Austrian's ability fell particularly low after the Serbo-Bulgar war of 1885, and the behaviour of such an undependable colleague could be better regulated by keeping him in the dark, and even in a little anxiety. 'The tone of his communication was always that Germany's support was strictly limited, that real danger existed from the side of France, and that the maintenance of existing ties with Russia and with Italy was a matter, not of manœuvring for advantages, but of life and death.'† This statement of policy coincides almost exactly with the explanation of Bismarck's policy put forward by Raschdau and other survivors of Bismarck's diplomatic corps: perhaps because they also, for some reason not easy to discover, could not be admitted by Bismarck to the inner secrets of his diplomacy.‡

Prof. Fuller argues that this method, the indirect blocking of Russia's advance, had, in fact, been employed with success at the time of the Russo-Turkish war and Congress of Berlin, to the profit of Austria, without any commensurate Russian gain.§ The conclusion that Bismarck may have followed the same line after 1885 is

* Fuller, pp. 76, 79, 80.

† Ibid, pp. 81, 82.

‡ Raschdau, 'Der deutsch-russische Rückversicherungsvertrag' in *Grenzboten* (April 1918), p. 32.

§ Fuller, p. 80.

an attractive one within certain limits; but Prof. Fuller's analysis of his position in the 'eighties attributes a power of initiative to the German Chancellor which the history of the Eastern question after 1878 does not generally suggest. The judgment of German writers, which agrees with that of Dr Gooch in England, certainly does not attribute to Bismarck either the opportunity or the inclination for this exclusively Austrian policy, and the opposition to Fuller's view is clearly expressed in Prof. Pribram's summary of the position after the conclusion of Bismarck's many and conflicting engagements in 1887.

'This security on all sides and against every eventuality enabled Prince Bismarck to pursue toward allies and opponents alike those tactics of threats and promises, admonitions and pleadings, pacifications and elucidations, by means of which he attained the goal he held unswervingly before him, the maintenance of the peace of Europe. It was a dangerous game that he was playing. Only a master like himself could hope to bring the ship of state through all the rocks and shoals into safe harbour.' *

Any fresh Near Eastern crisis after 1878 would have presented Bismarck with the three alternatives enumerated by Fuller if Bismarck accepted the view that 'further temporisation was useless: the solution might as well be sought once and for all.' Prof. Fuller remarks further that 'the question reopened was in reality that of the re-establishment of Russian influence in Bulgaria and its possible extension even farther—perhaps to Constantinople itself.' And on a later page, 'the final reckoning would be only postponed by an understanding confined to Bulgaria and Serbia.'† How far does Bismarck's diplomacy before 1885 bear out this forecast? It is difficult to believe that Bismarck, after the events of 1878 and 1879, could have seriously believed it possible to engineer the permanent defeat of Russian Balkan ambitions and still retain the friendship of Russia: he was too close a student of Russian affairs not to know how readily Russian opinion translated every disappointment in foreign affairs into hostility to Germany. This would have been an obvious deduction from the events of the Congress period, and in fact

* Pribram, II, 84.

† Fuller, pp. 76, 79.

Bismarck is complaining of the Russian press before the end of 1886; anti-German feeling was strongly expressed from this point onward, and by the end of 1887 it was widely believed that war was in sight.* It is possible to argue that Bismarck was prepared to accept the consequence of Russian ill-feeling, but not that he was ignorant of it. And even if the Russian press could have been persuaded that the defeat of Russia was not due to German machinations, it would have been most unlikely that Russian diplomatists would not have gained some inkling of the truth. Further, we may well ask how Bismarck was to bring into existence a coalition of governments in opposition to Russia without letting those governments know that he was doing so? Prof. Fuller, nevertheless, explains the lack of direct evidence in the published German documents for his view by saying that Bismarck considered it best not to inform Kalnoky of his intentions. As a matter of fact Kalnoky was well informed as to Bismarck's activities, even in the obscure instance of Dr Langenbuch's visit to Alexander of Battenberg in March 1887.†

Even if we accept the hypothesis that Kalnoky was kept in ignorance the problem remains of finding what motive Bismarck would have in supporting Austria if Austria was to be told nothing about it. Presumably the truth was to be revealed when the defeat was finally accomplished. Prof. Fuller does not deal with this point, and if Kalnoky's temperament was so undependable that he could not be employed even as conscious auxiliary in fighting his own battles, it is doubtful if he could have been safely entrusted with a secret which would obviously have had to be hidden very carefully from the suspicious Russians. Dr Trützschler, indeed, goes further, and maintains that Bismarck had no such doubts as to Kalnoky's reliability.‡ At any rate, unless we can find reasons for disbelieving Bismarck's repeated statement that Germany had no direct interest in the Near East we must assume that desire to gain the self-interested gratitude of Austria would play a large part in such a

* 'Die Grosse Politik,' III, 2; v, 96, etc.

† Corti, 'Alexander von Battenberg,' p. 295.

‡ Trützschler, 'Bismarck und die Kriegsgefahr des Jahres 1887,' Appendix, p. 153.

policy as Prof. Fuller elaborates. In any case, why should Bismarck voluntarily undertake the task of pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for Austria? There is no reason to doubt that if the choice had definitely to be made between Russia and Austria he would, as the German Government did in 1908 and 1914, have chosen for Austria; but his whole policy was directed to removing the need for this choice, which would be followed by all the nightmares he was anxious to avoid.* It would involve the enmity of Russia and a consequent *rapprochement* between Russia and France, with the probability of an evenly balanced European war fought for no better cause than Austria's possible gain in the Near East.

The real objections to this theory is that there was very little chance of the policy being successful, and that it would not have benefited Austria if it had been successful. In what sense could Bismarck hope to solve the Near Eastern question? Prof. Fuller himself points out that any temporary defeat of Russia would merely postpone the issue, and that Bismarck, if he tackled the problem at this stage, would aim at solving it once and for all; but there is nothing of a permanent character in the defeat of Russia which resulted from the Mediterranean Agreements of 1887 and the largely independent development of events in Bulgaria at the same time. This solution was obviously one-sided and even less satisfactory than the 'understanding confined to Bulgaria and Serbia,' which Prof. Fuller considers inadequate as a solution of the question. In the 'nineties a reconciliation was arranged between the Russian and Bulgarian Governments, and the renewed interest of Russia in the Near East in the early years of the new century was followed by open war in 1914. Bismarck's own constructive solution of a division of the peninsula into spheres of influence was, on the other hand, a recognition of the permanent nature of Russia's movement to the south. This movement, as at the Peace of Paris in 1856 and the Congress of Berlin in 1878, had been in the past checked by a combination of powers and after Russia had been exhausted by war; but there was no reason to believe that the fresh forward movement,

* Cf. 'Die Grosse Politik,' IV, 349.

which seemed possible in 1886 and 1887, could receive anything more than another temporary check.

From the reopening of the Eastern crisis in 1885 Bismarck had been striving to maintain good relations with Russia, and discouraging Austria from entering any agreement with England; he recognised that the semi-defensive measures of the Mediterranean group might assume a provocative character which would indeed keep the Russian Government engaged in the Near East, but would do so to an extent which would destroy the European *status quo* that he was interested in maintaining. Bismarck's promises of support both to Russia and to the opponents of Russia may be due to the fact that one set of promises was genuine, the other mere bluff; a more probable explanation is that Bismarck, relying on the Near Eastern stalemate, was trying to make friends with both sides by giving promises which he would probably not be called upon to fulfil. The policy that he seems in consequence to have followed was not that of strengthening the opposition to Russia but of restraining the Russian Government in its too natural tendency to reply violently to threats. His promise of diplomatic support in return for Russia's promise to maintain the *status quo* made a peaceful policy apparently profitable for Russia, and, what was even more important at the moment, was flattering to Russia's *amour propre*. Such a policy, if carried out successfully, would result in a continuance of the Near Eastern stalemate, and, as both Russia and Austria had Balkan ambitions, would be favourable or unfavourable to them in equal degrees. It is only in this sense that Bismarck can be said to have had any intention of solving the Near Eastern question: the solution, such as it was, was temporary, and while it lasted prevented the realisation of Austrian as well as of Russian aims.

The Near Eastern question had baffled many generations of statesmen before Bismarck, and it is but one more example of what may be called the Bismarck Legend which attributes to him the power of permanently modifying one main line of Near Eastern development. That Bismarck was powerful in his day is no justification for a chorus of appreciation which even now assigns to him an influence bordering on omnipotence. German post-war writers may be expected to regard sym-

pathetically the work of a statesman who managed, though with increasing difficulty, to preserve intact an impressive creation, and their judgment is in many cases kept in touch with reality by a close acquaintance with the inner working of the diplomatic machine which Bismarck perfected. But, even among British writers the high appreciation of pre-war days has suffered no modification, either through war-time feeling or as a result of the further information furnished by the opened archives of post-war years. Prof. Fuller's view, though governed by sweeping and—unless we can discover a superior morality in the methods of other governments—relatively unjustified denunciations of Bismarckian 'old diplomacy,' does rightly emphasise the many weaknesses in the mighty heritage handed by Bismarck to his successors; only, however, to fall into what is apparently the old exaggeration by the tacit assumption that Bismarck had the power to recreate and modify his structure at will.

A study of the Balkan question in the years following the Congress suggests a state of affairs that even the genius of Bismarck could not disentangle. His diplomacy after 1878 does not perhaps reveal many of his happier touches, but his anxiety to base his alliance system on an understanding between Russia and Austria, and failing that, to avoid the devastating Near Eastern question altogether, meant that his influence was powerfully exerted to maintain the position established by the Berlin Treaty. The fact was that neither Austria nor Russia was willing to concede to the other a decisive influence on Balkan affairs, and the steady growth of Serbian and Bulgarian opposition made the prospect of exclusive influence by either power increasingly remote. In time a new generation came into office, less impressed by the difficulties of the problem, or perhaps less inclined to avoid its risks, and the ambitions of 1878 appear in new or modified forms. But the Berlin settlement remains as a statement of certain permanent realities which neither Balkan nor world wars have succeeded in shaking very materially, and the fact that such wars were long in coming suggests that Beaconsfield's modest announcement, 'Peace with Honour,' was a rather better summary of results than some subsequent opinion was disposed to admit.

W. N. MEDLICOTT.

Art. 2.—SIR HENRY WILSON.

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Bart, G.C.B., D.S.O. His Life and Diaries. By Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, K.C.B., with Preface by Marshal Foch. 2 vols. Cassell, 1927.

THE Irish have always had a sure instinct in murder. Sir Henry Wilson was an Irishman. He was murdered by two other Irishmen. But this murder was something more than an affair between themselves. The victim was a Field-Marshal of the British Empire; he had been Chief of the Imperial General Staff in the last months of the War, and was at the time of his death a member of the House of Commons. He was a shining mark. The book under review contains the diaries of this distinguished soldier. It is edited by Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, also an Irishman; and he has brought to the task the industry of an experienced writer and the devotion of an Irish friend. The diary, as displayed, demands, with the explanatory comment, 753 pages; it begins with the year 1893—the volumes prior to that, and extending eight years further, having been lost. The editor found it expedient to omit some passages, and desirable to exclude certain expressions about individuals; but enough remains.

Sir Henry Wilson did achieve a high place. The evidence is in the public records and upon every page of the diary. He entered the War as a brevet-colonel; he emerged as Field-Marshal, Knight of the Bath, Baronet with a Parliamentary grant of ten thousand pounds. And it was not alone in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house that he had honour. His praise comes from emperor, kings, statesmen, soldiers. A legend has grown up that the War brought forth no great soldier, no great statesman. This diary disproves the first part of the allegation, and equally proves the other. It will be convenient in the outset to assemble by categories the positive evidence in the very words of Sir Henry Wilson himself.

The Emperor of Russia, who was not personally acquainted with him, is reported by a trustworthy witness to have inquired, 'Wilson? that is the very tall man? I hear he is of the first order' (I, 315). The King

of the Belgians, in his own capital, 'said he knew the part I had played, and thanked me.' Again he repeated the assurance, and was 'charming and flattering' (II, 151). The King of Italy in his own bedroom 'begged me to accelerate assistance, and gave me both his hands in saying good-bye' (II, 28). The King of Spain, after luncheon in his palace, 'credits me with more power than I have, perhaps not more than I may have' (II, 278). General Nostitch, in Russia, 'said that, if it had not been for me, the Germans would have been in Petrograd' (I, 313). General de Castelnau, at dinner in the house of Baron de Neuflyse, at Chantilly, said 'in front of every one, that only for me England would never, could never, have gone to war, and therefore it was the literal truth that I had saved France.' The diarist may well add, 'a proud moment' (I, 294). General Nivelle 'appealed to me "in the name of God," as I was the only man in England who could save a most difficult situation' (I, 326). General Smuts described him 'as the Hindenburg and Ludendorf of this country' (II, 8). To Signor Orlando he was *le Rothschild des bons espoirs* (II, 56). On the way to Rapallo, as the train was passing Marengo, Lloyd George remarked to him, 'You are our Kellermann, and you must save us in our desperate situation. If you cannot, then no one can' (II, 20). When the Supreme Council of War was being set up in Versailles, M. Clemenceau 'asked who Versailles was, and answered it himself by saying "Monsieur Wilson"' (II, 45). Dining with his own King, the Prince of Wales also being present, Lord Stamfordham 'said that I was more responsible for England joining the war than any other man. I think this is true' (I, 189). General de Castelnau kissed him at Mirecourt (I, 362); and at Doullens 'Foch kissed me twice in front of the whole crowd' (I, 181). Finally, he came within a little of commanding the Canadian Corps (I, 279). The only voice lacking in this chorus of praise is the voice of an English soldier.

The justness of this high eulogy will be clear to any one who reads the diary of his activities on the field of battle in the first six weeks of war. The evidence is on every page, that it was he who turned the tide of battle on the Marne, although at the time he held the inconspicuous post of sub-chief of the General-staff, and the

humble rank of colonel. According to Lord Esher (i, 171), 'his prescience never failed. In that darkest hour, he is recorded to have said, "The Germans are over hasty. They are bound to make a big mistake. The whole thing is overdone." Already he had divined the battle of the Marne.' Divination was not enough. He had taken the proper measures to ensure victory by instructing the French in the tactics and strategy proper to the occasion. As early as Aug. 24, General Lanrezac made a proposal for attack (i, 168). Wilson saw at once that 'the thing is ridiculous, and is done to save his face.' On the 27th, he transmitted to the French commander-in-chief a clear expression of his own views: 'I told him how useless the present plans were. I told him to get all five corps up from Alsace' (i, 170). It was equally sure that his own chief, Sir John French, had taken up 'a ridiculous position.' On Sept. 4, he went to see Franchet d'Esperey, who had succeeded Lanrezac, 'and it was agreed between them' what the plan for the battle of the Marne should be. When he returned that night he wrote in his diary (i, 174), 'The above scheme seemed a good one, and I was all in favour of it, in fact it was, I think, my idea.' But he found the conduct of Sir John French 'simply heart-breaking.' He 'spent a miserable night,' but at seven in the morning he 'went to see him, and he too agreed.' The battle of the Marne was won. But the full immensity of the victory was only apparent on Sept. 12. The single point in dispute between Wilson and the French was the date of entry into Germany. He thought four weeks; Berthelot three. Wilson then submitted the proposal proper in the event of the Germans being bold enough to stand on the Namur—Meuse—Thionville line, a rather vague proposal, it is true, 'to attack everywhere. They agreed after much argument, and allotted the task to Foch.'

In this happy interlude, Colonel Wilson might well look back with complacency upon his labours during the first week of August, not only in dispatching the Expeditionary Force to France but, what was much more difficult, persuading and compelling the Government to send it at all. The record of those activities also is singularly full and clear. On the night of July 31, he 'began to suspect that the Cabinet was

going to run away' (i, 152). Accordingly, he had 'Johnnie Baird write to Bonar Law begging him to come up and see Asquith.' In the morning of Saturday Aug. 1, at seven o'clock, he went with Sir Arthur Nicolson to see Sir Edward Grey. The Foreign Secretary was in bed, and could not be seen. On his return to breakfast, he found a company of two young ladies, whose names are mentioned, the editor of an important monthly magazine, and General Rawlinson. Late the night before, Wilson had telephoned to this editor the fatal message, 'We are in the soup' (i, 153), and that would account for his presence at breakfast. They constituted themselves 'into an informal "pogrom," under the inspiration of the General.' The personnel of this pogrom seems hardly imposing enough for events so important; but at any rate, 'they got into touch with'—various persons. In addition to all these activities, which were not exactly pertinent to his duties as Director of Military Operations, he went the day before to see General Vicomte de Panouse, the French Military Attaché, 'and advised him to get Cambon to go to Grey to-night and say that, if we did not join, he would break off relations and go to Paris' (i, 153). This does not seem to have been very wise counsel. To break off relations is a serious threat, and is a new method of diplomacy in seeking an ally. England was not at that time accustomed to being threatened by her friends. In any case, M. Cambon and Sir Edward Grey arrived at a decision by a less unusual course. But Colonel Wilson was overwrought. The strain had been too great: 'an old friend found him in a passage in the Admiralty building in tears.' The last entry in the diary for the day reads, 'Grey's delay and hesitation in giving orders is sinful.' It is well known, however, that Sir Edward Grey in a published work gives rather a different account of his action. But the British Expeditionary Force sailed for France.

Such is the splendid figure that would have remained—Knight, Baronet with ten thousand pounds, Field-Marshal, the power that compelled and enabled England to do her duty, the Saviour of France and Russia—had it not been for the publication of these diaries. That figure would have remained for this generation at least,

for the historians are slow and patient in their discovery of the truth. The book is a cruel book. The cruelty lies not in publishing what Sir Henry Wilson says about others but in what he says about himself. What he says about others will be disbelieved or believed according to the taste of the reader; what he says about himself will be accepted as true; and the melancholy truth is that, whilst he says much of his greatness, he says little that is admirable. If, on his behalf, the wise rule had been observed, that a soldier's diary may not be published without the consent of the War Office, any intelligent corporal-clerk would have saved him from himself. It is cruel also because he has been permitted to expose to the world the foundation from which that greatness arose, and transform current surmise into posthumous certainty. Sir Charles Callwell may plead that if he had placed himself and his hero under this self-denying ordinance, the diary would have remained unpublished; but that is a contingency to be deplored less by his friends than by his enemies, for he must have had other enemies than those who struck him down. If an enemy had done this publication, it might fairly be alleged that any man's furtive scribbling, if wholly published, would do him discredit. This is precisely the kind of book the Patriarch yearned for, as emanating from an enemy for his own hurt.

It also should have been calculated how many neutral or ignorant readers might be converted into enemies by reading the book. The historian alone is oblivious to that risk. Sir Charles Callwell was under no vow to write history; yet in his voluntary work of piety in publishing these diaries, he has handed over the subject of them to the historians to be anatomised. It is upon them the duty falls. The book-reviewer also has his own humble office. In his own defence, he may urge that he never reviews a book unless it is thrust under his notice by publication; often, not even then unless people are talking foolishly and falsely about it. And there has been much false and foolish talk about these diaries, especially by persons who have not read them. They have been used in detraction of the civil government, and as proof that soldiers consider themselves superior to the State, and the military force an enemy

of the civil power. That is not true, nor is it true that soldiers are at enmity one with the other, the officers of the staff conspiring against the men fighting on the field. It is equally false that the army assumes a prearranged attitude of hostility to any race or people of His Majesty's subjects before they have declared themselves in open rebellion, which it proceeds to suppress without rancour, without civil hate. It is quite true that these diaries give colour and body to all these accusations, but that is personal to the writer and not of general validity. The essence of the British Army is loyalty to the King, support of His Majesty's Government, fidelity to comrades, submission of self to the common good, resolution in face of the enemy. If in any degree the contrary qualities helped to procure for Sir Henry Wilson his high place, that was the result of adscititious circumstances which rarely occur, and may never occur again. There is in the editing a certain amount of sophistication by which the worse is made to appear the better. That may be forgiven to a friend, but by a reviewer the sophistry must be stripped away. And yet in midst of the sophistry the soldierly candour of the editor shines through; by comment and foot-note he shows how mistaken the diarist was in his observation and deductions.

Lord Stamfordham was right in his statement that Sir Henry Wilson was more responsible than any other single man for England's going to war; but it was by the eternal force of events England was driven to war; the power of any man to accelerate or retard was very slight. In any case, such a claim in itself, even if it were true, is not now held in high esteem. The man who can justly claim that he was the one most responsible for keeping his country from war is entitled to a hearing. The credit so glibly given to Sir Henry Wilson is precisely the charge that is laid against the German Kaiser in respect of his country. Arising out of the convention between the British and the French governments formulated by Lord Lansdowne, of which Viscount Grey of Fallodon has written with passionate approval, there was bound to be a discussion of strategy between the military staffs. In January 1906, M. Cambon thought the moment opportune in view of certain possibilities,

and Mr Haldane authorised a definite correspondence, with the clear understanding that no action was involved. All was vague until the year 1911 when the Agadir crisis gave point to the military discussions. In July of that year, Colonel Wilson went to Paris where he spent a day with the French High Command, and these mutual visits were exchanged at irregular intervals during the next three years. It was not unnatural that the French were willing to believe the best, that the British Expeditionary Force would be instantly at their disposal, and that England would be automatically committed to war at their discretion. It was natural, too, when war broke out, that they stood aghast, as they discovered that the military conversations were 'unofficial,' and that the documents were all in order against their assumptions. On Aug. 1, at 11.30 a.m., Mr Asquith was free to write formally reminding the War Office that the Government had never promised the French an Expeditionary Force. Whilst it is quite true that Mr Asquith and the Cabinet as a whole were ignorant of these military manœuvres, Lord Haldane and Sir Edward Grey were more fully aware. On Aug. 9, 1911, Colonel Wilson, after his return from Paris, presented to them three points: 'that we must join the French; that we must mobilise the same day; that we must send all six divisions. These were agreed to, but with no great heartiness' (I, 99).

In all this conference with the French there was inevitable silence. 'It had been necessary throughout to perform the work with utmost secrecy. The fact that Wilson and some of his staff were in communication with the French had to be concealed. About half a dozen officers alone in all the War Office knew of what was in progress' (I, 149). At this point the diary fails us; but upon the fateful alliance with France and the consequent withdrawal of the Fleet from the Mediterranean the diary is brilliantly clear. The decision to withdraw was made 'without permission of the Foreign Office, or Cabinet, and without discussion by the Committee of Imperial Defence' (I, 113). When war really did break out the Expeditionary Force was ready, although the field-guns were obsolete, as they were not designed for high explosives. The ominous question

now arose in Colonel Wilson's mind, What was to be done with the Force? That was a question with which he had nothing to do. It was a question for the Foreign Office, the Prime Minister, the Cabinet, and the country. Sir Edward Grey has given a full account of the process by which a decision was reached. The decision was not easy. Time was required. This was the delay that reduced Colonel Wilson to tears. He had aided and abetted the French in their belief. He had helped to incur that debt of honour which fell to others to be paid. When this came to light in the awful glare of war, England did not find herself so free to abstain, or free to enter, as Sir Edward Grey makes out in his elaborate defence. England was already compromised. She was to that extent no longer a sovereign State.

The real complaint against Colonel Wilson is not that his strategy was secret and French but that it was false, and that he led, or forced, England into war by the wrong road in opposition to those who knew better. The relation between Lord Kitchener and Sir Henry Wilson never was cordial. From his early days he had no high opinion of Kitchener's capacity. In March 1896, he was 'mightily disgusted at the way things are going in Egypt.' But in South Africa, this brigade-major was no better pleased with Buller. Lord Kitchener first met Wilson face to face in 1909 at the Staff College. The meeting was not auspicious for that great soldier: 'He attacked me,' writes Wilson, 'about trying to form a "school of thought," but he got no change out of me, and he really talked a great deal of nonsense' (I, 84). This school of thought was the French school whose teaching turned out so disastrous to themselves as well as to us. Lord Kitchener, on Aug. 6, 1914, took charge at the War Office. His first official act 'excited Wilson's violent indignation,' as it might interfere with Wilson's own arrangements. It turned out that Wilson had misinformed himself. He was in that temper when Kitchener sent for him. On the previous day, Kitchener, through the French Embassy, had asked that a specially accredited officer be sent from France to consult with him. The officer, General Huguot, arrived in the morning. Wilson had a 'long talk' with him, and the officer returned to France without having seen Lord Kitchener.

As a result, Kitchener was angry, angrier still because Wilson had told the French officer everything, and committed the Secretary of State to a decision he had not yet taken. Wilson's behaviour in this trying situation is described by himself, 'I answered back, as I have no intention of being bullied by him, especially when he talks such nonsense' (I, 160).

There was one more meeting with Lord Kitchener at the War Office, this time on Aug. 12; present, French, Murray, Wilson, and three French officers (I, 162). 'There we wrangled with K. for three hours. K. wanted to go to Amiens, and he was incapable of understanding the delays and difficulties of making such a change or the cowardice of it. He still thinks the Germans are coming north of the Meuse in great force, and will swamp us before we can concentrate.' Apparently it was more important to go to the wrong place than to have Lord Kitchener 'hopelessly messing up our plans' (I, 160). The army concentrated at Maubeuge, not at Amiens. It was overwhelmed. The Germans did come in great force north of the Meuse. The word 'cowardice' is not a nice word in the mouth of a soldier. The word is 'not applicable,' as they say in the army, to Lord Kitchener. He may well have consoled himself with the Fable of 'The Lion worn out with old age.' At 'the historic meeting of men, mostly ignorant of their subject,' which Wilson describes under date of Aug. 5, 1914, the ignorant men were Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Sir Douglas Haig, Mr Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr Churchill, six Generals, and three Colonels, including Wilson himself. Various proposals were made, that now appear to have been so sensible that Wilson thought them 'platitudes.' Sir Douglas Haig was modest enough to ask questions, 'and this led to our discussing strategy like idiots' (I, 158). Inasmuch as the strategy that issued out of the discussion was not adopted, and the strategy issuing out of Wilson's discussions with the French High Command during the four previous years was adopted, and failed, it is an easy surmise that the idiocy lay elsewhere. The caution of ignorance is less dangerous than the rashness of presumption.

Sir Henry Wilson was Commandant of the Staff

College from 1907 to 1910, and Director of Military Operations from that year until the War. During all that period he was in close, continuous, and confidential communication with the French General-staff. He above all men should have had a correct opinion upon the fundamental problems that faced the Empire, namely, the possibility of war, the duration and extent of it, and the number of troops that might be required. If he was wrong in this, his staff work was fantastic and his strategy grotesque. He was wrong. Let us examine his diary, first, upon the possibility of war—July 26, 1914: My own opinion is that if Germany does not mobilise to-day, there will be no war. July 27: I think there will not be any war. July 28: At 3 p.m. a note came from Asquith ordering the 'precautionary period.' I don't know why we are doing it, because there is nothing moving in Germany. July 30: War seems inevitable. July 31: We are in the soup.

His judgment upon the duration of the War is equally clear and equally fallacious. Aug. 5, 1914: The editor condenses. He spent an hour and a half with Sir John and Haig when the latter made the suggestion that troops ought not to cross the water for two or three months, during which period 'the immense resources of the Empire' could be developed. But Wilson pointed out that there were no resources for a long war, the view being very generally entertained that the contest would be a brief one (I, 158). Sept. 13, probably: Berthelot asked me when I thought we should cross into Germany, and I replied that unless we made some serious blunder we ought to be at 'Elsenborn' in four weeks. He thought three weeks (I, 177). Sept. 15 (Letter): If we drive in the force in front of us, we won't have any more trouble till we get to the Meuse (I, 177). Oct. 3: I still think the War will be over in February or March (I, 181). Oct. 26: I still think we shall finish in the Spring (I, 185). May 4, 1915: Joffre talked of getting to Namur and the War being over in three months (I, 225). This was the official judgment of the British and French general staffs. It prevailed to the ends of the Empire. It governed the mobilisation in Canada, for example, by methods which imposed to this day an extra debt of two hundred million dollars, and wrenched

the Constitution so that it has not yet recovered from the strain.

The number of troops that might be required was the next vital problem. Upon this the diary is unmistakably clear. Equally clear is the editor of the diary that the diarist was wrong, and that Lord Kitchener was right. Lord Kitchener, he says, 'entertained no illusions as to the potentialities of the British Expeditionary Force. He perceived that this little army would be totally incapable of exercising a decisive influence, and he perceived it before that little army had quitted the shores of the United Kingdom. But Wilson's influence with Sir John French's entourage was strong. He consistently and effectively ridiculed the Secretary of State's designs and intentions. General headquarters followed his lead' (I, 162). Under date of Sept. 15, 1914, the diary contains this entry, written from France, when the War had been in progress for about six weeks: 'Kitchener's shadow armies for shadow campaigns, at unknown and different dates, prevent a lot of good officers, non-commissioned officers, and men from coming out. It is a scandalous thing. Under no circumstances can these mobs now being raised, without officers, and non-commissioned officers, without guns, rifles or uniforms, without rifle-ranges or training grounds, without supply or transport services, without *moral* or tradition, knowledge or experience—under no circumstances could these mobs take the field for two years. Then what is the use of them?' Two days later he wrote: 'His ridiculous and preposterous army of 25 corps is the laughing-stock of every soldier in Europe. It took the Germans 40 years of incessant work to make an army of 25 corps with the aid of conscription; it will take us to all eternity to do the same by voluntary effort' (I, 178).

And yet, within four months, from three thousand miles overseas came a Division of these 'shadows,' and to the German soldiers at Ypres they were not a laughing-stock. On April 22, they bore the brunt of the attack with poisonous gas, which would have been new and strange even to real soldiers, and Ypres was saved. 'But he could not withhold his admiration of the enemy's General-staff for accomplishing so much under the con-

ditions that existed at the time' (I, 223)—this is the comment of the editor who, in proof, recites the diary for that day: 'The Germans did this by those noxious gases and without reinforcements, for they have none,' he wrote home, 'and so it was a very fine performance' (I, 223). This letter was to an Englishwoman—and Canadian mothers weeping for their children. In all these 753 pages of diary this commendation of the German General-staff is the only hint that nearly half a million Canadians were engaged on the Western Front. Of those at Vimy, there is one single line, and yet the terrain they captured must have been familiar, as it had been lost to the Germans by General Wilson himself in May 1916, when he commanded the IV corps. Neither Australians nor New Zealanders came under the notice of this Imperial Chief. Their name does not live even in the index.

War breeds lies as the earth breeds worms. That was a saying of Napoleon's, and he should know. In the vain attempt to deceive the enemy we succeeded in really deceiving ourselves. Retreat was victory; disaster triumph; to turn away was a clever stroke in naval tactics. People really were persuaded that this retreat to the Marne was the original plan of strategy, but it was carefully concealed from them that the plan cost 600,000 men. In this retreat from Mons, heralded at the time as 'a defensive battle,' one point of light emerges, when Smith-Dorrien 'turned upon an enemy of at least twice his strength, struck him hard, and withdrew practically without interference.' This decision to stand and fight instead of continuing the retreat was in direct opposition to his orders from headquarters, although finally Sir John French, 'who did not quite grasp what it involved, and in spite of all I could say, agreed.' Wilson adds the jealous words: 'This will lead to disaster, or ought to' (I, 168). And the cause of the defeat at Mons, he alleges, was the decision of the Cabinet to retain two divisions in England. And yet it must have been easier to extricate four divisions than six, unless indeed those six were able to arrest and defeat the whole invading German army. At any cost the Government must be put in the wrong.

A soldier may be 'all right in fighting,' as Sir John
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French said of Sir Douglas Haig (II, 10), and yet not be a competent staff officer; but a competent staff officer must be a soldier. Haig was both. Wilson was only the one. There was a gulf between them. They were forever estranged by Wilson's preoccupation with civil government and his magisterial function as a teacher of young men in the Staff College, by which he lost sight of the executive duties proper to a staff officer. A man may be a professor, and have no experience in the application of the principles he professes to teach. With the profound instinct of the Army the instructors in the Staff College were classified as professors. But a professor must have for his function a subject that is a science, and War is not a science in the sense that the theory can be divorced from the practice. Sir Henry Wilson was a professor of war; he was an inveterate lecturer with pointer, maps, and diagrams. Three years before the War began, he gave a course of instruction to the Cabinet. He laid out the forces of the triple and dual alliances on the frontier: he put all his big maps on the wall, and lectured for an hour and three-quarters. He was profoundly dissatisfied with Grey and Haldane; they had no grasp of the subject; but he was rather hopeful of Winston (I. 99). In any case, England was not so unprepared for war in 1914 as many critical persons have assumed. The Cabinet had had lectures, but unfortunately the professor was wrong in his thesis.

An entertainment that pleased this Instructor in Strategy was 'playing a war game,' but he never had full scope for the exercise until he went to Versailles. There he had one half his young men represent the allies and the other half the enemy. He played the game for Sir William Robertson, and showed him the maps besides. 'He was a good deal knocked about by all this' (II, 51). The Americans were even more affected. 'Bertie Studd and Hereward played the game for them, and they were immensely struck by the whole thing. Bliss told me that we had made out an overwhelming case for America helping us with every single man possible in every possible shape. So,' he concludes, 'we did a good morning's work' (II, 53). But wars are not won in this way.

At every crisis of the War he was ready with a paper;

and these papers were written with the facility of a professor and the lucidity of a mathematician, who, as one of themselves has said, begins by assuming a set of illusions from which fresh illusions are developed. His most comprehensive paper is on the Dardanelles (I, 215). Let the Dardanelles be forced, it begins, 'a by no means difficult operation, if gun and rifle fire are not too great.' The events that 'may' follow then pour out like items from a machine. The paper on the Western Front is equally convincing: 'To break the German line is not only an operation of war, but a certain operation of war, given sufficient troops and sufficient ammunition' (I, 215). His most elaborate strategy was propounded in a paper written on Oct. 21, 1918, in which he 'showed that if Turkey gave in, and we had free access to the Black Sea, we could presently develop an attack from the Danube of 50-60 divisions, that this would knock out Austria, and then we could move into Germany from south and west and defeat the Boche armies on Boche territory' (II, 140). Sir Douglas Haig's plan seems much simpler, and it succeeded within the next few days. As Foch once said to him, 'Mais, mon cher Wilson, nous sommes militaires pas avocats.'

There are different ways of arriving at the same end. In the War two opinions developed. The soldiers, like Haig and Robertson, favoured the Western Front. All others believed that a decision could be reached in other areas. These two opinions were in direct opposition, since the forces available did not permit the double experiment being tried. Sir Henry Wilson held both opinions at the same time. On March 17, 1915, he wrote as clearly as Haig or Robertson could have written (I, 215), 'The way to end this War is to kill Germans and not Turks. The place where we can kill most Germans is here, and therefore every man and every round of ammunition we have in the world ought to come here. All history shows that operations in a secondary and ineffectual theatre have no bearing on major operations, except to weaken the forces there engaged.' He soon lost sight of this principle, and adopted a contrary one, 'The Boche could not get a decision against us; we could not get one against him in the West; therefore we ought to try and knock out

the Turk' (II, 52). How the Turk was to be knocked out was equally clear, 'We ought to push about like the devil in the Caucasus, and if possible push on in Palestine.'

His plan was 'to take troops away from France during the mud-months, and land them on the coast of Palestine' (II, 14). These 'five months of mud and snow from the middle of November to the middle of April during which we can do nothing,' he 'rubbed into' Lloyd George on Aug. 23, 1917 (II, 11). In the winter following, the Germans and Gough's Fifth Army discovered that March is not a mud-month when nothing could be done on the Western Front; Vimy Ridge had been carried in the first half of the previous April. This was one of 'the mad schemes of Lloyd George which terrified Haig and Robertson.' Most of Lloyd George's mad schemes originated in 'the great brains' (II, 2) of Henry Wilson. In October 1917, 'Lloyd George is mad to knock the Turk out during the winter on the plan I explained to him on Aug. 23, his difficulty being that Haig was hostile and Robertson was mulish, which he thought maddening. He wanted to know my advice. I repeated all I had said on Aug. 23, and expressed the strong belief that if a really good scheme was thoroughly well worked out, we could clear the Turks out of Palestine and very likely knock them completely out during the mud-months, without in any way interfering with Haig's operations next spring and summer' (II, 16). Had Haig been less hostile and Robertson less mulish, and the British army in Palestine rather than on the Western Front in March 1918, which was Wilson's 'mud-month next spring,' the War would have been lost.

Sir Henry Wilson had not the intellectual equipment of a strategist nor the educated intelligence that enables a real soldier to make war from a contour map and history. There is evidence that in school he was incapable of making much use of the books he had. He failed twice to pass for Woolwich, and three times for Sandhurst. In July 1884 he was entitled to examination for a direct commission, and on Oct. 16 his name appeared fifty-eighth on the list of successful candidates. Ill-luck in examinations dogged him; in March 1895 he failed to pass for interpreter in German. It can well be imagined how he would laugh off 'these mishaps when he came to

hold appointments that were largely concerned with military studies' (1, 2, 3, 4). But defeat in war cannot be laughed off. He never was a soldier in the sense of consorting directly with fighting men and being of them, excepting for a few months in Burma on frontier patrol. His service dates from December 1882, when he was gazetted lieutenant in the militia, known in those days as the back-door of the Army. In time he was promoted for India. 'This is a terrible upset,' he writes, 'went and saw Military Secretary, who is afraid nothing can be done.' A medical board gave him four months' respite (1, 15). In the interval 'he played a good deal of polo, and was generally galloping for some general' (1, 16). But he never went to India again. In South Africa he was a brigade-major, and upon his return entered the Intelligence Department of the War Office, but for a short time he did command a provisional battalion in Colchester.

He never looked war in the face, never looked upon a stricken field or felt the thrill of victory at the moment when it comes. There is not in the whole book the faintest fellow-feeling or sign of sympathy with those who are about to die, not a suggestion that the reality of war is in the front line and there alone. In all his fleeting and fugitive visits to France, he never penetrated beyond general headquarters. Even when he commanded a corps he does not confess to having entered a front trench even from motives of curiosity. Of the dark background of war, the regimental aid-post, the dressing-stations, he appears to have known nothing. The dead, the dying, the wounded, the sick for him had no existence. He does not appear to have seen a single soldier and not an officer under the rank of major-general. War to him was like a game of chess.

Sir Henry Wilson's single adventure into the field of war is fully described in a chapter of twenty-eight pages, although the strictly military operations demand only six. He took over the IV Corps from Rawlinson on Dec. 22, 1915, south of Bethune, with 70,000 troops of all ranks. 'The enemy was comparatively quiet,' and on the last day of the year he found time to drive to St Omer to a dinner for General Huguët 'who made a charming little speech and kissed me on both cheeks.' Three days later

he went on leave to London, 'where he had interviews with a number of prominent people.' He returned to his command on Jan. 30, after nearly a month's leave, and found that one of his divisions in his absence had been transferred to another corps. The next incident occurs on March 12, when his headquarters were moved to Ranchicourt, 'a delightful château planted down in a fine park traversed by a trout stream.' At the end of April, he went on leave again, and nothing of especial interest occurred until May 20, when he took over from General Byng 'some line about the western slopes of the Vimy Ridge.' On this first day in that important area, he occupied himself by taking the Archbishop of Canterbury on to the Nôtre Dame de Lorette heights to watch the gun-fire. Those Germans had a curious prescience of these changes of command and even the very name of the new commander who came to oppose them. Next day the blow fell. Sir Henry 'could only get contradictory and unsatisfactory reports as to what had actually been happening in the front line. Only late at night did it transpire that 1200 yards of the trenches had been lost and the whole line thrust back 300 to 600 yards. Owing to the dust and smoke that obscured the view, some doubt has ever since existed as to the hour at which the assault was actually delivered, for no one from the doomed companies in the front line returned to tell the tale' (I, 283). Had Sir Henry Wilson been as disinterested a spectator as he was at Ypres, when the Canadians were assailed by gas, he would doubtless have considered this capture of Vimy Ridge another 'fine performance' on the part of the German staff; but he is not now so expansive. 'A nasty little knock' is his appraisal of the disaster (I, 283). Vimy Ridge was lost and remained lost until it was retaken by the Canadians in the following year.

For some mysterious reason, the corps commander found his troops drifting away. Early in the year the 16th Division was transferred. After the 'ineffectual attack' upon him at Vimy, two more divisions went, then two heavy batteries. Finally his corps went into reserve, with 'headquarters at Domart; but Wilson with his personal staff located themselves at the Château de Vauchelles, some little distance away; the corps for

the moment consisted only of headquarters, having no divisions, and this gave its commander a good deal more leisure than he had been recently enjoying' (I, 295). Fate, sheer bad luck, circumstances, are all invoked to explain this enforced leisure. The explanation is much simpler. Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson were the immediate powers, and both in time paid heavily for their interference with this favourite son of the gods. He had powerful friends who warned him in time. A Cabinet minister informed Duncannon, who in turn told Wilson, 'how nearly I was *dégommé* after May 21, and how I was saved by Charlie Monro putting in a tremendous report in my favour' (I, 292). Few soldiers are great enough to make such a confession.

But the period of military reverses, humiliation, and leisure held compensations. When Sir John French left the Field, the French military representative, General Huguot, captured his highly efficient chef and forwarded him to Wilson (I, 276), who installed him first at Labussière, and finally at Ranchicourt in that delightful château in the fine park by the trout stream. 'Few days there were on which there were no guests at luncheon or dinner, or at both.' A partial list includes Clemenceau, Robertson, Foch, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Haig, Kigg, Reading, Lloyd George, Sir A. Lee, Castelnau. The breakfast for Clemenceau was 'sumptuous: porridge, kippers, bacon, eggs, strawberries, cream.' Fortunately for Sir Henry Wilson at this moment, Lloyd George and Sir Douglas Haig reached the same conclusion, although by different routes. Lloyd George thought 'it was ridiculous his still commanding a corps, reporting to Haig that he had raided trenches, "and taken two prisoners"' (I, 300). Haig's opinion of his fitness to command a corps was equally clear when he found himself high and dry without troops to command. As a result he was sent on a wild-geese chase to Russia. The mission ended in failure. 'The Emperor and Empress made it quite clear that they would not tolerate any discussion of Russian internal policies' (I, 315), and General Gourko, 'that vain talkative devil,' interfered on the military side (I, 321).

* This was the moment also when the French Government was dissolving, the High Command in confusion,

and General Nivelle marching to his doom. Sir Douglas Haig found contact difficult, and sincerely thought Wilson might be of some assistance as liaison officer at Chantilly. He, if any, was fitted for the task of composing the French mind. He spoke their language. For ten years he had been in confidential relation with all the conflicting generals. He liked the French, and they liked him. He was not an Englishman. They opened their hearts to him. Foch was intimately playful; he always called him *Henri*; and in time his more assiduous English friends learned to address him as 'Onri, because he liked it. His satisfaction was complete when he was adopted as a Frenchman by General Nivelle who spoke to him in the utmost confidence against Pétain, 'adding that luckily there were no foreigners in the room—for which I thanked him, for it really was a charming remark.' General Castelnau also was 'very open, though he said he would not speak to any other Englishman alive like that except to me. He thinks the English are amazingly slow in helping in men and ammunition, and cautious to a degree in action' (I, 232). General Joffre at dinner in his own headquarters at Chantilly on March 23, 1915, 'said in rather a loud voice, "Eh bien, votre chef est assommant." Joffre was mistaken in his strategy, but he could not be mistaken in his French. If he used any such word it might have been *assommant* which would mean in the jargon of the day, "Your chief is a dud"' (I, 216). But Wilson never flinched. Later in the evening 'came a strong attack upon Sir John French. I told him to give us orders, but without appearing to do so, to refer to Sir John's loyalty, and to leave the rest to his good heart—and me' (I, 217).

That stern moralist, Sir Almeric Fitzroy, met Wilson and Rawlinson in the Traveller's Club at the time when Rawlinson was about to replace Wilson at Versailles. He congratulated Rawlinson, but allowed 'that it was a position requiring more suppleness than was perhaps usual in men of the British race, whereupon Wilson grasped my arm and asked me what I meant by the term' (II, 71). More specifically. 'An intimate friend of his has written, "In London, he was a black Ulsterman, and anti-papist; in Belfast he preached moderation"'

(II, 337). This clue 'suppleness' is worth following as a guide towards his success with the French as well as to the height of splendour which he achieved, taking the term 'in its most complimentary sense,' as Sir Almeric assured him he did. When Colonel Wilson was intermediary between Sir John French and General Joffre the liaison was difficult, and demanded the utmost of his skill. In a conversation between him and General Lanrezac of the Fifth Army—that is, if the term can be applied to a sequence of utterances which neither understood—at Reethel on Aug. 17, 1914, an officer who was present reports (I, 164), that 'the conference ended with the usual compliments and bowings and hand-shaking.' This happy issue was the result of Wilson's adroitness in translating not what was said but what he imagined should be said. Again, at a conference between Joffre and French at Brias on May 12, 1914, 'both were getting hot.' Joffre made a remark 'which luckily Sir John did not catch, and I got the chance of interpreting wrong' (I, 227). To deceive the enemy is a principle of warfare: how far one is justified in deceiving one's own superior officer, even with the best of intentions, is a delicate matter to decide. After Nivelle's disaster, Wilson's position in France was untenable. It was Foch who told him that Pétain would not have him at general headquarters. He heard elsewhere that Painlevé was accusing him of having tried to take charge of the French Government (I, 361). 'What a scurvy crowd' (I, 333) he thought them; but, to be quite impartial, only two weeks earlier he thought his own 'Admiralty and War Office a set of d— fools.'

This period of liaison lasted only three months. Therefore, in June 1917, Sir Henry Wilson found himself back in London in the ranks of the unemployed soldier, an invidious place for a soldier in time of war, who is physically capable of carrying a bayonet. 'It seems a little hard,' he writes, 'in order to suit other people, to drop from 3000 pounds a year to six hundred' (II, 3). Now appears a dangerous side of his nature. Four times on two successive pages (II, 2, 3) he affirms his liability to make 'mischief.' An unemployed soldier of high rank has marvellous skill in making a place for himself and building up a business. Sir Henry Wilson

found his first opening in a talk with General Smuts (II, 7). 'He entirely agreed with Wilson's contention that there ought to be a body composed of three soldiers, English, French, and Italian, with suitable staffs and full knowledge, who would be empowered to draw up plans of attack and defence along the whole line from Nieupoort to Egypt. Smuts, however, declared that Wilson should be the English soldier.' A meeting was arranged with Lloyd George. Wilson unfolded the plan which he said he had had in mind for two and a half years. 'It was not aimed at Robertson, Haig, or anybody.' Lloyd George 'was distinctly taken. He ordered me to see Milner and Bonar Law. I demurred, but he said that he wished it' (II, 10). Milner, Bonar Law, and Carson highly approved.

In the meantime, Wilson took over the Eastern Command. 'The arrangement suited him well; the pay was a consideration; he was able to reside at his house in Eaton Place; being stationed in London enabled him to keep in touch with his friends in the Cabinet, his friends at the War Office, and his friends in Parliament.' Foch came to see him, and he 'told Foch we should never have any plan worth a d— until we got my superior War Council. He agreed' (II, 14). The Supreme War Council was constituted at Rapallo on Nov. 7, 1917; the first meeting was held the following day; the British members were Lloyd George, Milner, Wilson. When Wilson returned to Paris, he found that Clemenceau was not much interested, but he 'pushed him about.' The question of unity of command arose, and Clemenceau 'said he meant that only two men should run the whole thing, himself and me' (II, 31). The scheme broke down at the first touch of reality, which concerned the extent of line to be taken over by the British, for this Supreme War Council at Versailles had forgotten the existence of Sir Douglas Haig. He refused to accept further responsibility at the risk of disaster, as he had already taken over several miles of front from the French on either side of the Oise.

The only other matter of importance that ever came before the Supreme War Council was Wilson's scheme for a Central Reserve. The first mention of the scheme is in a 'long talk with Robertson' on Jan. 10, 1918 (II, 50), to whom he made the 'proposal for keeping a

certain number of divisions away from Haig and Pétain, and which those men could only draw on with the permission of Versailles, or of Robertson and Foch.' Next day, he presented the proposal to Clemenceau, 'which, he said, meant "under Wilson"—to which I agreed.' On Feb. 1, there was 'a great fight' over the Reserve; 'Robertson fought'; Wilson 'wrote notes for Lloyd George.' Next day the Reserve was 'adopted unanimously, and so the long duel between me and Robertson has ended in his complete defeat. Robertson fought to the last, but was badly beaten. Robertson was overruled about the 1918 campaign, and squarely beaten over the question of the General Reserve. This really was a triumph.' Then comes the sinister question—'I wonder will he resign?' (II, 57). It was not really such a triumph after all. The Supreme War Council again forgot the existence of Sir Douglas Haig. He said in effect that he had no objection to a General Reserve. Versailles was free to create such a body if they could find the material. He was equally definite that they would get no troops from him. He would keep his own reserves. He said quite plainly to Clemenceau that he would not hand over any of his divisions to the General Reserve. He would resign first, which Clemenceau 'thinks would be a disaster at this juncture.' It will be observed that this farce was concluded on March 17, 1918, only four days before Sir Douglas Haig was employing those reserves he had refused to surrender, in his desperate and successful struggle to meet the supreme and final onslaught of the enemy. But the conduct of the Versailles Council, farcical as it was, brought a revelation to Sir Douglas Haig. In that light, he accepted Marshal Foch as a virtual generalissimo, so that his own original strategy should not be destroyed. Lord Milner leaves it on record that Sir Douglas in that moment of self-abnegation unparalleled in military history declared, 'I can deal with a man, not with a committee.' Authority lay in London, and Lloyd George, in chagrin over the fiasco, resolved to give that authority to Wilson and send Robertson to Versailles. Wilson preferred to remain at Versailles, provided Lloyd George gave him 'more power at Versailles and reduce Robertson from the position of a master to that of a

servant' (II, 47). Robertson refused to abdicate the authority of his office in London or go to Versailles where he would have no authority at all. He was dismissed. Wilson was appointed in his place. Haig was too powerful to be moved. Sir Henry Wilson's first business in his new position as Chief of the Imperial General Staff was to call upon Sir Douglas Haig; he fortified himself by calling upon Lloyd George as he went. To his immense relief, Haig said what he might have been expected to say, 'All these quarrels had nothing to do with him, and that he was prepared to accept whatever was decided by the Cabinet' (II, 62).

A diary is of interest only when it discloses an interesting mind. As a record of external events it has the same value as a newspaper. One does not read Pepys for naval purposes, nor Montaigne for history, nor Amiel for an account of Geneva. To one familiar with the literature of the war during the past ten years there is no further enlightenment in these diaries. There is little more than talk; it is mainly the talk of Sir Henry Wilson, not enough of what was said in reply, and not enough certainty that the replies are correctly reported. There is much absurd gossip captured from the army air, which is usually false and often malicious. It is rich in surmise, prophecy, strategical and tactical suggestion, advice, and judgment upon the correct procedure for meeting hypothetical situations. But even if these entries had been transmitted to Sir Douglas Haig on the day they were written, it is doubtful if he would have found much assistance from them, for he had the 'Times' newspaper every afternoon and Mr J. L. Garvin's writings once a week. And one who has knowledge of certain events current in those days is compelled to ask himself if the whole diary is not as fabulous as the entries concerning those of which he has knowledge. 'Bonar Law asked me if I would take command of the Canadian Corps. He will get Aitken to come and dine to-night, and I will hear what he has to say; but Aitken was not able to come, so I heard no more of the Canadian Corps' (I, 279). The editor himself seems to have a similar suspicion in his own mind when he employs as if in detachment the words, 'according to Wilson's own account' (I, 192). Nor is there any-

thing that will be a 'revelation' to any one who has been reading the newspapers, excepting this: that the Cabinet created twice a position, extra to establishment, unauthorised by Statute, unrecognised by Regulations, and placed in it an officer who had been carried on the strength merely as a colonel and afterwards as commander of an English area, from which he was enabled to threaten the commander-in-chief in France, engage in a 'duel,' and 'defeat' and 'triumph' over the Chief of the Imperial General Staff (II, 57, lines 7, 19). Had this book been in the hands of soldiers during the war, it might well have caused despondency and despair.

Sir Henry Wilson had a hidden mind. But the shell does at times break to disclose what lay within. It breaks in March 1917, when he 'went to Haig's and told him that in point of fact I probably could put him out if I wished' (I, 326). It breaks in his interview with Haig on March 25, 1918, at the moment when that soldier was barely holding the Germans: 'I could not help reminding him that it was he who killed my plan for a General Reserve. An impossible situation, for here is the attack I foresaw and predicted in full blast, and really no arrangements to meet it.' And yet Haig did meet it. It breaks again on May 11, 1918: 'I advised Haig being brought home. But Lloyd George and Milner would not decide'; and again on May 20: 'I told him that I had suggested to Lloyd George that he should bring him home to succeed Johnnie. He was nice as could be. He did not say anything' (II, 99, 101). But Sir Henry Wilson made one supreme error; the fault was Lord Milner's. Lord Milner had returned from France, and the same day informed him that, 'he thinks Haig ridiculously optimistic.' Sir Henry believed him, although the date was Sept. 23, 1918. That was the moment for dismissing Haig, and taking his place. Within ten days the war was over. Sir Henry Wilson would then have achieved the last things. In reading the diary, one is continually amazed at the discrepancy between the secret written word about his friends and the spoken words as they were face to face; but those who yet bear any ill-will to him may gratify their malice by elaborating this antithesis for themselves.

Up to this point one reads in vain for any support to

the editor's thesis of Wilson's personal winsomeness. The book is punctuated with 'laughter,' but it is the laughter of boys and subalterns, and they laugh easily. Mr Balfour is reported to have exploded with laughter, and yet the incident does not seem to justify the explosion (II, 91). Sir William Orpen, who is not a dull man, found that 'no one had any idea what he was laughing at' (I, 8). His excessive laughter irritated Lord Northcliffe; there was always something behind his permanent smile and professional laugh. 'He seems a very comic fellow,' was the comment of a staff officer on the Dover musketry ranges in his subaltern days, and 'Henry gloated over' the remark. A telegram addressed to the ugliest officer in the Army was delivered to him, and he told the story with glee in Flanders (I, 10). He must be unique. In his numerous crossings of the Channel, he would take a station on the bridge, where he could say to the world, *M'as-tu vu?* All observers agree that he was a fine figure of a man. Sir William Orpen looked upon him with the sure eye of the artist on the platform of the little railway station in Black-rock: 'Such a perfect figure, such perfect clothes, spats to wonder at, boots to dream of; with a rain-coat thrown over one shoulder, yellow-gloved hands clasped behind. Him we called "Rake-faced Wilson": his brother, "Droop-eyed Wilson." Yes; it was as if the Assyrian princes mentioned in Ezekiel had arrived amongst us' (I, 8). And several years afterwards this figure remained unimpaired (I, 275).

Of humour, wit, irony, there is not a trace, save in two sentences; and in those the only humour is that he failed to see the humour in them. 'Lloyd George is seedy or meditating a speech'—that is the only amusing sentence in the book. When Sir Robert Borden proposed to hand over the captured German colonies to the United States, the delicacy of that jest was too subtle for him. By this lack of humour he failed to understand the distinction between the ridiculous and the amusing (I, 12); the situation in which a man is taken for a fool is humorous just according to the extent to which he is, or is not, one. By this lack of humour he mistook Lord Milner's irony for praise—'Too clever, too French, summed up people too quickly' (I, 327). He mistook the

implication in the term 'boyishness' so commonly applied to him. This boyish 'summing up' amounted to nothing more than 'calling names,' and scribbling them in the secret places of his diary: President Wilson—ass; Lloyd George, Asquith, Grey, Kitchener, Briand, Gallieni—fools; the Cabinet—idiots, a miserable crowd; peace delegates—madmen; statesmen—Frocks, timid, ignorant, blustering, useless, beneath contempt; public policies—criminal folly; difficult negotiations—complete chaos; medical management of a foreign influx of typhus patients—terrible, criminal, appalling; recruiting—scandalous, monstrous. This bestowal of nicknames is, of course, a habit of the army, and a nickname is the cachet of the professional soldier, although Haig, Robertson, Plumer, Horne had none. These nicknames bespot the diary, a primitive remnant of school-boy days in minds that remain childish until the end. His own familiar name was Long Job Wilson, bestowed upon him with amazing perspicacity by Lord Roberts' daughters (I, 44), and perpetuated by his grandson as Ze Long Job (II, 210).

He was fond of dressing up. At the Staff College he wore a chequered plaid so remarkable that it was known as the Wilson tartan. On Jan. 30, 1917, he was to be seen at a gala dinner in the Russian Foreign Office: 'I wore the Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour and the Star and Necklace of the Bath, and my medals; also Russian shoulder straps, and grey Astrakan cap, and altogether I was a fine figure of a man. I created quite a sensation. I was much taller than the Grand Duke Serge, and altogether a "notable," as I was told. Superb.' That was his own final judgment (I, 314). This love of the spectacular, the dramatic, nearly cost him an eye in Burma; in the end it cost him his life.

The supreme example that is offered of his optimistic, encouraging, tonic, inimitable assurance, cheerfulness and moral courage—these are the words—is his conduct at headquarters in the Retreat from Mons. Late at night, 'in a long dark room, Murray who for the last five days had been severely taxed night and day with a crushing weight of anxiety and practically no sleep suddenly dropped forward in a dead faint.' Whilst Sir Archibald Murray was being carried away, Wilson is observed again 'with a comical, whimsical expression

on his face, clapping his hands softly together to keep time, as he chanted in a low tone, "We shall never get there, We shall never get there." "Where, Henri?" And he chanted on "To the sea, to the sea, to the sea" (I, 170). Of a somewhat similar performance staged in the War Office after Neuve Chapelle by him and the actual editor of the diary, the editor offers the opinion, 'Had a War Office messenger come in, we should have been set down as crazy.' He himself has said it. A clown at a circus will do very well: there is no place for a comedian at a funeral—and the war was one vast and continuous funeral. His eulogist offers as an excuse and reason for every eccentricity, that he was 'a typical Irishman.' The typical Irishman is not easy to establish; and to none is the stage Irishman more offensive than to the Irish themselves.

Lying in the book, although so difficult to discover, is the secret of Sir Henry Wilson's power to advancement. When all members of a species are of the same quality, the slightest accidental variation in any one will send it upward on its biological career. By a succession of French governesses Wilson learned to speak French. That was his variation from his fellow-officers. He had a natural affinity with the French; they were alert and bright in thought; he loved talk (II, 43); he had an affection for them because they were not English. He had loquacity; skill in presenting an argument either in speech or in writing; a countenance so open and a manner so boisterous, they must be witness of an ingenuous mind and a heart that was sincere. These qualities appealed to the English because they were strange. He impressed the English by what he appeared to be, and the Scotch and Welsh who governed England by what he really was. In addition, he had a native capacity for intrigue, for ingratiating himself, for insinuating himself into high places, a suppleness, as one said, a cleverness as Lord Milner put it. He had a political mind, and a firm foothold in Ulster, where he was 'our General Wilson.' The Ulster men formed one coherent body, and they stood resolutely behind this staff official of their own breed. They were powerful in Parliament, and went so far as to offer him the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff (I, 325);

but he quite properly put away the crown; he had higher intentions than they surmised. To all this as a source of his power must be added his exquisite skill in the strategy of a Press campaign. He had a winsome way with the journalists and was in continuous communication with them. Of only two does he speak ill, Lord Northcliffe and Horatio Bottomley. At a meeting in Downing Street, Mr Bottomley 'talked much vain nonsense' (II, 161). Lord Northcliffe was not much better. He 'could not get him to talk sense. He would not consider my offensive of two Sommes. Haig and Robertson were perfect' (I, 297). Many persons thought one Somme was enough.

All created things fall into categories according to their kind. A species when true to itself, however humble, is admirable. A creature with the characteristics of separate species is abhorrent; it has the worst features of both. The dog, the ape, the man, the politician, the soldier are as God made them. Sir Henry Wilson was politician and soldier at the same time. But he did not understand that a politician like Asquith, Lloyd George, Milner, Grey, has long views and far aims, that they are in reality like the captain of a ship who alters his course to avoid perils hidden from the casual observer, so that he may bring his ship into the desired haven. The politician in Sir Henry Wilson in time became open and predominant, and landed him in the House of Commons. But he was always of the opposition, and that is the stigma upon the politician who has failed. His mind never penetrated below the 'gossip' of the day. His political and military perceptions were governed by his personal likes and dislikes. Even his choice of colleagues, and public loyalty, were determined by his own private hatreds. His deepest hatred was towards Southern Ireland, and it extended to all who refused to share that hatred with him, to members of the Government, and to the English people as a whole. The English are without hatred. For that reason he bewailed, 'the English are never serious about anything.' Right or wrong, Mr Asquith, the Cabinet, and Lord Kitchener, considered Wilson's conduct in the Curragh mutiny to be 'dangerous' to civil government. The place for a staff officer in time of war, repugnant to the Cabinet, and considered

'dangerous' by the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for War, is in obscurity. Instead, he was allowed to go to France to instil his dangerous ideas of Mr Asquith into the mind of Clemenceau, as he afterwards instilled the same ideas of Lloyd George into the mind of Foch. As a result, Clemenceau 'fully realises about Asquith and the terrible danger we run from keeping him as Prime Minister' (I, 281).

At the beginning of the War and at the end Sir Henry Wilson was the official military adviser of the British Government. At the same time and especially in the earlier period he was the secret adviser of the Opposition. During both periods he was doing his political best to destroy the Governments he served. From the first, he was equally hopeless of the Empire and of the various Imperial Conferences that were to set it right. Asquith was incapable of taking a strong, straight line; he thought the Empire would go before long. Canada was already gone in 1911, that is, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier really represented Canadian opinion. What a crowd, what beauties! was his comment on the Dominion Premiers who assembled at the Imperial Conference in 1921; but in that year the Empire was doomed; in one week, it was going, going, gone. It finally disappeared on the day the agreement with Ireland was concluded. How these Irishmen appear to hate one another has always been an astonishment to the English mind. Hatred of the Southern Irish and love of himself was the dominating principle of Sir Henry Wilson's political and military career. Every thought and action was governed by those two twin passions. They poisoned his nature and gave a distorted view of every event. It is doubtful if Sir Henry Wilson, holding these opinions, was the best liaison officer. It is doubtful if liaison of any kind with the French ever did any good. Sir Douglas Haig at last found it possible, and necessary, to dispense with all intermediaries, and deal direct with them. Complaisance in the wrong place and at the wrong time begets arrogance. Stiffness has virtue as well as suppleness. The French were led astray by Wilson, so far astray that they came to look upon England as a mere source of supply for material and men, the British Government not as an ally but as

a vassal State, the British Army as an appanage of mercenary troops who did not even require to be paid.

In the end Sir Henry Wilson himself came to see the result of his complaisant liaison. 'These funny little Frenchmen' were not as funny as he supposed. In May 1918, he sees that 'they mean to take us over body and soul, militarily and economically, numberless signs of interference' (II, 99). Lloyd George was compelled to declare 'that he would not be bullied by Clemenceau and Foch' (II, 118). In October, Wilson admits, 'It sounds to me as if Haig was right. Foch wants us to do all the work. The French are not fighting at all, and the Americans don't know how, so all falls to us' (II, 142). In August he was obliged to remind his friend Foch that he did not command the British Army (II, 121). To Clemenceau in April he sent a formal message, 'that I was under the Prime Minister of England and was not under the Prime Minister of France' (II, 91). And all this was the outcome of the Versailles Council arranged by Wilson and Clemenceau who 'patted me on the head and said I was *un bon garçon*.' A Good Boy to the French is a new rôle for the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

The position of liaison officer between the French and English armies he developed into the position of emissary between the two Governments, and gained full scope for his peculiar talents. He was in both camps and in both Cabinets; and one who sits in the temple soon comes to show himself as the god. He entertained the belief that men will agree to anything 'if they are properly handled.' He knew when to persist and when to draw back. This was the suppleness that Sir Almeric Fitzroy observed, and the cleverness which he mistook for praise from Lord Milner (I, 327). By a partial statement of any given case, he could persuade the British Government to agree, and with that agreement in hand he would exercise pressure upon the French. In another case he would reverse the process, with so much success that Painlevé 'accused him of having tried to take charge of the French Government also' (I, 361).

Sir Henry Wilson, whilst he was making military plans with the French prior to the War, whilst he was liaison officer with the Expeditionary Force, and later

military member at Versailles, and Chief of the General Staff, was a representative of the British Government. His opinions of that Government were governed by their Irish policy alone. Holding such, he was a dangerous emissary; and that danger is proved by the confidences he gave as well as received. To General Pershing he exposed his whole mind about Lloyd George and Ireland, and the American was 'terribly upset' (II, 310). But it was with Marshal Foch the most complete confidences were given and received. It was about this time Lloyd George was so 'unsatisfactory to the French.' Sir Henry Wilson had long since complicated his military dealings with the French by definitely constituting himself a political agent. When the Irish crisis was at its worst in 1914, before the War, he thought it his duty to go to France 'for the express purpose' of explaining the political situation to the French Command (I, 146). Had the Foreign Office or the Cabinet been informed of this intention, they would probably have chosen an agent with less settled opinions and more sympathetic mind. The French-speaking Irishman crossing and re-crossing the Channel has been a figure of ill-omen as far back as the time of the phantom court of St Germain. The British Government had an accredited ambassador of English breed, through whom all necessary knowledge could be conveyed.

During the War, it seems that, in their temerity, a proposal had been made to Millerand by Lord Kitchener, Mr Churchill, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr Asquith for the co-operation of the Fleet, a business of which the English might be assumed to have some knowledge. Foch came to see Wilson, Dec. 11, 1914 (I, 190), 'with the precious document. Foch much amused. Of course Foch treats it with the greatest contempt.' This emissary does not seem to have conveyed to the French the impression that the English are a proud, if patient, people. But neither Wilson nor the French valued the British Navy very highly. In the year before the War, Wilson thought it might be worth 500 bayonets. Castelnau and Joffre did not value it at one bayonet. Foch was exactly of the same opinion (I, 122).

In January 1915, still during the War, he had 'a long visit and a long talk' with Foch. Considering the

time and the place, the subject was a strange one, namely, the 'marked deterioration of the English,' as compared to the French and Germans, which they agreed was due to the voluntary system (I, 200). After the War, Wilson in Paris was so despairing of his country, that Foch 'simply threw up his hands, "Pauvre Angleterre, pauvre Angleterre," he kept on repeating. Then he said a thing to me that he would not have said to any other Englishman. "You break your written word. You cower under the assassin and the Jew. Your friendship is no longer worth seeking. We must go elsewhere"' (II, 310). Sir Henry would have been more correct in his surmise if he had omitted the word 'other' before 'Englishman,' for there was no Englishman living to whom the French Marshal would have ventured such an opinion. There was 'another Englishman' who would even more gladly have received his confidence—Roger Casement—but he was long since dead.

Marshal Foch supplies the book with a commendatory preface. Marshal Foch might well be called upon to explain his conduct in putting his name and stamp of approval upon a book that is one continuous diatribe against British institutions, methodical defamation of English and Dominion statesmen, and derogation from Imperial soldiers, especially when some of that defamation is published in the book as coming from Marshal Foch's own mouth. It may be at some future time that France will stand in sore need of English alliance. The utterances of Marshal Foch, and of Clemenceau too, if unexplained, will be remembered in that hour. It may then be that the saying ascribed to Marshal Foch will have come true, 'We must go elsewhere' (II, 310). In the meantime, it may be suggested in defence of Marshal Foch, that he assumed he was dealing with a *bonhomme*, sincere though boisterous, serious though comical, frank because free in speech. The two had been friends for twelve years. They were intimate and playful. They exchanged headgear and ran around the garden. Wilson wore Foch's *képi*. Foch wore Wilson's 'billycock, sitting low on his brow as it was too big for him,' as the observer is careful to remark (II, 205). In an excess of playfulness, Foch is reported to have kicked Wilson around the room. Here was an Englishman one could

trust, *un vrai bonhomme*, with whom one could safely speak as well as play familiarly. But Foch could not know that, when the play was over, every light and chance word of his was furtively recorded in a diary. And no man should be put to the test of a word uttered in the confidence of friendship.

Clemenceau is more harshly treated. Again one would like to know who began the conversation, and how far tacit assent is given as original statement. Certainly the opinion about Lloyd George ascribed to him is singularly like the opinion of Wilson at the moment. 'He said Lloyd George was a fool' (II, 41); 'He thinks Lloyd George is a fool, and an extra fool' (II, 50); 'He said our politicians were fools' (II, 117). Even Joffre 'thought our strategists were fools' (I, 255). But neither Clemenceau nor Joffre put his name to a book, ascribing to himself these sentiments toward the Prime Minister of England. Marshal Foch did. The simplest reason is that he did not suspect his friend to have been a *faux bonhomme*, and had not read the book he signed.

If Sir Henry Wilson did little good in the War, it is equally probable that he did little harm. He talked, wrote, telephoned, telegraphed, travelled, but he never was in a position to give general orders. When he had occasion to transmit a Cabinet decision upon a military matter, he had the wisdom to protect himself by a saving clause, as when he telegraphed to Allenby in Palestine to make a cavalry raid on Aleppo, if he thought fit. Once a war is committed to the soldiers, and public fury is aroused, any single person, however highly placed, is swept aside. War has a power of its own.

The diary during the War is dull because there is in it so much talked, so little thought, so little done. At the close of the War it loses interest. The only coherency is a single dark thread, hatred of Ireland. If it were not for the tragical circumstances of his death, the final chapters would be merely pathetic. He was 'never asked to a Cabinet now on any subject' (II, 315). In Osborne Bay he fell into the sea, and only saved himself by remembering the shrewd counsel of his father, 'the importance of always keeping the mouth shut' (II, 302). But, 'with the exception of Curzon, who wrote me a charming letter,

not a single member of the Cabinet wrote or telegraphed to me about my being nearly drowned' (II, 303). His successor was appointed, without his advice. He attended a Cabinet meeting, the first in nineteen months: 'Lloyd George did not nod at me nor take notice of me, nor I of him,' he adds with spirit. That spirit was not broken by neglect. After an expression of his views to Mr Chamberlain (II, 299), 'Austen really had no reply at all, and I think I turned him inside out.' After 'tearing to bits' a proposal made by Mr Churchill, 'Winston curled up' (II, 326).

Finally, 'and just in the nick of time,' he was offered the chance of a seat in the House of Commons to represent North Down. He agreed to accept, provided there would be no opposition. There was none; he was elected. He was now a politician without the uniform of the soldier. He himself had become a Frock. The war being over, he was free to develop his strategy for Ireland. In 1916, he had suggested that General Maxwell should arrest the Secretary for Ireland, 'Birrell, and have him shot if convicted' (I, 279). At the Colonial Office in 1922, his strategy was to 'reconquer Ireland or lose the Empire,' when 'Winston jumped in with "the way I gloated about reconquest"' (II, 326). He demanded general conscription so that southern Ireland might be brought under military control. This reconquest would require 150,000 troops for two years. He was indignant at the proposal for a truce 'when we are having more success than usual in killing rebels' (II, 290). The conference with the Irish leaders was 'a murderers' meeting.' His motto was: 'Stick to your friends, kill your enemies.' He was in favour of 'reprisals under proper authority, shooting by roster' (II, 252). He develops the idea, 'Once the Government shoulders responsibility, the reprisals can go on *crescendo* if necessary' (II, 265). Truly, as he admits, 'a foul job for any soldier' (II, 281). These details are put forward not as an excuse for his assassination, but as the reason for it.

In the diary up to this point, there is nothing better and nothing worse than that set forth in this review; and the inevitable judgment is that Sir Henry Wilson exists not as a man but as a lay figure drawn by his own hand, inhuman, calculating, callous, without a single

generous sentiment or kind word; impersonal, with no suggestion of whom he loved, what scene of beauty he admired. There is no such man. The book is not true. Sir Henry Wilson does himself an injustice. He makes of himself a vision he only thought he saw: a lay figure standing with long legs apart in nonchalant ease, a great image whose brightness was excellent and the form terrible; sleeves, lapels, and breast radiant with signs and symbols—stars, swords, and batons increasing and crossing like heavenly constellations; but the stone that smote this image was a book that issued forth from the mouth of it.

But happily at this point, something of the charm which Wilson's friends ascribe to him breaks through. When he found his natural environment amongst frank politicians in the House of Commons, in 'a curious group at tea in the smoking-room, all telling stories,' he is at home, and himself. But the civil world is a hard place for the soldier turned politician. He had a nice speech ready, but Austen and then Hugh Cecil jumped up before him; a speech he made was garbled in three newspapers and not mentioned in others; it was difficult to get a hearing against Lloyd George. A young man who came to interview him, he suspected in his innocence had been 'sent by Northcliffe,' as it was well known the noble lord was identified with that journal; but he observed with chagrin that 'the play-boy had interpolated some of his own stuff.' An unnamed friend attributes to him the saying, 'Asquith hates me after the Ulster pogroms, and says that Wilson is the sort of man to head a revolution. I am not sure he is not right.' He was not right. He always flatters himself. When he spoke of his capacity for mischief, he was only boasting. He always drew back from the consequences of his own action. He was for the Western Front, for the Eastern Front, for both. He never took a decision, and never was obliged to carry out a decision taken elsewhere. He was content to set forth hypotheses and alternatives. He had a strategy for Ireland: he was equally sure it could not be executed. When he was breathing out threatenings against the Government and against Ireland, the utmost of his rebellion is defined in his own words, 'I will not vote at the election.' He was nothing more than the intellectual

revolutionary. He boasted of himself to himself in his secret diary, and by a strange perversity the things of which a boaster boasts are always to his own discredit. The diary was published and he was betrayed. It makes of him the Play-Boy of the Western Front.

The final test of a man's nature is his conduct in a supreme emergency, and that conduct often is to himself a revelation of hidden weakness or sudden strength. But in either case, his essential nature is revealed. To most men the emergency never comes, and they go to the end in ignorance of themselves. The great emergency came to Sir Henry Wilson on June 22, 1922, as he stood on the steps of his house, 36 Eaton Place. He hesitated for a moment, did the wrong thing, and was lost, as a platoon leader might,—and was lost with his whole platoon. Sir Henry was entering his house. He was fired upon. He did the spectacular thing. He turned and drew his sword. It was a useless and fatal gesture. He had not engrained in his nature that swords are obsolete, that flesh and blood will not endure fire. He had not by bodily presence learned the lesson of Loos and the trenches. He was the traditional staff-officer of his imagination until the very end. Had he acquired by daily familiarity in the trenches a contempt for small arms, that in time became an instinct, he would have gone on his way unmoved by the sound, opened his door, closed it, and summoned the authorised persons. Had he been a man of intellectual quickness, he would have observed that his assailants were thirty feet away, and remembered that they were under a nervous strain that would render their aim uncertain. Had he been a man of humour and sympathy, he might have left his sword alone, and if he turned at all, addressed to the two men a few firm, kind words. They might have changed their minds and gone away. He should have known that they were Irishmen. But this is all surmise. And yet his death was the last link in his life.

A good man as he grows old develops the diffused virtue inherent in him. In a bad man, as he grows old, qualities that in youth are commendable pass over into vice. Thrift becomes avarice; desire greed; emulation jealousy; detraction meanness; criticism malice; dislike hatred; alertness intrigue; caution cowardice; a

laudable discontent in the extreme case may slowly and insensibly pass into disloyalty, treachery, and treason, unless in the meantime kindly death intervenes. That is the Nemesis of the Greek tragedians. But it is of ambition and opportunity all the moralists bid the young to beware; ambition, the last infirmity even of minds that are noble; and opportunity—

‘O Opportunity, thy guilt is great . . .

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.’

All eulogists agree that the young Wilson was ambitious and eager to make the most of opportunity. The Diary throughout its long length discloses to what extent he avoided the perils inherent in those qualities.

During the forty years that Sir Henry Wilson was expending his labour upon these diaries, with the intention of creating a monument for himself, he little knew the inscription that should be inscribed upon it: ‘Seekest thou great things for thyself: seek them not’—which might well be inscribed too upon his less permanent monument in St Paul’s where he lies so proudly with Roberts, Wolseley, Nelson, Wellington, and Napier—but not with Haig. A man writes a diary with the intention of creating a monument: he may erect a scaffold instead, and secure contrary fame from that eminence. ‘Le bon Dieu est Boche,’ he wrote after ‘an anxious day.’ That is not true either, for there is a depth in the wisdom and knowledge of God that is not peculiarly *boche*, and a judgment that was unsearchable by Sir Henry Wilson when he was writing these diaries: ‘For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known. Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light. And I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear’: Let a man fear himself.

ANDREW MACPHAIL.

Art. 3.—THE SOLDIER'S FAITH.

'*Religio Militis.*' By Austin Hopkinson, formerly a private of Dragoons. Martin Hopkinson, 1927.

A BOOK by Mr Austin Hopkinson is an event, and both the matter and the manner of it bring joy to the reviewer's heart. It is a difficult book to review, though so short, for every page is written with a purpose, while the argument may slip along the length of many pages; but all that is written is worth grasping and retaining. We delight in Mr Hopkinson's English, which is grave, austere, and dignified, suggesting the thought that he has sat at the feet of the Elizabethan and Carolean stylists who wrought our language to its fullest glory. A wise and charming reticence pervades the book, despite its frankness. We conceive the frankness to be deliberate and possibly not easy to the author; for the true soldier is a man of action and effort rather than of words, and the Religion of the soldier is self-effacement and self-sacrifice, which do not lend themselves to analysis and description. We are told that the book 'was planned in the trenches before Ypres and has been written at odd moments since. It is a serious attempt to give an outline of the beliefs of the War-generation and to refute the allegations of those who complain that the present age is one in which faith is dying. The author holds that the boys and girls of to-day are not scoffers at religion, but the churches are not in touch with their ideals.'

We know that the soldier fulfils himself in deed rather than in word. Why, then, does one whose evident pride is to be a soldier deliberately lay bare convictions which, forged in the secret places of high endeavour and tempered by adversity, might be deemed almost too sacred for expression? Moreover, are there not too many War-books? We struggle in a spate of them, wordy, contradictory, self-assertive books. The author himself says:

'It has become but too common for great captains of the War to write books by which they show how wise were their plans, and how wonderful would have been their victories,

had not some other by his folly or by his malice rendered their dispositions vain. Such books are distasteful to soldiers, since it is held unfitting that one of us should seek to praise himself or even to gain the applause of the generation. For the true reward of the soldier's calling is in the work itself. If it be well done, no shouting of the ignorant can make the honour of it more; and if it be ill done, the thought of comrades dead through a man's own fault cannot be made more bitter to him by censure from others. To explain away and publicly to make excuse are actions unbecoming leaders of men. For they can be judged by their peers alone, whose praise or condemnation should not be spoken save among brothers in arms. Yet perhaps it may be allowed to me, the least of all soldiers, to break for once through that reticence which we so highly prize, and to set down in writing for boys and maidens some of the things which war has taught us, or has appeared to teach' (pp. 1, 2).

We must therefore seek our answer in the book itself. It is certain that the seeker will be rewarded by the search, whether the solution be to his entire liking or not. For the book has greatness in it.

Mr Hopkinson has earned the right to translate into words the soldiers' thoughts, for he has served and suffered with them. We may be pardoned for inserting here a few details, purely personal, of one who stands high in his generation, for they are relevant. Mr Hopkinson served in South Africa; and through the Great War. Being wounded, he returned to the front later as a trooper of Dragoons. Since 1919 he has represented the Mossley Division of Lancashire in Parliament. He has carried into civil life the love and honour for his fellow-soldiers gained by knowing them. In 1920, when inquiry was made into the action of certain Trade Unions who refused to admit ex-Service men into their folds, a fellow-Member told the House of Commons how Mr Hopkinson had

'started a scheme at his works to employ discharged and disabled soldiers and sailors. The Trade Union disapproved of the scheme, and told him he could not employ discharged men who were not in the trade before the War. Notwithstanding that, the scheme went on, and Mr Hopkinson was arraigned before the Munitions Tribunal by the Trade Union and fined 5*l.* under the Restoration of Pre-war Practices

Act for employing disabled sailors and soldiers.' (Cries of 'Shame!')*

Mr Hopkinson's exposition and defence of the soldier are timely. In their reaction from war, too many people now deery the soldier's calling and abuse the Art of War which, under God, have saved them. Hearing the hateful things said by those who call themselves pacificists—lovers and promoters of Peace—against those who won that peace at awful cost; and seeing the hateful, petty wrongs that can flourish in a time of peace, we are earnestly convinced that there are ills greater and more hateful than even war, and few callings more intrinsically splendid and unselfish than that of the warrior. Mr Hopkinson's standpoint throughout the book rebukes such pacificists, both noisy and noisome, who defile the name of peace; for a pacificism bred of the ingratitude of the living to the dead, and of a flabby internationalism which finds all countries right save one's own, is a travesty, a disgrace. The true pacificists are the soldiers, who

'have shown that they can kill their enemy yet not hate him; while others, though they do not kill, cannot withhold themselves from hating. There are some even who, while they profess a deep love of their enemies, show nothing but envy and malice towards their friends, and proudly boast that they did all that lay in their power to hinder us when we were fighting for them' (p. 2).

Our author envisages a world overturned by the War, the rules and safeguards of centuries denied or cast away; the flower of the world's true aristocracy cut down; the little men left alive; Demos, the Mob, snatching his chance of power and place; the leaders content to sit and count aloud the vanishing coin of reputation; the market-place filled with the clamour of 'the fool' who says there is no God; the meek too bewildered to rise and seek their heritage. In all this we have a state of life more odious than war, because of it neither valour nor unselfishness is born. Have we not full excuse for sour pessimism? The author, however, has no use for pessimism, which is a vulgarity

* 'Daily Telegraph,' Feb. 19, 1920.

conducive to a greater degeneracy in man than many bigger faults. He assures us that even

'if there were nothing in the nature of things ever bringing to nought the contrivings of the crowd, the ills which come from exalting quantitative methods to the neglect of qualitative considerations are now so manifest that we may well hope to see a healthy reaction against democracy in our own generation. But for my part I cannot think that the end of democracy should be in tyranny, though this indeed would be its end if natural law were permitted to take its course all unrestrained by the conscious action of individuals. I trust rather that we may at length attain some degree of aristocracy. . . . To many this may seem but a vain hope. Yet it need not be so. For it would not be untrue to say that periods of upheaval and of devastating war favour the rise of an aristocracy of one kind or another. When empires reel and civilisations tremble the crowd is filled with fear, and . . . is more than ordinarily ready to seek guidance from the few who stand undismayed by the falling heavens and the cataclysm of war, finding no terrors therein, but rather cause for a deeper faith, a wider hope, and a yet more potent charity' (pp, 5, 6).

He shows the rule of Demos, the unbridled Mob, to be the basest form of government possible, and for the demagogue, Demos' son, that odious human parasite, he has less than contempt, calling him Pan's successor who 'cries aloud for the return to nature which is but the return to the beast, for a setting of the heels above the head and a swearing that the brain is in the feet. Thus he maintains his claim to be the god of the crowd, the spirit of reversion' (p. 101). Now, as 'it is at least doubtful whether a proletariat, trained by demagogues to become entirely parasitic, can ever face the terrors of such war as science is preparing for us,' we may look for

'a revival of military aristocracy, confined to those individuals who alone can contemplate undismayed the tortured earth vomiting its dead and the shrieking heavens falling in flame. It may be that such an aristocracy will be the means whereby the human race can be saved from the intellectual, moral, and physical reversion which is inevitable if a mere counting of heads remain the sole criterion of values. Though a military aristocracy can itself do no more than arrest the

degeneration of the age, yet even this negative action may save civilisation by rendering possible the subsequent rise of an aristocracy based upon more enduring principles than mere physical courage. . . . Posterity may yet see war carried on by those who are true soldiers, slaying and being slain without fear and without hate, going to battle as to a bride because they know that progress for the many comes only through the self-sacrifice of the few' (pp. 103, 104).

Whether the reader agree with this or not, he cannot deny that it is a noble conception of discipline and service, tending to progress. It is an answer also to those who think it is Christianity to preach peace to the tiger till it eats him, and who, in fact, are pacifists because they are not big enough to be soldiers. The true soldier is he who is willing to lose his life that others may live, he who having taken on himself the burden of unconditional service, cannot lay it down this side of immortality. The hardest part of his service is now, when the big guns are silent and the chatter of the little men is heard all round: 'I won the War.' 'Nay, I!' 'Is the fellow disabled? Well, he has a pension surely, and I am taxed for that'—the chatter of the little, little men to whom service and sacrifice are hardly even names. It is the soldier's service in the War which has given him the right to serve his generation in the Peace with that soul and body already scarred by service. For all this he will receive neither gratitude nor recognition. But

'the true mark of the soldier is this, that he bears with a stout heart all the hardships of his calling, hopes ever that his sacrifice may not be in vain, believes that progress can come only through suffering, endures unshaken the horrors of science degraded to the service of slaughter, and in toil and pain learns to have compassion on the weak, to pity the coward, to feel no resentment for ingratitude, and in the end to love his enemy. Surely, then, it is fitting that soldiers, before all others, should take up the heavy burden of aristocracy, . . . and hold themselves ready to fulfil duties far more toilsome and difficult than any which war could lay upon them. . . . We who have drunk delight of battle with our peers show but a graceless spirit if we do not consecrate to the service of our fellow-men our lives ennobled by that privilege, and thus preserve some memory of the time when from the sodden trenches of Flanders, under the mocking

sunshine of Gallipoli, or through the cold mists of the North Sea, we saw the vision, lacking which the people perish. Some, indeed, there are who do not recognise the privilege and its obligation, nor see in war anything but shreds of human flesh rotting upon barbs of rusty wire. Of such things they make little songs, saying that never again will they witness them, no matter what ills may arise from their fixed purpose to suffer no further discomfort as long as they live. They write books . . . complaining of their disillusion and crying aloud their great discovery that war hurts. Such are not true soldiers, and we may well believe that they will never take up the sword again, except it be against their own fellow-countrymen. For, as I have observed, many who find hatred of war a useful stepping-stone to the fulfilment of their political ambitions are apt to keep a soft place in their hearts for the cutting of throats in civil strife. Peace hath her holocausts no less renowned than war; and he who boasts his love of all mankind too often still contrives to hate his brother to the death' (pp. 6, 7).

I make no excuse for quoting this fine passage at length.

'Service does really engender love of those whom we serve, and to love one's neighbour as oneself does really open out a knowledge of the absolute truth. . . . And the soldier can bear witness that his experience has resolved such doubts as possessed him before he undertook that entire self-abandonment in service which his calling requires. . . . This is that Religion of the Soldier concerning which it is my purpose to write' (p. 11).

This Religion of Service and Sacrifice and Silence Mr Hopkinson unfolds with a sincerity and dignity which compel respect.

A pioneer has little use for old forms. Mr Hopkinson thinks they are outworn and useless; indeed, they provoke him to impatience. 'There is too little bread among the stones which the Churches give us, too much crying of "Lord! Lord!"; too great a certainty that the purpose of God is an open book, and that all who can say "shibboleth" are of the elect' (p. 19). The War brought in a new revelation of a religion of service and sacrifice (but is not this the old Christianity, which we have lost sight of?), and 'the present pessimism has been brought about, as I believe, by the backwardness of soldiers to tell what

war has taught' (p. 20). Mr Hopkinson is at war with the conventional forms of religion, and appears to dislike all forms as conventional. Yet he who thinks differently may reply that in religious criticism it is easy to confound dogma with doctrine, and that for a principle or a rite to have survived such cataclysms of human experience as the foundation of Christianity, the Crusades, the Moslem invasion of Europe, the Reformation, as well as wars and revolutions which had for their object the promulgation or the suppression of religion, it must have its roots not merely in antiquity but in truth itself. Nay, even if such have no deeper origin than the human need for symbol and expression, the very fact of their survival from the ages when men were wise in faith until this day, when we are merely clever in criticism, is proof of a need common to humanity. We are reluctant to touch on certain passages in Mr Hopkinson's book, because we disagree with their motive. He maintains that he is 'the mouthpiece of many of his generation' in holding that 'one good man or woman is more than all the creeds and institutions.' He desires to 'set down, as truly as he may, what is the meaning of God to men of the present day,' who find 'it more easy to believe that man once became God than that God once became man.' The 'attack is a general one upon the whole position held by traditionalists, who declare their belief that God once became man.' 'To the graven image which they (the Churches) call God we definitely refuse worship. We will have naught to do with a God against whom we may justly level that awful reproach :

"For all the sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give—and take!"

The force of the latter argument, as an argument, is shaken when we read presently that 'our naughty lives are such, not because we use neither charms nor incantations, but because of our own deliberate naughtiness. By practising virtue they are become virtuous. By practising wickedness we become wicked.' We do not propose to argue 'about it and about' with the author, because the essence of religion is inarguable. But we would suggest that no form or image under which God is discernible is valueless or wholly wrong, and that while certain of

this generation may doubtless hold the conception of a God definable within the limits of 'a spatial dimension,' a fairly wide experience assures one that many find steadfastness and assurance in their conception of a most Personal God, a realised Figure, an Entity, apprehended clearly through the mists of argument with which man's face is blackened. We wholly agree with Mr. Hopkinson's condemnation of the vanity and hindrance of religious controversy; by such no one is freed, and often men fight over details for the sake of the fight rather than for its actual importance. If we were less eager to split hairs, we might be more zealous in keeping the Law; besides, it is better to love your neighbour in his way, but most of us insist on loving him in ours, the logical outcome of all which has been the Inquisition, the thumb-screw, and the rack.

We are reluctant to touch on Mr Hopkinson's comments on the Holy Eucharist, which is for all Church people the sublime act of their faith. Even if to some the Sacrament is only an outward and visible sign (but of what?) there are also many of the war-generation who have grasped the verity through the symbol. Familiarity with the symbolical rites and services of foreign Churches induces the conviction that a large section of mankind still requires to be taught by picture and by allegory. Nature itself is symbolical, and through the things seen by the eyes of the body the sight and instincts of the soul are opened to apprehension of things unseen. As Moses said long ago, 'The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those which are revealed belong unto us': and Blake—'There exist in the Eternal World the permanent realities of everything we see reflected in this vegetable world of matter,' for 'the world of the imagination is the world of Eternity.' Doubtless all religious forms are the outcome of the travail, the need, the experience, the slow, slow upward trend of the human soul through uncounted ages: Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil. The earlier creeds in which Mr Hopkinson justly finds much of truth and beauty foreshadowed a higher state of spiritual evolution. As he himself says, none 'can doubt that the conceptions of God proper to various stages of intellectual evolution must be as varied as those stages.

If this be not so, then God has changed, which is impossible' (p. 47). Symbols, forms, rites, are in themselves divisions, or at least marks of divisions between men, but they are also necessary concomitants to human existence. Just as we have to bear national, tribal, or family names, to live in numbered houses in named streets of towns in definite provinces, for the sake of order and convenience, so must we be content to belong to certain definite religious organisations, as much for the sake of others as for our own. (Mr Hopkinson calls these 'convenient distinctions.') Perhaps if we regard submission to these 'distinctions' as partly a service to others we shall discover in them a dignity and harmony not otherwise discernible; even as the soldier accepts discipline in forms petty and often tyrannous, and so ennobles his calling. But, Mr Hopkinson says,

'For us there is but one sacrament, one magic necessary unto salvation, namely that a man should love his neighbour as himself. And be it understood that an essential part of the practice of those who believe this must be to look with charity and respect upon the worship of others. For my part, I gladly offer incense on the altar of any man's idol, if thus I may avoid offence and even confirm him in a faith wherein I have no share' (p. 27).

From such 'practice' we dissent with vigour. To offer incense to any idol out of politeness to the idolator would confirm no one in his faith, for the motive falls far short of the bigness of charity and the action would be empty of meaning. Mr Hopkinson's conception of essentials, as opposed to mere forms, is as big as it should be.

'That men should be courageous in the face of danger, loyal to the community wherein they hold themselves but insignificant units, ready to obey commands given for the furtherance of the common weal, courteous to those who are poorer and weaker than themselves—in short, that they fear God and honour the King—all these are matters of no small moment. . . . Any Oriental obscurities which Mithraism may have brought into the Churches are fully counterbalanced by the code of loyalty and chivalry of which it can claim to be the begetter. Moreover, it solved for the soldier the hard problem raised by the command that a man shall turn his

other cheek to the smiter. For the adherents showed that such an instruction could be obeyed to the full, yet that no man need turn his own cheek to him who smote some other person. The soldier confesses that he is bound to forgive unto seventy times seven times the brother who has offended him, but can see no reason why he should forgive even once the brother whose trespass against others is unrequited. Herein, as I believe, we find the whole justification of war. For by wounds received in battle the offence against others is converted into an offence against the soldier himself, and that which was without pardon becomes that for which forgiveness must be freely granted. This is the message of Mithras, filling a man's mind with happiness when his mangled body lies bleeding on the clay of Flanders. Such an one has laid his gift by the altar, and is reconciled to his brother. Wounded for the iniquity of others and bruised for their transgressions, he achieves a measure of unity with the god not to be attained so surely by any other means. Therefore, they would do but an ill-service to mankind if those should have their desire who would deprive the world of war. For it cannot profit a man to say that he forgives an injury done to others. . . . It is only if the offence be against himself that he is able to pardon the offender. Nor when a man grinds the faces of the poor can he be forgiven by any save the poor, or those who have turned the injury against themselves by selling all that they have in order to relieve the victims of his oppression. And these are things to be learnt most thoroughly in the hard school of war' (pp. 29-31).

To trace all religion and all charity to a Mithraic or Orphic origin leads one backward and not forward in the quest for truth, and in all this Mr Hopkinson seems to us to be beset by thoughts really too big for elucidation and expression. In the attempt to express such matters faith, the inexpressible, is lost sight of; for faith is faith as well as practice, nor can there be practice unless there be faith. Our very admiration for his book makes us wish that he had not attempted to express the inexpressible. But criticism is an ungracious art and we gladly drop it, for a review should be a signpost, pointing readers to the book itself. And for all the rest we have nothing but praise in fullest measure.

Mr Hopkinson exposes the futility and insincerity of the doctrine that the State should support the individuals who compose it. 'L'État c'est moi' positively expresses

the relationship of every proper citizen to the State to which he owes allegiance, yet on all sides we hear the cry, 'Let the State support every one and everything. Let the State pay.' Such a doctrine is vulgar and unmanly because it teaches men to shirk responsibility, and it leads to private and public corruption. The Government clerk need not trouble to use Government stationery with care; the Government can pay for it: the Government does. The higher official abates his vigilance in curbing extravagance and waste; the Government can afford to lose: it does. The private individual observes and says, 'Why should I continue to stint myself to support hospitals and national charities? Let the State do it.' Mr Hopkinson puts the case concisely.

'Lazarus lies at my gate, truly a disgusting sight. . . . Manifestly he must be moved at once, for daily he displeases me more. My own conscience officiously tells me that I must set limits to my expenditure upon sumptuous fare so that I may relieve Lazarus at my own expense. Here, indeed, is an unhappy choice. Either I must surrender a little of my wealth or Lazarus will cause my conscience to discomfort me on each occasion when I pass my gate. But fortunately . . . many others are writhing upon the prongs of the same dilemma. Being ingenious fellows, we set up a collective conscience, whose indignation touching the condition of Lazarus waxes so great that at length we remember that Dives is so much richer than we, and joyously make a law compelling him to provide succour for the poor man' (pp. 106, 107).

The people must be

'taught the truth concerning the functions of the State. As long as, deceived by the demagogues, they believe it to be a beneficent providence, so long is there grave peril that a sudden enlightenment as to its real nature may destroy civilization. Furthermore, they cannot be liberated from the wily coils of the demagogues until they cease to form a crowd, and thus once more become intelligent individuals capable of understanding that the State is no more than a convenient agreement between the inhabitants of a defined geographical area' (p. 111).

He discerns a menace to civilisation in the herd instinct which urges 'the mass of the people to merge

individual personalities in the crowd. Almost all are afraid of being alone either physically or intellectually.' The herd instinct is parasitic; it abhors the spaciousness of solitude, silence, thought, wherein a man must be himself or perish. While individual men and women 'are marvellously good and wise, as a crowd they are almost always foolish and evil.' And against the submersion of the rarer, or individual, part of human nature in the baser, or multiple, Mr Hopkinson urges 'the long-forgotten truth that progress comes . . . only from the enlightened self-sacrifice of the few. . . . And if, keeping this purpose always before us, we devote our lives to a service more exacting than that which war demanded of us, perhaps we may show that the soldier's religion is no mere empty superstition' (p. 114). Men will never be free 'until those who rule . . . renounce all greed and ambition and become greatest by being the least, able to rule the people because they love them, and able to love the people because they serve them' (p. 121). Again, the religion of the soldier.

Readers of Mr Hopkinson's former book, 'The Hope of the Workers,' will remember his shrewd blows dealt at Socialism, that monstrous deceit which men try to dignify or to excuse, according to their various idiosyncrasies, by terming it a Christian, or political, or economic system for reforming the world. 'Socialism is no more than the belief that present plenty is cheaply purchased at the price of future security,' says Mr Hopkinson, wherefore 'the practice of such a political and economic theory must result in a destitution whence none but an autocrat can rescue the people' (p. 129).

'The Socialist must of necessity be a pessimist, and no believer in the power of an individual to rule his universe. For he will have it that each individual is nothing more than a fragment of the crowd,' and 'that which the mob for the moment covets is to the Socialist the supreme good. For to him it is more blessed to receive than to give, and the immediate fulfilment of material desire is the golden calf which he sets up for worship. Shall a man, he asks, be good or happy if he have not a high standard of physical comfort? . . . For no Socialist is able to distinguish between law and ethics. To him morality is the will of the majority; and if in a nation there be many rich and few poor, the former may

rightly, in his view, take from the latter even that which they have. For in such a community, if the control of the means of production and distribution be democratic, the rich majority is able by law to deprive the poor minority of its little store, and to justify this action by the cogent plea that the latter is less able to put it to good use' (pp. 133, 134).

Mr Hopkinson believes the antidote for the ills of Socialism, as for selfish demagoguery, to be Aristocracy—the control of the indefinite and ignorant many by the disciplined and enlightened few; and by 'ignorant' we do not mean the unlettered, but those who would subordinate everything to material good, and claim that to snatch the utmost of material advantage from life is true advancement and the aim of civilisation. To such the way of the Aristocrat is foolishness; they cannot and

'they do not understand that he who lies soft while others suffer is guilty of a discourtesy befitting none save the proletariat. . . . Good manners is a matter not of striking a balance of material effects, but rather of refraining from the taking of advantage of any kind and of abstaining from the very appearance of that evil. He who will not thus avoid discourtesy to his poorer neighbour is but a common fellow in no way fit to be believed in or obeyed. . . . The rediscovery of this lost principle of Aristocracy will mark the beginning of a nobler and happier age, and the well-being of the many will once again be assured by the self-sacrifice of the few' (pp. 141-144).

Service and self-sacrifice (*religio militis*) being the root of Aristocracy, we may easily perceive why the Socialist and the Demagogue are allied against the Aristocrat and the Soldier. Yet he who follows the soldier's religion will find that this true aristocracy and political progress are no impossible ideals, but that the latter arises out of the former.

Of Bolshevism, the logical outcome of Socialism unrestrained, Mr Hopkinson writes with fitting gravity. 'We, our allies, and our former enemies are now confronted with a menace about which there can be no doubt. The beast in man long chained has broken out. The Bolshevik's ideal (if one may so degrade that word) is the apotheosis of the brute through the dictatorship of the lowest and most selfish of the human race, and all Europe is

'now confronted with a menace, . . . a direct and terrible challenge to the whole conscious evolutionary process which has suppressed the brute in man.' 'The new diabolism teaches that there are many things which should be done . . . simply because they are wrong. Anything which helps to hurry man back to the beast is to be fostered. . . . Self-sacrifice is mocked, duty derided, truth flouted, and beauty defouled. . . . The dictatorship of the lowest is to bring us back to the primitive communism of the jungle. Selfishness and greed are to be our guiding-stars. . . . Religion must be rooted out because all true religions teach that progress comes from love, while the Marxists hold that progress comes only from increasing hate.'

This 'great wickedness, flooding across Asia,' will seek to corrupt the West with its foul cult, so that whether it involves a physical war waged with weapons of destructive invention, or the more deadly warfare 'between mind and mind, nothing can withhold men from a period of retrogression save only some ideal transcending all the great motives in the past have made them glad to suffer and to die' (pp. 189, 190, 191). That transcendent ideal of self-sacrifice the soldier's religion upholds before the world.

The New Age the soldiers fought to bring in is thus found to be one of warfare, both spiritual and physical. They saw the Vision Splendid of 'the man made God, on whom lay all the griefs and all the joys of all men who had been, are, and shall be till the end of time.' The young soldiers who inherit the New Age, and will presently be called upon to direct it, are summoned to a life of toil and struggle in which, if they be true soldiers, they shall find adventure, victory, life itself, even though they fall before the years of fruition. And the old soldiers who have seen and followed the Vision and have drunk deep of the cup of pain and service, who have learned that 'only through service comes love, and only through love comes knowledge of the truth which makes men more than men'—these pass into the shade, content to be forgotten. To the young soldiers, says the author,

'we leave our sad record of faults and follies and failures, of noble aims abandoned and opportunities missed. But we leave to them also a torn and blood-stained chart which, if they follow it faithfully, will bring them at last clear of the

swamp in which we wandered, and full in sight of towering peaks which we can never view. That is our legacy, . . . and if they think that we have done anything for them, they can repay us only by succeeding where we have manifestly failed' (p. 194).

But *is* it failure—is non-attainment necessarily failure? Did Moses fail because he entered Canaan only after death? Did Gordon fail, whose death was the first step towards the liberation of the Sudan? Or Raleigh, dying on the block amid the wreck of all his dreams? There is a failure more splendid than success, and 'it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.' If the soldiers of the New Age win through by aid of that blood-stained chart, theirs indeed shall be the glory of achievement—but whose the grace?

The book would not be what it is, nor would it be by a true soldier, if it ended on a note of gloom, uncertainty, or ill-content. Mr. Hopkinson desires for himself and his comrades a gift from life.

'Our labours and our wounds give us at least a claim to yet another fight before the end. Our experience has shown us glimpses of another world of strange experience, and that untravelled universe we will explore till one by one we drop beside the trail. Come, my friends, 'tis not too late to seek that newer world. Put on the battered armour once again, close up the sadly thinning ranks, and once again forward to meet whatever toil or gay adventure fate may bring!'

So, as we close this little book of valour and sincerity, we lift our eyes and see the onward and upward march of the true soldiers, whom life cannot daunt nor death dismay. So, watching them, we see beyond them their goal, which also may be ours—the steadfast shining glory of the Eternal Hills.

'For the destiny, whereof they are worthy, drew them unto this end, and made them forget the things that had already happened, . . . that Thy people might pass a wonderful way.'

E. M. E. BLYTH.

Art. 4.—MEN *VERSUS* MACHINES IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN the Declaration of Independence—that faded parchment of many adventures, now enshrined in a marble aumbry with bronze doors, in a wall of the Library of Congress—the ‘Rights of Man’ are set forth in a preamble which presently trails off into a blazing indictment of that well-intentioned monarch, King George the Third, and of ‘our British brethren’ who ‘have been deaf to the voice of Justice and of Con-sanguinity.’ Sir John Fortescue has now shown us that in the matter of the American Colonies King George was more far-sighted than his ministers.

After ‘Life’ and ‘Liberty,’ Thomas Jefferson and his colleagues place the ‘Pursuit of Happiness’ among those inalienable Rights. It is well known that the Fathers had in mind some far utopian policy in which, by some eager teleosis, American life should become a thing enskyed and sainted, so as to be worthy of what Jefferson as President, in his first Inaugural Address, called ‘the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of Revolution and Reformation.’ Yet in spite of a sea-change the old Adam in our nature persists, as Dante reminds us in his awesome epos. Before Jefferson was born the Calvinists of New England were already persecuting religious sects, precisely as their own forbears were persecuted in the Motherland before the ‘Mayflower’ sailed away with the Pilgrims to a freer and brighter land :

‘J’avais un idéal frais comme la rosée,
Une vision d’or, une opale irisée
Par le regard de Dieu !’

It was, after all, the same old world of common human experience ; the same stress and press of self-interest which that grossly-maligned realist, Nicolò Machiavelli, presents to us in his passionless prose, with the natural activity of *virtù* ever ready to seize its opportunity. We soon find Destiny preached in the United States. The spirit of conquest was in full blast in President Polk’s day ; a silent, sardonic person who

annexed half a million square miles of his helpless neighbour's territory, and carried his frontier at last out to the Pacific Ocean.

It is highly instructive to watch the steady growth of disillusion in those utopian American leaders. This process began with General Washington himself, in the terrible winter of 1776, when he was vainly imploring food of the New Jersey farmers for his starving militia in Valley Forge. It continues to Woodrow Wilson in Paris; and in between these examples we have sad Emerson bewailing the imperfectibility of man: 'There is a crack in everything that God has made'! Yet all through these drab annals, the Pursuit of Happiness was nailed to America's mast as her peculiar ensign. How was this euphoria to be attained? By reducing manual labour. By harnessing the powers of nature—which are prodigious over there—until five brief days should be enough for any man's working week; and thereby insuring that the 'Felicity as well as Food' which Ruskin urged, should become a generous reality, a standard of life which the rest of the world could only marvel at and envy.

In other words, Machinery was the secret. Thomas Edison states the formula as follows: 'No man shall perform a task which a Machine can do as well, or better.' And that singular genius, Henry Ford—the richest individual who has ever lived—sees the American continent of the future dotted all over with little centres of hydro-electric plant, with rural spaces round it: 'Most of us will be tilling the soil, raising crops, and earning money in between times in the local factory.' *Et in Arcadia vixi!*

Few Europeans realise how far this mechanised civilisation has progressed since 1895, when Niagara itself was first forced to run trams and light streets in the City of Buffalo. In America to-day every conceivable human service, from rocking a baby's cradle or sweeping the room, to cutting coal in a mine or ploughing a farm, is done by machines. On any given day the entire continental population of 120,000,000 people could crowd into its own motor-cars and speed off awheel on vast arterial roads, 3000 miles in length, between the two great oceans. Natural gas, buried

deep in the earth—chiefly in the South-Western States—likewise displaces human labour to the tune of \$300,000,000 a year. Telephones in the home, dictaphones in the office, and petrol tractors in the field, all tend to the same goal of human leisure and the higher life.

It is due to a mechanical complex that the American farmer can feed nine persons as well as himself, and at least one other person besides in a foreign land. What a sidelight is here thrown on the breakdown of that Geneva Conference, and the respective naval defences which Great Britain and the United States require! 'I spent a night with the King,' wrote that fine American, Walter Hines Page, in one of his vivid letters home during the War. 'And he only gave us so much bread, one egg apiece and—lemonade!' 'We haven't more than six weeks' food supply; and last week the submarines sank 237,000 tons. These English do not publish the harrowing facts, and nobody knows them but a few official people.' . . .

In every American factory an 'Idea-box' is placed, and intelligent workers are invited to show how manpower may still further be saved by the use of this or that gadget or contrivance. Such amateur inventors receive money-prizes or promotion, if their hints prove to be of value. The application of science to industry is more than a religious rite in the United States: it is a passion almost comic in its fierce intensity. 'Are ye Englishmen or vandals?' cried Thornton, the designer of the Capitol, after Ross's troopers had burned the Parliament House, and were turning their guns upon other public buildings in the desecrated Washington of 1814. 'This is the Patent Office—the depository of America's inventive genius in which the whole civilised world is concerned. Would you destroy it?' Then such havoc of the red-coats must needs pass through Thornton's body first! As though mad with glimpses of a mechanical futurity, one of the Westinghouse Company's engineers has produced a sort of 'human' servant that can sweep the house, make up fires, cook a dinner, and even answer the telephone by 'sound-waves,' whilst a 'help'-less mistress is gossiping or playing bridge in a friend's salon miles away. 'These weird devices are now installed

in the War Department in Washington. Other ingenious inventions take the place of living watchmen at the city reservoirs; and, questioned over the telephone, they give accurate replies as to the levels of water, and take and obey orders to raise or lower these, as may be required.

Equally curious is the 'mechanical mind' brought into being at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is called the 'product integrator,' and is the invention of Dr Vannevar Bush, Professor of Electric Transmission. This enthusiast points out that, while business folk are content with machines that add, subtract, multiply, and divide, the engineer must needs deal with 'curves and graphs' which show the past, present, and future of his recondit problems.

'The integrator,' Dr Bush explains, 'is a device of electrical measurements, gears, and recording tables: it is virtually a man-made "brain" which transcends human reasoning, and readily plots the answer to problems which cannot now be solved by formal mathematics. It requires from eight minutes to an hour to make computations which would take an engineer from one month to a year to work out by ordinary methods. . . . The foundation of the Integrator is a watt-hour meter, of the same type as that used in every home for recording the power used during the month.'

And so on into obscure arcana which leave the merely human mind limping badly—even pondering dully the tall yellow chair, with its gyves and electrodes in the sinister death-house of Sing Sing, up the Hudson River. For even the murderer is here put to death by machinery at the pushing of that ubiquitous button!

There is no end to the button-pushing and petrol policies of a people ever on tip-toes of expectancy for more wonders—'and *then* some!' as the fervid zealot has it. 'If the fuelless motor is a go,' muses the pensive American hopefully—'may we not yet live to see the radio church collection?' Road-haulage, cranes, hoists, winches, power-shovels, air-compressors, concrete-mixers, road-rollers—all these are largely automatic, with skilled human labour more and more ousted from its olden pride of place. These apostles of 'output' have no use for the patient craftsman. What is the Pittsburg boss, who handles metal in molten seas, to think of a

mediæval 'mossbacker' like Lorenzo Ghiberti, niggling at the Bronze Doors of his Baptistry for forty years—*con grandissima diligenza è grandissima amore?*

In the United States to-day electric power alone performs labour which would require the combined efforts of all Europe's population to produce by hand. Artificial thunderstorms cause mushrooms to grow. Even the hen is galvanised into laying more eggs; everything from music to photographs is now ground out at a touch, as though by magic. 'Prosperity depends on machinery,' Mr Henry Ford lays down as a dogma. 'It means more production and higher wages.' This is true, but it is not the whole truth, as will presently appear. Mechanism, these giants of industry maintain, will banish monotony, drudgery, and dreary routine from the workaday world. They point in triumph to the 80,000,000,000 kilo-watt hours of electric power used in the United States last year. If converted into its human equivalent, this would provide the average American family of about four persons with the services of eleven mechanical labourers, each working eight hours a day including Sundays and holidays, at a total cost for these eleven 'slaves' of only \$75 a year.

But—and it is a very disconcerting 'but'—the United States, as to-day's *arbiter mundi*, looks up from all these joyous deductions to behold bread-lines of distress forming up in her city streets, and some four millions of men out of work. What is to be done about it? The actual figures are none too sure, because statisticians over there resolutely ignore disagreeable facts, as quite out of keeping with the pink thought of a Prosperity which must needs go on and on, *incendiant l'azur* of American infinity. Most astonishing of all, this suddenly-realised unemployment problem synchronises with a 'peak' of production which has never yet been equalled in the United States. Here, then, is a matter of extraordinary interest, both at home and abroad. After the depression of 1921—with 5-6,000,000 persons out of work—the replacement of men by machines was prosecuted on a great scale, with the automotive industry (in which the vast sum of 1,000,000,000*l.* is invested) energetically leading the way. One huge plant had soon reduced its labour costs by 60 per cent. By 1925 the decrease in employment

was 6.6 per cent. below the 'peak' year of 1919; yet the total gross value of manufactured products in 1925 reached \$62,705,714,000, surpassing that of 1919 altogether.

In consequence of the use of machinery alone, America's productive power had so outstripped its markets that many of the basic industries, if worked at full capacity, could turn out in six months more than could be consumed in a year. Accordingly, many factories closed their doors for weeks at a time; and others reduced the hours, and even the days of working. 'Kickers' and 'Knockers' were not lacking at this time to recall the march of 'Coxey's Army' upon the White House in Cleveland's day, when the unemployed demanded \$500,000,000 to be spent upon relief-work and roads. But America has a short way with these profaners of the sanctuary. Have not the mining, and other corporations, armed police of their own who never hesitate to shoot? The heroic Jake Coxey was about to harangue his men from the Capitol steps—after a six weeks' tramp from Ohio—when the police pounced upon him for treading on the grass! And in a trice, the hapless demagogue was behind the bars of a prison—perhaps recalling the colossus of Liberty: *Statue aux yeux de jais, grande anse au front d'airain!* Unemployment demonstrations have marked the past six months; distress has been seen in Chicago, which recalled the bread-lines of 1913. It was the same story in New England mills and in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Yet this condition was the direct outcome of Prosperity and over-production. The Bureau of Labour showed a 15-per-cent. decrease in factory workers since 1920, all due to mechanical methods. On the farms, 45,000 harvesting and threshing-machines had replaced 130,000 highly-paid hands. Many of these migrated to the towns and further aggravated conditions, until something like one-tenth of America's total working population were unemployed.

There is no national system of Employment Exchanges where these workers can register. A four-year comparison (1923-27) showed a reduction of nearly two million men in the factories, railways, mines, farms, and building industries. In these last, new trenching-machines, gasoline-cranes, bucket-conveyors, and similar

devices tended more and more to make construction a machine affair. From Ohio came figures showing that, with 15 per cent. fewer men employed, contractors had put up 11 per cent. more square feet of finished buildings than in 1923. Already 71 per cent. of bituminous coal is mined by machinery. The companies claim that they can now dig a whole year's supply with little more than half the human labour needed in 1890. Moreover, the railways are using less coal, with more efficiency in their ton-mileage; last year the saving was in excess of 18,000,000 tons.

Meanwhile, captains of industry point out the perplexing difference between this present portent and 'hard times' of the past, when business was merely bad and factories 'laid-off' their men until the prosperous hour returned. The new crisis emerges as an issue of national importance when, as one leader puts it, 'America's wealth and efficiency have become the wonder of the world.' Every human worker there, it seems, has already the power of four horses to help him, with endless millions of horse-power still waiting to be drawn upon, so that he must presently be 'fired' and sent round after jobs that do not now exist. A ship full of ore is now unloaded without the use of a single hand-shovel. The freight-car full of coal is automatically hoisted and turned upside down into the waiting barge or collier. At one end of a machine a man feeds a bar of steel; at the other end finished screws, with perfect threads and slots cut in the head, are counted out and packed in boxes ready for sale. Even that sale is often conducted over the long-distance telephone, between cities farther apart than London and Athens or Constantinople. So that even the suave, hustling 'drummer' is thrown out of a job!

Machines turn out glass bottles complete in one operation; others fill and solder cans of fruit and vegetables with almost incredible efficiency and zeal. No wonder Mr William Green, President of the Federation of Labour, urges a five-day week in the United States; and in this he is supported by Mr J. J. Raskob, Financial Executive of the vast organisation known as 'General Motors.' In the textile factories a single worker will now tend twenty or thirty looms, where a few years

ago he had charge of a dozen at most. The economic result of all this is to merge small concerns into larger units; and in the plant of these a single new machine will be found doing the work of a hundred people. So the balance of power passes to the 'iron-man'; human skill is less and less in demand, and American labour is insensibly passing to mere automatic machine-tending.

Immigration, as we know, has been sharply restricted; and America asks whether the future will find her victimised by her own mechanical genius, which day by day can and does turn out more and more wealth which must somehow be distributed. Naturally, therefore, foreign trade comes to the front as a solution, with sharp competition ahead for all rivals in every commercial field in both hemispheres. This brings me at once to the Jones-White Bill for a new merchant marine, with Government support to the tune of \$250,000,000, which the Senate passed by 53 votes to 31, despite the strenuous opposition of President Coolidge, to whom Government ownership looms as 'a paralysing monopoly.'

It is pointed out that heroic measures are called for if adequate outlets for American trade are to be found and for all the surplus manufacturers of this teeming, exuberant time. From 1921 to 1926 British shipyards turned out 3,500,000 gross tons, whereas in the same period the United States' construction was only 138,000 gross tons. The natural corollary of the merchant fleet projected is an adequate Navy, and for this the House recently passed a preliminary appropriation of \$359,000,000. The agitation for these twin fleets is now of some years' standing, and was tersely summed by Mr Curtis Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, shortly after President Coolidge's inauguration.

'Americans,' Mr Wilbur said, 'have over 20,000,000 tons of merchant shipping to carry the commerce of the world, worth three billion dollars. We have also loans and property abroad—apart from Government loans—of over two billions. If we add to this our exports and imports for a single year—about ten billion dollars—we have an amount almost equal to the entire wealth of the United States in 1869. And if to this we add the eight billions due to us from foreign Governments, we arrive at a total of \$81,000,000,000. These vast interests must be considered when we talk of defending the Flag.'

Since those words were spoken, output of all sorts from factory and soil has increased by leaps and bounds; so that it is more than ever imperative to find markets and outlets for the surplus, as well as protection for them afloat. And what of the surplus of men displaced by new power-schemes, such as those of the Colorado River, which seven of the States interested are now claiming in sections, of which the total represents no less than 4,000,000 horse-power? Many of these industrial *bouches inutiles* may be drafted into the fleets of peace and war, which it has been found extremely difficult to man in the past. Other openings are provided by the civil and military aerial services, to which young Lindbergh's exploits have given an astonishing fillip. Still further chances offer in the vassal nations, from Haiti and Cuba to the Central American Republics, where such concerns as the United Fruit Company of Boston have plantation 'empires' of their own, as well as whole fleets of ships to carry their produce. For American enterprise looks ever further afield, as may be seen from Henry Ford's vast rubber-schemes in the Brazilian jungle State of Pará, and the talk of cutting a new interoceanic canal in hapless Nicaragua.

Meanwhile, America's genius, far from being dismayed by temporary 'bread-lines' and unemployment, will call more and more upon the *deus ex machina* of her imperial and commercial destiny. She will have little difficulty in reabsorbing the millions of men who are at present unemployed. And public doles are scouted as a national humiliation. For unlike all other nations, this familiar portent is here an index of abounding prosperity: this curious paradox leaps to the eye in the huge increase of national income during the past five years—\$69,000,000,000 in 1923 as against an estimate of \$89,000,000,000 for 1928. It is the coming lustrum which will see America's boldest bid for the commerce of the world, with her Government, 'Big Business,' and People all co-ordinated in new ingenious ways for the struggle:

'Now is my way swept, and my foot shod now,
My wallet full now for the travelling Day
That I fare forth and forward, arrow-straight
Girt for the goal, red battle-ripe at need!'

W. G. FITZGERALD.

Art. 5.—NEW MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.

1. *Acta Cancellariæ or Selections from the Records of the Court of Chancery (containing extracts from the Masters' Reports and Certificates, etc.)*. London, 1847.
2. *A Collection of Law Tracts*. Vol. I. F. Hargrave, 1787.
3. *Table Talk of John Selden*. Edited by the Rt Hon. Sir F. Pollock, Bt, K.G. Selden Society, 1927.
4. *Reports of the Royal Commission on Public Records, 1910-1919*. H.M. Stationery Office.
5. *Reports of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records, 1840, etc.* H.M. Stationery Office.
6. *Public Record Office, Rules and Schedules governing the Disposal of Public Records by Destruction or Otherwise, 1877-1913*. H.M. Stationery Office, 1914.

THE time is not far off when the teeming seminars of British and American Universities will have urgent need of new materials for their historical studies; for new materials they must have, if they are to maintain the standards of study and research set up in published lists of academic theses which are to be the first drafts of maturer essays.

Down to a comparatively recent date the supplies of both printed and unprinted matter seemed to be adequate; but even if it has kept pace with an increasing demand, the publication of the original sources of Economic and Social History during the last thirty years has not made up for the neglect of the subject by previous historiographers. This was perhaps inevitable, seeing that Economics and Sociology are relatively new subjects of scientific study. Indeed, the difficulty in question had been experienced with the beginnings of academic recognition of these subjects. While earlier researchers ploughed lone furrows in the field of agrarian and domestic economy, or made adventurous voyages on the ocean of commerce, political and constitutional historians were able to profit by the incessant labours of their predecessors, supplemented by the publications of learned societies and elucidated by the auxiliary studies of accomplished specialists. At last, inspired by the experience and example of Mr and Mrs

Sidney Webb, instruction was provided in 1896 for the deciphering of the unequalled sources of Economic and Social History available in London archives, and from this beginning sprang a readership which served the requirements of the University at large.

This preparatory instruction is now provided in most of the British or Colonial Universities, while in the United States the cult of archives is pursued almost as seriously as in the Continental 'Schools of Charters' or in the London Institute of Historical Research.

We may hope, then, that assiduous research in the original sources will, in time, make good the heavy arrears that have accumulated. It is obvious, however, that these sources cannot be adequately described or profitably studied without reference to the printed literature of the subject. It is a mistake to assume, as many eager students have done, that the true interpretation of History is to be found only in the inventories of archives. The services of historical bibliography are equally essential as a guide to study; for apart from the time saved by using printed texts, students can best observe the relationship of the several sources from their printed literature, and they will at the same time keep in touch with historical method and criticism.

Unfortunately the recent devotion of historical scholars and students to the investigation of archives has not been accompanied by equal attention to historical bibliography. To be candid, we must admit that this necessary discipline of study has been often shirked, and that the efforts made to remedy this defect have been somewhat feeble. In order to realise the position, we must go back thirty years, to the strong criticisms of our national shortcomings in respect of historical bibliography published by Frederic Harrison and Henry Tedder, followed by similar criticism of our neglect of archives by York Powell and Sir Adolphus Ward. The remedy available was promptly applied, though not by British hands. An American scholar, Charles Gross, had already published a needed bibliography of British municipal history in 1897, and in response to these appeals he compiled, single-handed, a bibliography of English mediæval history in which, for the first time, the literature was co-ordinated with the original sources.

Although this great work, published in 1900, has been supplemented by a few special bibliographies and source books (some of which are of American or Continental origin) it stands alone, leaving the post-mediæval period of our history unrepresented by any complete or adequate work. This fact indeed was fully recognised by Charles Gross himself; but as the suggestion for an individualist continuation of his work found no acceptance on either side of the Atlantic, it has had to wait upon the opportunity of co-operative compilation and publication under the auspices of an Anglo-American committee, which has not yet completed its task. At the same time, it must be remembered that this was not yet fairly under way when the World War suspended its progress; and the broken threads of such co-operative enterprises are never easily joined. Even when they remain intact, the process of weaving must be a slow one, and it took five years to prepare a second edition of Gross's work.

The importance of these remote and almost forgotten happenings is emphasised in the reflexions of some difficulties of advanced historical study that were offered at the outset of this article. Those difficulties, as we have seen, are largely due to the want of a complete and scientific bibliography of British History which could be supplemented by more detailed bibliographies and source lists for particular aspects. Hitherto historians have relied on Gross and on isolated bibliographies or select lists. They have also had the run of the general catalogues compiled by great libraries, while some local bibliographies have been often helpful.

The results of this method of study are not satisfactory, and even if the effort of recalling titles collected in many different publications may earn for some scholars a reputation for encyclopædic learning, the method itself is obviously unscientific and wasteful; moreover, it does not usually assist the student to co-ordinate the original sources and literature of his subject. Indeed, the practical effect of this state of affairs is seen in the difficulty of selecting a subject of study that has not been previously exploited and for which the sources appear to be adequate or accessible; also in compiling an exhaustive list of the materials for its study.

A list of subjects of economic and social interest for which information exists but is not readily available would be a long one. We are not only insufficiently informed as to what early Victorian antiquaries called the 'domestic, everyday life' of our village forefathers, but also as to the nature of their economic and social environment as a whole. It is not enough to be able to reconstruct castles, churches, halls, or chambers with their decoration; we need also to reconstruct the extensive domestic offices which were a special feature of the household economy of the baronage, religious orders, and lesser gentry alike, and which were annexed also to their urban residences as well as to those of merchants and traders of any substance. Then there were the farm-buildings within the great courtyard connected with various departments, their respective contents representing the live and dead stock of the demesne or home farm. Probably few students of Economic History know how the crops were disposed of in the grange and granary, although tithe and other ancient barns are familiar and cherished survivals of the Tudor farmyard. Fewer still could explain the mediæval theory of the yield of crops, or trace the economic progress of the grain sack from farm to market and thence, through bakehouse or oasthouse, into household use.

The original sources of History available for study in this country include, as we know, manuscript documents of many forms and divers styles of writing, couched in several languages, and now preserved in collections which have contributed towards a general 'proprietary' classification of archives, whether as the property of the State, in its administrative or judicial departments, or of local authorities, corporate bodies, literary institutions and private owners. It will be evident that some of these collections may have proved more fruitful than others; also that the same or some other archive may still be safely guarding treasures which have escaped the vicissitudes of things terrestrial, guarding them also unconsciously against the hot pursuit of hundreds of historical researchers until the day when they will be thrown into the 'hotch-pot' of an official catalogue. The method of piece-meal discovery and description of the

archives has led to the neglect of some potential sources for which the student would wish to account. This he cannot do without the help of complete instruments of bibliographical and archivistic research among which subject indexes are essential. Until these *desiderata* are supplied students must rely upon their own enterprise, aided by the experience and knowledge of the custodians of historical books and documents or by the generosity of private owners.

The original muniments, like many other records of the 'domestic, everyday life' of our ancestors, have remained unsearched, and so have often disappeared or perished. At the same time information on certain points might not be revealed by the most careful search, while in other cases superfluous details would abound. In a study of the Archives few facts are more impressive than their vicissitudes. Some which were interrupted by political or by social and economic changes either end abruptly or are replaced by new series. Thus, for example, the elaborate organisation of the monastic obedientiaries is represented only by documentary relics which are fortunately more substantial than the ruinous cloisters which they commemorate. Again, although the most copious and instructive source of manorial history disappears with the letting of the demesne, it is fitfully represented by estate accounts until the cult of the 'home-farm' reminds us that the manor was the strongest force in agriculture long after its franchise had decayed. On the other hand, official proceedings of the ecclesiastical, academic and urban communities have been continuously preserved, like those of the State itself, in records which have been elaborated in consequence of the economic and social expansion of the last century. It would seem, therefore, that the student of Economic and Social History is confronted at the outset of his researches by a threefold problem of the original sources, namely, which of them have survived, which again have perished, and which have been utilised wholly or in part? It might be added that his adequate equipment will largely depend on the solution of this problem.

The familiar though elusive processes above referred to would supply important data for the study of manorial and civic institutions, but they touch only one, and that

not the most difficult, aspect of the early agrarian economy. Agriculture as we are frequently reminded in the present day is inseparably connected with the general processes of industry and commerce, and it has in fact been always associated, through the old jingle of the wheat grain and the barley corn in arithmetic tables, with the national usage and local custom of buying and selling by weight or measure. Now, although an immense quantity of information is available to students on this subject, little use has hitherto been made of it, and we have a very imperfect knowledge of the routine of trade before the industrial revolution. We ought to know more about manorial institutions as business propositions: How the mill was worked; the system of coastal and river traffic; transport by horse, cart, wain, sledge, and pack; posting as an accessory of culture as well as of commerce. There is an extensive literature of housekeeping through the centuries; but we are only beginning to understand the system of the monastic obedientiaries. Even the compilers of College histories have been apt to ignore the value and interest of the bursary records. Doubtless the progress of individual researches from book to book must continue to be slow, though it has its fascination; but vexatious restrictions may be removed by the expiration of time limits, or by the retirement of antiquated custodians, or, still more frequently, by the dispersal of hitherto inaccessible collections and their acquisition by public libraries or literate collectors. In some such way new sources may become available, providing a welcome stock of supplementary material for many expectant students—and the prospect of such an event has suggested the subject of this article.

'*Ex archivis Cancellariæ semper aliquid novi!*' In this country (as in other States of Western Europe) one of the most prolific repositories of historical materials has been the Chancery, in its administrative capacity. With us, however, the Chancery must be regarded not only as the foremost archive of the State, for mediæval sources, but in respect of its later judicial activities it has preserved other collections of important documents, the extent of which is not yet fully known to us. In connexion with earlier administrative functions

there is no need to refer to the unequalled series of Chancery Enrolments which, with original correspondence and warrants for the Seals, may be regarded as the counterparts of the State Papers, Entry Books, and Warrants of later times; though even here interesting discoveries have been made in recent years.

The nature and uses of the typical proceedings of the Court of Chancery from the late 14th century onwards have also been explored, with those of its famous (or infamous) 16th and 17th century satellites. Probably there are not many more interesting discoveries to be made in the miscellaneous files of the Chancery itself or in the returns to inquisitions and special commissions, such as those which dealt with agrarian depopulation under the Tudors, though the returns to some inquisitions and commissions are still missing. And who can tell what has become of the contents of the office of the Prothonotary of Chancery (now represented by the Treaty Department of the Foreign Office), or of some half-dozen more of the old Chancery offices round about 'the Lane,' in one of which, about twelve years ago, cupboards were found filled with ancient records the existence of which was generally unknown? The discovery of the Depopulation Returns created some excitement more than thirty years ago, when Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte was clearing up the dark corners of the Record Office. Earlier still some notable documents had casually come to light from another quarter, the Stonor, Cely, Darrell, and other family 'Papers,' variously classified according to their provenance, but all emanating from a common source which still continued to be represented, within the last few years, by a mass of documents so vast in bulk and various in character as to render any general description of their nature and use impracticable.

In the primitive judicial establishments of this country the Chancery was a 'removing' department of the King's Household which might easily find accommodation in the chapel, or in a chamber of some royal castle or manor house. For the disposal of *impedimenta* during its frequent progresses it probably sought the hospitality of the Exchequer or of some neighbouring church; but later on we find the King's clerks occupying

their own houses midway between the Tower and Westminster Palace, and when, long afterwards, these clerks had become a quasi-collegiate establishment, Chancery Masters, Six (or Sixty) Clerks, Cursitors, and so on, they kept the subsidiary records of causes in the Chancery (now become a Court both of Common Law and Equity) in their several offices, while the main series of judicial enrolments, entry books, and files, were deposited in the Rolls Chapel or in the treasuries of the Tower and Abbey. In this connexion we have the famous 'Hana-per' and the 'Petty Bag' with the Rolls House and its Master as a central archive, though this, in turn, for centuries passed on its earlier contents to the Tower by means of a horse and sumpter-man—a picturesque conveyance that might well be commemorated in our modern pageants. As time went on the 'ordinary' Masters of the Court of Chancery, though originally civilian experts to whom causes were assigned for report to the Chancellor or his deputies, became permanent assessors of the Court dealing with suitors, their causes, and often with their property in a decisive fashion. The Master's office was a court in miniature where causes were dealt with by a process known as 'a State of Facts.' This again led to a Report, in connexion with which innumerable 'papers' and elaborate 'accounts' accumulated, together with title-deeds and other securities, many of which were 'exhibits' produced in support of evidence, or else as the result of applications by a plaintiff for the compulsory production of documents—one of the most notable effects of the Chancery writ of *subpœna*. Until the causes were disposed of, these documents were kept in the Master's 'boxes,' and, owing to the familiar delay of justice, a large proportion was left unclaimed, especially as such applications involved the payment of a fee. Moreover, many of these causes were concerned with 'commissions' of bankruptcy or lunacy, for which or other reasons the documents in certain causes appear to have been deposited indiscriminately; and so we might find that the whole contents of some old merchant's counting-house—ledgers, journals, vouchers, household or estate accounts, and correspondence—often covering a long period of time, were all swept ruthlessly into the gaping 'box,' which

came in time to be one of several hundreds of iron-bound or wooden chests.

The judicial scandals and reforms of the 19th century did not spare the old Chancery Masters. Earlier still, with their 'boxses' and purses equally well filled at the expense of suitors, they figured in the minds of simple laymen as the parent brood of legal harpies. In the reign of James I one of these Masters was shot dead with a 'great horse pistol' by a ruined and desperate suitor, who hanged himself in prison to escape the torture which the common lawyers had arranged to have administered in the King's presence, in order to involve their civilian rivals in a growing judicial scandal. Indeed, there were some who muttered that the shot would have been better aimed if it had blown the whole of that court about the ears of its learned denizens.

In 1852 the Chancery Masters were abolished and gradually replaced by Chief Clerks, while their voluminous records were left in the repository built for them under an Act of George III. In 1863 the Deputy Keeper noted in his Annual Report that the Chancery Masters' Documents had not yet been transferred to his custody; but the transfer was ordered in 1866 though they remained *in situ* until their delivery was required under the Public Record Office Act of 1877, and at last, in 1881, they were removed to the precincts of the Record Office. There they found an insecure though picturesque retreat in the houses of Chancery Lane which formed the frontage of the Rolls Yard. This was one of the most picturesque corners of Old London that gladdened the eyes of country visitors, with a wealth of cobble stones, an antique pump and well-trained vine, old doorways giving on to still older staircases, but, alas, plagued with leaky roofs and basements easily flooded, where many of the new arrivals must have suffered grievous harm. Here the Chancery Masters' documentary treasures lay for twenty years, until the old houses were demolished to build the present frontage of the Record Office, and being then ripe for examination and possible destruction, they attracted the attention of the Royal Commission on Public Records in 1911.

There used to be a story told in a London Club to the effect that when the Commissioners were being conducted

round the Record Office one of them, peering through the ventilator of a strong-room door, was thrilled by the spectacle of numerous iron-bound chests. The explanation given by the officials was that these were the title-deeds of Chancery suitors waiting to be claimed or otherwise disposed of, since the Deputy Keeper had already ascertained that some of their contents might prove of value to historians. At a subsequent sitting of the Commission Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte returned to the subject and held out hopes of getting over the purely legal difficulty of throwing these documents open to students. Here, however, after a strong recommendation by the Commission in support of the enlightened policy of the Record Office, the matter has rested in the good hands of the able archivists trained by a great chief.

Although the Chancery Masters' Documents have not been and cannot yet be inspected by students, their general character and scope are well known from the descriptions given in the Reports of the Royal Commissions and Committees on Public Records, as well as in the Reports of the Deputy Keepers and Inspecting Officers and in the Official Guide. Further particulars could be found in the Chancery Masters' 'Papers' and other records now open to inspection. The question of allowing public access to the Masters' Documents was raised by the Record Commissioners in 1911, and their view of the position is stated in the following passage from their First Report :

'They [Chancery Masters' Documents] have been kept apart since 1877, on the assumption that they were the property of the parties by whose solicitors or agents they had been deposited, and that the Master of the Rolls had no authority to deal with them. . . . The Master of the Rolls being satisfied that the claims of the original owners are long since barred or abandoned, has now authorised a careful examination and arrangement of these so-called "Chancery Masters' Documents."'

Now that another Royal Commission has been appointed to take stock of the contents of our national museums and to suggest improvements (and incidentally perhaps economies) in their administration, it is of course possible that the recommendations made by its

predecessor in support of Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte's memorable administration may receive attention. It is true that the English and Scottish national archives included in the terms of reference to the present Commissioners are not 'museums.' Official ignorance of the elementary definition of State archives as a national inheritance, in contrast to national collections made in the interests of culture, may seem ominous, but officials at least know that we must educate our 'masters' who will some day demand a reckoning for the administration of the nation's greatest national trust.

It is common knowledge that a collection of manorial records, such as have been occasionally described in the valuable Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, may contain many other types of documents than deeds of conveyance, leases, and court rolls, which would be thought dull fare for the general reader without liberal extracts from household accounts and bits of Court gossip culled from family correspondence. This is not all that students of Economic and Social History might expect to discover on their own account. Besides some contributions towards the solution of problems relating to the usual course of native agriculture mentioned in this article, information might be obtainable as to the cultivation of such exotic crops as vines and hops, for early phases of market gardening and horticulture, and for the management of tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cotton plantations in the East or West Indies and American colonies. Again, the soil covers other sources of health and wealth in the shape of mineral products, and students are eagerly waiting for materials for a fuller description of the earlier methods of their production and distribution.

Litigation on these subjects would naturally give occasion for the preservation of documents relating to industry and trade, such as investments of capital and profits in connexion with dairying, baking, brewing, grazing (largely practised by parochial trustees), with the more general trades of the grocer, mercer, haberdasher, and apothecary (the last of these representing the modern confectioner, tobacconist, fruiterer, toy shop, druggist and herbalist combined). There were then as now other crafts and trades engaged in supplying the

remainder of mankind's requirements besides food and drink, clothing and shelter, to which the modern additions of transport and physical or intellectual distraction were already in prospect. The documents derived from this potential source, the journal, ledger, and other records of the counting-house, would include, besides a statement of receipts of various kinds, a further statement of expenses, including the wages of servants and labourers and the fees or salaries of officers. Among the permanent charges on real and personal estate many would be unfamiliar to us now, and for this reason alone the preservation of a unique assemblage of detailed and statistical information for many different aspects of Economic and Social history is much to be desired, assuming that it has now received the necessary arrangement provided for as long ago as 1911.

In attempting any estimate of the probable historical value of what purports to be a new and important source of historical information it is desirable, in the first place, to establish, as far as possible, the provenance of the documents. A brief account of their earlier custody and devolution has been given above, and further particulars will be found in numerous works, of which a few titles are prefixed to this article. It might be useful to add, in respect of the relationship of these documents with other sources, that accumulations of exhibits and such-like forinsec records existed in other departments of the Court of Chancery as well as in Courts of Common Law, where a great number of boxes filled with exhibits and other documents was found by the Royal Commission in 1912. The documents which accumulated since the abolition of the Master's office included a large series of Account Books reaching back to the Restoration. Earlier still, related records existed in the Report Office of the Registrars of the Court of Chancery and selections from causes heard since 1545 and recorded in the books which had 'lain probably untouched for considerably more than two centuries' were printed in 1847.

Reference had been previously made to other collections of documents which would seem to have been deposited as Chancery exhibits including some which are now classified as 'Ancient Correspondence' or 'State

Papers.' That the Cely, Stonor, Johnson, and Darrell Papers with others were originally Chancery Exhibits seems very probable; but the administrative department of the Chancery and Exchequer had their 'exhibits' also in the shape of family papers deposited or forfeited by the owners or by their descendants, just as the offices of the Secretaries of State were stacked with bulky inclosures or *pièces justificatives* down to our own times. In any case, the question of provenance is chiefly important here for the purpose of indicating a new source of information, and the only matter for surprise is the failure to follow up clues supplied by both early and recent publications of Chancery Proceedings.

The value of the Chancery Masters' Documents as a source of historical information may depend in some degree upon their bulk, a cryptic statement which will be presently explained. In respect of their actual contents, however, it should be noticed that (as in so many other cases) these may be serviceable for completing or supplementing researches in other quarters, just as antiquaries are accustomed to supply from public records the gaps in local archives caused by ecclesiastical voidances or by feudal escheats and forfeitures. In this connexion they might usefully supplement the often tantalising allusions found in the proceedings taken before the Chancellor himself. Again, it will be evident that these documents may possess a peculiar interest or value by reason of their very various nature and from the intimate view that they enable us to take of the economic and social environment of individuals representing different classes of the community.

In another aspect of their custody the archivist has been faced with a problem on the solution of which much of the value of the documents depends. It may be surmised that such documents would be especially valuable for statistical purposes, that is to say, for supplying continuous prices of commodities, materials, and labour, with details of the agrarian and industrial economy and commercial enterprise of this country in the 17th and 18th centuries. That is a period for which such information is already scanty owing to the erroneous assumption that adequate statistics have been published, and the consequent destruction of many

original sources which did not appear valuable for the genealogical, literary, and archæological researches with which the State archivists of other days were most familiar. Unfortunately, too, these archivists were practically compelled, owing to the inadequate provision made by the Government for their accommodation, to find room for documents that they desired to preserve by destroying others in which they were not particularly interested. In the present day superfluous records are destroyed only after a careful scrutiny by competent and experienced archivists who receive their instructions from the Judicature and submit the results of their operations for approval by Parliament. Between 1868 and 1876, however, the Chancery Masters' Documents were dealt with by much cruder methods, and, worse still, the destroyer was their inexpert custodian whose salary was paid out of the Suitor's Fund, which received instead the proceeds of sales of waste paper and parchment. Probably the exhibits, as they existed at the date of the pending abolition of the Master's office in 1852, included a very large bulk of documents which was destroyed or otherwise disposed of before 1877, and even since that date, with the well-meant but not always careful precautions of the later Victorian regime. In this way we gather from the printed reports that more than half the collection has been weeded out, with a necessary preference given to legal title deeds over documents of such doubtful historical value as economic and social statistics.

As to their original and remaining bulk, respectively, we learn that the Documents removed from the Chancery Masters' Offices in 1852 were contained in 927 boxes and 6063 bundles or files, besides maps and plans with 7018 large Account Books. Some (ten) years later these records were deposited in the basement of the Patent Office in twelve vaults, besides books in two presses. Finally, when preparations were made for their removal to the Record Office between 1863 and 1868, an official estimate of the space required for their accommodation specifies 50,000 cubic feet. The importance of these rough estimates of the full extent of the original collection of Chancery Masters' Documents seems to consist in the light that they throw on the disposal of the collections

of stray records which came to hand during the second half of the 19th century. As to this, it is instructive to remember that the Deputy Keeper not only protested at the time, but took action that resulted in the Act of Parliament of 1877, which, since 1882, has stopped the destruction of public records otherwise than by the advice and under the immediate supervision of the Record Office. It will be observed, however, that in all the official reports and correspondence, by which the fate of the Chancery Masters' Documents was determined, there is no mention of the exhibits that must have been deposited in causes heard before the 17th century. Since the contemporary pleadings, orders, decrees, and even more subsidiary records have been preserved, it may be inferred that earlier exhibits have perished unless specimens have been preserved in private hands, or among the main collections of judicial records in official custody.

Enough has now been said in description of these obscure waifs and strays of the old Court of Chancery to suggest that they seem to possess a distinctive value as historical sources. It is true that precisely similar series of documents may be found in many well-known collections of family papers, as well as those in the custody of learned institutions and State archives. The distinction lies in the conversion of a private and local into a public and central archive, and it is one that in some cases may make the difference between an accessible and an inaccessible source. Naturally such speculations suggest the question whether further collections are likely to be discovered as the result of official or academic enterprise. The answer to this question may be that much depends on the progress of co-operation between central and local authorities for the better custody of neglected archives. The exhibits of the Courts of Common Law and Equity perhaps stand alone, but within living memory the papers captured from enemy prizes of many nationalities filled eight hundred sacks in the capacious but insecure repository at the Tower of London. These were the 'flotsam and jetsam' of the Prize Courts of the High Court of Admiralty, with perhaps an equally large collection of exhibits in civil causes which have been heard since men first went down to the sea in ships.

The procedure for the 'reconstruction' of offences against the State in Courts Martial or State Trials was responsible for the preservation of exhibits more suitable for preservation in museums than in archives; but here again the modern habit of destruction has solved the problem of accommodation. More legitimate interest, however, may be taken in the vast but scattered and ill-kept collections of local documents, pertaining to the jurisdictions of ecclesiastical officers or to manorial and municipal franchises, the callous neglect of which is scarcely consistent with an intelligent interest in the national history, or even in the progress of culture or art. Many years ago great expectations were aroused in connexion with the salvage of another neglected class of judicial records, the Exchequer and Audit Office vouchers dumped in the cellars of Somerset House and disposed of, as an official economy, through sales to local fishmongers, by whom they were retailed to enterprising booksellers for the benefit of the dilettante of the Strand and Borough.

Apart from exhibits and other deposits among the miscellaneous classes of judicial records, the most notable trouvaille in State archives that has been recorded in our own time emanated from the administrative departments of the Royal Household and Duchies, and in greater bulk from the Government offices in Whitehall and their branch establishments. Among some valuable sources of the national history that have been made more accessible at the suggestion of the Royal Commission of 1910-19, the returns of cargo shipped from London and the out-ports known as the 'Port Books' have already adorned many a tale in the History seminars of American Universities. These remarkable and long-neglected records were statutory compilations begun in the mediæval Custom Houses and eventually preserved among the Exchequer records. Their destruction was long ago begun by order of Parliament, but was fortunately not carried out.

Halfway between the old establishments of the Civil List and the later Commissions which are now established beside them reference may be made to the estate or household records of bishoprics and chapters which have fallen into the indifferent hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, including a most valuable, though neg-

lected, series of manorial records from the ancient see of Winchester, which is now the subject of exhaustive treatment by Sir William Beveridge and Miss Levett.

Lower still in the classified lists of archivists, though not in the estimation of historians, comes the treasure-trove placed at the disposal of the latter in the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commissioners and partly published by the enterprise of historical research students or of local antiquaries. Here, however, the bulk of historical material is not so great, since it has not been allowed to accumulate undisturbed, as happened in the archives of the State before the expansion of official establishments and the monstrous growth of their modern documentation necessitated the provision of more and still more space in their archives.

In this enlightened age it should be needless to insist that there can be no effective study of our national history by the casual selection of original sources. Among some useful lessons that experience teaches we have learnt that we must not accept as historical facts all statements that we read in print, or gather from spoken words of worldly wisdom. It is to a people's interest to know the truth about its past, and those who are able to demonstrate the truth must see to it that the facts of History shall never be perverted to the uses of an interested propaganda. So John Selden, great jurist and linguist, learned in archives and historical research (like his latest editor), was wont to silence those who misrepresented laws, divine or human, for their own purpose.

The precautions that have been suggested in this article are not a counsel of perfection. There is urgent need for steps to be taken to preserve the historical records that remain to us; for now 'the half is greater than the whole.' Hitherto, and notably during recent years, useless protests have been made against the irreverent treatment of papers of State and local records. It seems unlikely, however, that any Government will enforce the recommendations of successive Commissions and Committees. It is not surprising, therefore, that many students would like to see the Public Record Office Act of 1838 brought up to date and re-enacted, for it has been justly regarded as the Great Charter of historical research.

Art. 6.—JOHN BUNYAN.

1. *John Bunyan, His Life, Times, and Work.* By John Brown, D.D. Two vols. Sir Isaac Pitman, 1918.
2. *John Bunyan.* By John Brown, D.D. Tercentenary edition, 1628–1928. Revised by Frank Mott Harrison. Hulbert Publishing Company, 1928.
3. *Life of John Bunyan.* By Robert Southey. (In Murray's Colonial and Home Library.) 1844.
4. *Bunyan, The Pilgrim's Progress, Grace Abounding and a Relation of His Imprisonment.* By Edmund Venables. Second edition. Revised by Mabel Peacock. Clarendon Press, 1900.
5. *John Bunyan: A Study in Personality.* By G. B. Harrison, M.A. Dent, 1928.

And other works.

IN the 'Quarterly Review' for October 1830 there was an article of twenty pages on Southey's edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' 'with a Life of Bunyan' which had been published earlier in the year. Lockhart calls the article a 'very pretty reviewal,' and so it is. It was written by Walter Scott in August, six months after the attack which was 'the penalty of his unparalleled toils.' It shows nothing of the failing powers which are traced by his biographer in other productions of that year—a year, it must be remembered, in which 'he covered almost as many sheets with his MS as in 1829.' But though Scott was only fifty-nine the end of his literary activity was not far off. The essay on Bunyan may be regarded as the last expression of his full powers. A delightful study it is. It is well worth our consideration how far the opinion of the greatest English man of letters of nearly a century ago represents the final judgment on the work of Bunyan, three centuries after the birth of that 'Spenser of the People,' as he was called by Isaac D'Israeli and by Scott after him.

How are we to account, says Sir Walter, for the fact that Bunyan 'in spite of a clownish and vulgar education, rose into a degree of popularity scarce equalled by any English writer'? One may well pause to criticise the words. 'Clownish,' may be admitted. 'Vulgar' is a word Scott himself had deprecated the use of, telling

a young lady that it only meant 'common,' and that we should be thankful that all the works of God most useful to man were common. As to the 'degree of popularity' one may well accept it, for no one English writer a hundred years ago had ever been so popular, except Scott himself. But it is a familiar trick of the critic to begin by depreciating the writer he will conclude by exalting.

Scott, of course, follows his author; and Southey was not too sure as to the social depths from which a tinker may have ascended, but he spoke of 'a generation of Tinkers' and of 'so mean and despised a calling.' Scott could hardly rid himself of the thought of those dirty limping folk who may still be seen wandering about the Highland roads and lighting fires by the shores of Loch Lomond: to him Bunyan, being a tinker, was probably a gipsy, and a gipsy one of those Egyptians whom the Scottish kings of the Middle Ages suspected and watched. But Bunyan we now know was a 'brassyer'; and a brazier need not be a man of very low estate, though Bunyan himself rather gloried in being of 'that rank which is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land.' Nowadays we do not trouble about Bunyan's birth or feel surprise that literature, which glories in Burns and acknowledges Clare and even Bloomfield, should admit him of her crew. Yet it may be doubted if we are much nearer than was Scott or Southey to the secret of Bunyan's education. He says himself that he learnt to read and write 'according to the rate of other poor men's children,' and pretends (can it be more than a pretence?) that he soon lost what he had learnt 'even almost utterly.' If he did so lose what he had learnt, one asks, when did he recover it? His books, his pamphlets even, show a command of somewhat more than homespun English. He seems to have at least as much knowledge of English literature as Burns had, a century and a half later—perhaps even more. His vocabulary is certainly as extensive as that of John Clare, though that might not be saying much. There is even a suspicion of a little Latin, though not so much of classic tongues as his contemporaries allowed to Shakespeare. There is an ocean of knowledge and taste dividing him from Vaughan,

Crashaw, and Andrew Marvell, not to speak of Milton and Dryden; yet, after all, is he not, now and then, as great a writer as any of them? It remains a puzzle to discover where he got the learning, even the knowledge of English, that he possessed. There may have been a village school of Elstow, a decaying descendant of a monastery school, or he may have learned his grammar in the since famous school of Bedford.

In 1700 a volume was printed, as the work of John Bunyan, by a far from honest publisher named Blair, called 'Scriptural Poems,' containing these lines:

'For I'm no poet, nor a poet's son,
But a mechanic guided by no rule
But what I gained in a grammar school,
In my minority.'

If this were genuine it would help us to know something of what Bunyan learnt as a boy. But is it? Probably not. Dr Stebbing, in his edition of the Works, says:

'Necessity might have obliged Bunyan's parents to withdraw him from school, and set him to work while he was still a boy; but another reason is given by his first biographer. A rude and licentious spirit prevailed among several of the scholars; they were of different ranks, and some of them, probably the children of wealthy parents, defied control. Bunyan's father lamented the effect of this evil example on his son, and he took him away from the school, not, we are told, for the sake of the work he could do, but to save, if possible, his morals.'

This is a flight of fancy. However that may be, we may imagine a Parson Evans putting him, like little William, through his paces, and his rustic father being as shocked as was Mrs Quickly. In later life Bunyan was certainly not mealy-mouthed. In fact, that was the chief trouble of his early manhood. We do not know whether he learnt to swear in Cromwell's army, where he was under the command of that noted soldier whom Butler depicted in 'Hudibras'; but we do know that he was a foul-mouthed fellow. Scott thinks that the stains on his character were 'profane swearing, sabbath breaking, and a mind addicted to the games and

idle sports of Vanity Fair.' Southey goes farther and says he was a blackguard.

The vividness of his language may have shown a literary bent: it is not unusual. Certainly the vividness of his imagination did. He was constantly seeing visions, with his mind's eye: constantly dreaming dreams. Without going into the tedious discussion of what genius precisely is, there can be no doubt that Bunyan possessed it. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, of course; and most certainly Bunyan was never a poet. But there is no congenital qualification, one fancies, for an admirable writer of prose. One speaks it, however indifferently, like M. Jourdain, all one's life; and Bunyan must have spoken it admirably, because he wrote it so well. Oratory may be a despicable art, but there is no doubt at all that Bunyan was an attractive speaker: in the later years of his life crowds flocked to hear him whenever it was known, in London, that he would preach. Nor is there any reason to suppose that he learnt to speak better as he grew older, or to write better. The earliest things that we know of him, from outside, belong to his success as a speaker, and his enthusiasm for speaking. Did he begin in a tavern? Did he catch the infection from the windy orators of the Parliamentary army? Did he submit to a strict training when he came under the rather prosaic if excitable influence of John Gifford? Really we do not know. But early in his life, when he had served in the fighting forces of the king's enemies—and nearly been sent off to Ireland, whence he might have added a little Celtic fire to his sober Englishry of tongue—he became a popular preacher and an easy writer of things which hover between a pamphlet and a sermon.

And from the time of these beginnings certainly imagination had begun to soar. As soon as he joined the little Baptist flock—not, so far as we know, one replenished with literary culture or poetic feeling—he was able to idealise his companions and see them as already on the way to the Delectable Mountains. As he thinks, in the scrap of Autobiography which he called 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,' of the happy folk; happy in the love of God, to whom he joined himself, he anticipates the visions which should make him

the author of the greatest allegory in the English tongue.

'I saw them,' he says, 'as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow and dark clouds. Methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. . . . At last with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head; and after that, by a side-long striving, my shoulders, and my whole body: then was I exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun. Now the mountain and wall, &c, were thus made out to me. The mountain signified the Church of the living God: the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were within: the wall, I thought, was the word, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father.'

Without saying that Bunyan's prose style was unlike that of any of his contemporaries, we shall certainly discover in him no kinship to those whose lives and literary interests were different from his own. Rustic writers are generally copyists of the generation before them, or they strive rather clumsily to catch the fashion of their social superiors; but Bunyan's sober periods are quite unlike the rose-tinted prose of Raleigh, and have no touch of the tropical exuberance of Jeremy Taylor or the mystical fragrance of Traherne. Indeed his writing can perhaps never be described as charming, yet it has in its serious simplicity real gleams of beauty, not few or far between.

So many men of letters have attempted to describe his manner that one hesitates to make a new attempt. Southey was a good judge, and he wrote in a golden, we do not say the golden, age of English prose. And he wrote thus:

'Bunyan was confident in his powers of expression; he says,

" . . . thine only way

Before them all, is to say out thy say

In thine own native language, which no man

Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can."

And he might well be confident in it. His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one: and what a difference is there between its homeliness, and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English,—the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes indeed in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength.'

Scott, as one might expect, was more fluent and less precise in his judgment of the tinker's prose. He rambles on for a page or two, comparing it to Spenser's poetry, wondering how the writer could have rejected the favour of Charles I, yet not doubting that he would, comparing his work with Patrick's 'Parable,' dragging in Cervantes and Le Sage by the ears, and so on, *more Scottico*. But when he has quoted Southey he has a word on the nature of allegory in general.

'It may be added to these judicious remarks, [he means those of Southey] that the most pleasing occupation of the fine arts being to awaken and excite the imagination, sketches in drawing, simple melodies in music, a bold, decisive, but light-touched strain of poetry or narrative in literary composition, (like what is called in the green room the *touch and go* method of acting,) will always be more likely to gain extensive popularity than any more highly-wrought performance, which aspires to afford the mind no exercise save that of admiration, which pretends at once to rouse curiosity by the outline, and to satiate it by distinct, accurate circumstantiality of detail. . . . It is not however, the words and manner of the "Pilgrim's Progress" alone which have raised that singular allegory to so high a rank among our general readers. The form and style of composition is safely referred to the highest authority—

"Who spake in parables, I dare not say,

But sure *He* knew it was a pleasing way."

We may seem to have attached too much importance

to the opinions of Scott and Southey, to the exclusion of those of posterity and of foreign nations. The judgment of scholars abroad is undoubted. Bunyan is almost as popular, among nations, civilised and uncivilised, who cannot read a word of English, as he is among his own countrymen, and this popularity shows no signs of diminution, any more than it does in England. The tercentenary of his birth is already marked by widespread enthusiasm. Elstow has been alive with religious festivities: new books are coming weekly from the press; and if the latest criticisms have an occasional note of exuberance about them, we may feel justified in having ourselves dwelt mainly upon the older critics. The fact is that since Southey and Scott rediscovered him, and Macaulay followed in their train, Bunyan has been so much written about that few writers to-day can find much of their own to say of him. Macaulay exaggerates slightly, but is not far wrong when he declares:

‘The fame of Bunyan during his life, and during the century which followed his death, was indeed great, but was almost entirely confined to religious families of the middle and lower classes. Very seldom was he during that time mentioned with respect by any writer of great literary eminence. . . . It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of the “Pilgrim’s Progress” were evidently meant for the cottage and the servants’ hall. The paper, the printing, the plates, were all of the meanest description. In general, when the educated minority and the common people differ about the merit of a book, the opinion of the educated minority finally prevails. The “Pilgrim’s Progress” is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.’

Thus in 1854 Macaulay could write of Bunyan’s growing fame; but now the wheel has come full circle. In this tercentenary year the homage of the last century is summed up and surpassed. Chief of all tributes is the palmary edition by Mr Frank Mott Harrison of Dr John Brown’s biography, a book which he rightly declares to be of ‘paramount value.’ Dr Brown’s great book was really a life’s work, and with Mr Harrison’s *addenda* will doubtless remain for generations the most

complete treasury of all that is known of the life of 'the inspired tinker.' Other books crowd the publishers' tables, from a modest and agreeable volume by Mr Winboulton Harding, published by the Epworth Press, to a much more efflorescent study called 'The Inside of Bunyan's Dream,' by Dr Arthur Porter, which explains too much in too modern a fashion. Others are by Archdeacon Buckland, pleasant enough, and Mr Harrison, rather rapid than exact.

We do not forget that Mr Bernard Shaw has given his patronage to Bunyan, as also he has, in a modified way, to Shakespeare. He thinks that 'Bunyan's coward stirs your blood more than Shakespeare's hero [apparently he means Mr Fearing and Henry V], who actually leaves you cold and secretly hostile'; for he thinks that Shakespeare 'never understood virtue and courage,' and he believes that the step between Bunyan's and Nietzsche's 'conclusions is merely formal.' But perhaps the greatest tribute of all is the publication, this year, by the Religious Tract Society, of a hundred thousand copies of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' 'as John Bunyan wrote it'—that is from the last edition which he can himself have seen—well illustrated and admirably printed. Even to-day probably that immortal allegory is bought more frequently than any other book except the Bible.

What, then, was this great book? An allegory it is always called. How far does that help us to trace its ancestry and its character? Of course we all recognise the prevalence of allegory in mediæval times, and there was a great deal of mediævalism working in Bunyan. It is also true that very much of the religion of the Middle Ages was subjective, and so most certainly was that of Bunyan. A learned man has described him as the heir to 'Piers Plowman': a stimulating remark worth pursuing, though not now. But Bunyan anyhow seems, generally speaking, to be blind to the social difficulties of his time: as also, one fancies, were most of his contemporaries. There were plenty of lords and ladies Bountiful among the Cavaliers: endless memoirs and letters show it. Puritan sympathies, too, were not all devoted to the next world: they were often kind to the poor in this; but on the whole they were inclined to leave social conditions as they were, and to say, though

in a very different spirit from Christopher Sly, 'let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.' But we must look further back. A great deal of ingenuity has been expended on the question whether Bunyan was or was not indebted to many earlier romances. The result is practically negligible. Did Bunyan read romances? He implies that he did; but in his 'converted' life he would not be likely to allow them to influence him. Baxter put such reading among the sins of his childhood, when, he said, 'I was extremely bewitched with the love of romances, fables and old tales, which much corrupted my affection and lost my time.'

A question which should, however, come perhaps before that of John Bunyan's relation to other writers is—where did he learn his command of the English language, or, where did what it is the fashion to call his 'style' originate? Probably the true answer is that given by Prof. Watson, the eminent historian of English Education.* 'John Bunyan and his "Pilgrim's Progress" is the sign and token of an education in the vernacular without the aid of the conscious concentration on the Classics.' He thus considers that Bunyan's style came from 'school and home study of the English Bible, which, in the sense of appreciation of good English, is possibly not always surpassed in schools of to-day.' This is a happy quip. But it should also be said that Bunyan's English was as much popular as Biblical, and it shows that the people spoke plain English as naturally as M. Jourdain spoke prose.

To return; what was it that he wrote in the prose which is immortal? Primarily no doubt Bunyan thought of his greatest book as an allegory: 'I fell suddenly into an allegory.' And of some of the noblest writings of all time may it be said 'these things are an allegory.' St John's Apocalypse, for example, might be so called: and, in very different ways, to leap the centuries, More's 'Utopia' and Bacon's 'Atlantis,' which are nearer to Bunyan's time: and so is Spenser's 'Faery Queen.' Good authorities have denied that Bunyan had read Spenser; but there can be no certainty of that. At any rate 'The Pilgrim's Progress' came towards the

* 'Report on the Teaching of English in England,' 1928, p. 35, from a memorandum sent to the Departmental Committee.

end of an era of allegories ; which, whenever it began, went out with 'Gulliver's Travels' to be revived a century later in that noble vision, 'Sintram.' De la Motte Fouqué, it may be thought, stands midway between two English writers and has affinities with each : John Bunyan and William Morris. All three saw Nature vividly and saw beneath the surface. Bunyan was the rough countryman, to whom so often are revealed glimpses of the unseen : Morris saw in the lovely country of his day the memories of mediæval romance : the one looked back to an earthly paradise, the other onwards to a celestial city. Bunyan wrote with a homely directness, Morris with a luscious nobility. Each saw a vision beyond the outer setting of his own world. Morris wrote amid the surface-ease of the self-satisfied Victorian age ; Bunyan when men's pulses were still throbbing with the pain of religious conflict and civil war :

'Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.'

How different the strenuous fight of the Puritan allegorist ! He said, like Walter Hilton's pilgrim, 'I have nought, I am nought, I desire nought but to be at Jerusalem,' and he was confident that he could show the way. It would be difficult to say which of these two strong men was the more typical Englishman or spoke his language more clearly. The German allegorist has a different tone ; in 'Sintram' you have the moral meaning of the one and the romantic mediævalism of the other. Sentences in 'Sintram' might have been written by Morris : others might have come out of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' So we rank Bunyan among the visionaries and the allegorists. But then it is equally true that the triumphs of his fancy are never far from the solidity of hard fact. In 'Mr Badman' especially, but also as certainly in the travels of Christian and Christiana, we come upon transcripts from common life. Perhaps no Englishman except Defoe ever managed so

skilfully to combine imagination with realism. 'Robinson Crusoe' has been set beside the 'Pilgrim's Progress'; and perhaps the 'History of Mr Badman' has even more affinity with the 'Journal of the Plague.' In fact, the more you read Bunyan the more links you discover between great masters of literature and this unliterary man. Then you may fall back on another suggestion. Was Bunyan in all his books writing an autobiography? It has been claimed—rather extravagantly one thinks—that 'Robinson Crusoe' is autobiographical. But Defoe was certainly not so deeply interested in himself as was Bunyan. He never fancied that he was a brand plucked from the burning, as Bunyan did of himself. He knew also that he had soared above the past days into an atmosphere in which he recognised the breath of popular adulation. Thus he began his Second Part:

'In France and Flanders, where men killed each other,
My Pilgrim is esteem'd a Friend, a Brother.
In Holland too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is, with some, worth more than Gold.
Highlanders, and Wild Irish can agree,
My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.
'Tis in New-England under such advance,
Receives there so much loving Countenance,
As to be Trim'd, new-Cloth'd, and deck't with Gems,
That it may show its Features, and its Limbs.
Yet more; so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
That thousands of him daily sing and talk.'

It is time, then, to see what sort of writing made this, and Bunyan's other books, popular. It is not, of course, only the manner but the matter which places him among the masters of literature. For while the manner would have made any subject popular, it is certain that the permanence of Bunyan's popularity is due not only to the fact that the great mass of those who in the 17th century read books were keenly interested in political questions but also because the ultimate problems of religion never grow old; and it was with these that the 'Pilgrim,' the 'Holy War,' 'Grace Abounding,' and 'Mr Badman' were concerned. How were they dealt with? While at the back of all lay the accent of high sincerity which Matthew Arnold

knew to be essential, the writer possessed a command of literary mechanics, of manner, which displayed the mastery of many sides of literary art. Perhaps the phrase would have horrified him. 'Madam, I swear I use no art at all.' Yet certainly no one could have asked of him 'more matter with less art.' The one was as plentiful as the other.

Let us take a few passages which illustrate the variety of this unlettered man's power. Famous, indeed, is the fight with Apollyon. It might come from a boy's book of to-day. We know that it delighted R. L. Stevenson. We cannot doubt that it has given a lesson now and then to Mr John Buchan.

'*Apol.* Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince! I hate his person, laws, and people, and am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

'*Chr.* Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

'*Apol.* Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no farther. Here will I spill thy soul!—And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

"A more unequal match can hardly be;
Christian must fight an angel; but you see
The valiant man, by handling sword and shield,
Doth make him, though a dragon, quit the field."

And so onwards to a magnificent combat.

Contrast this with the mingling of alarm with domesticity, as we enter the valley of gloom, women and children with Mr Great-heart.

'When they were entered upon this valley, they heard a groaning as of dying men, a very great groaning. They thought also that they did hear words of lamentation, spoken as of some in extreme torment. These things made the boys to quake; the women also looked pale and wan; but their guide bid them be of good comfort.

'So they went on a little farther, and they thought that

they felt the ground begin to shake under them, as if some hollow place was there: they heard also a kind of hissing as of serpents: but nothing as yet appeared. Then said the boys, Are we not yet at the end of this doleful place? But the guide also bid them be of good courage, and look well to their feet, lest haply, said he, you be taken in some snare.

'Now James began to be sick; but I think the cause thereof was fear: so his mother gave him some of that glass of spirits that had been given her at the Interpreter's house, and three of the pills that Mr Skill had prepared, and the boy began to revive. Thus they went on, till they came to about the middle of the valley; and then Christian said, Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us, a thing of such a shape as I have not seen. Then said Joseph, Mother, what is it? An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing, said she. But, mother, what is it like? said he. It is like, I cannot tell what, said she, and now it is but a little way off. Then said she, It is nigh.

'Well, said Mr Great-heart, let them that are most afraid keep close to me. So the fiend came on, and the conductor met it: but when it was just come to him, it vanished from all their sights.'

Bunyan can be homely even in the midst of heroics, and all through his books we feel that he would not turn away from a good meal or ban a glass of spirits. But such things, like the wine at Cana, could be made, as he knew, the figures of the true food of man, who doth not, cannot, live by bread alone. And Bunyan could rise above the homely into the region of pure Beauty. The portrait of Bunyan by Sadler in the National Portrait Gallery suggests such a man as Jan Steen, the painter and publican, often drew: a thorough boor, yet one who, more easily, we fancy, than a Dutchman, could be transfigured on occasion by a spiritual passion. So was he surely, when he wrote thus:

'Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach

of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven.'

Now to write as he did was what Bunyan's imitators could never do. The spurious Third Part, published in 1693, seems to have taken in the unlettered admirers of the earlier work. It is a poor and prim imitation. And Bunyan with all his piety, was never prim.

How insensibly one turns from him to Dickens! So again, he, of course, was not actually the first to use names descriptive of his characters; but few writers have used this rather irritating manner more successfully. Feeble-Mind and Bubble, Temporary; By-ends, the town of Fairspeech the parson of which, Mr Twotongues, 'was his mother's own brother by father's side'; their kindred 'My lady Turnabout,' My lady Time-Server, Mr Anything, Mr Smoothman, the schoolmaster Mr Gripeman, with the wife who was 'my lady Feigning's daughter,' and his father, a Waterman looking one way and rowing another; Talkative, the son of one Saywell, who dwelt in Prating Row; Turnaway who lived in the town of Apostasy: Valiant-for-the-Truth, born in Dark Lane, where his father and mother still were; and Beelzebub's friend, Sir Having Greedy. Somehow we do not really mind these names, or many others like them in Bunyan: he was the first, as Dickens was the last, to use them with effect.

Bunyan again, like Dickens, had many of the instincts of the theatre. He was very fond of dialogue: he was almost halfway to being a dramatist. Nor only with his imaginary characters. All the 'History of Mr Badman' is supposed to be a conversation: Pilgrim and his companions are always breaking into talk: and when Bunyan tells his own tale, notably in his 'Relation of his Imprisonment,' he puts words into his own mouth, and those of his opponents, in the very form in which he remembers that they spoke. It is a curious style: not uncommon, of course, in the 16th and 17th century, and often, and delightfully, used by Defoe. Defoe, indeed, is perhaps nearer to Bunyan in style than any other writer of the century in which they both lived.

It has been declared that Bunyan was the father of the English novel. He would have been horrified at such a thought. But, after all, it is not only a wise child that knows his own father, but often a wise ancestor that can recognise his own progeny.

Dwelling, then, a little longer on Bunyan's literary ancestry or the instruction he may have given himself, we may remember that he had certainly read a great deal besides the chap books which he disparaged and the tales of horror (the 'shilling shockers' of his day) to which he so frequently refers, especially in his own triumph in that particular vein, 'The Life and Death of Mr Badman.' His wife had made him familiar, not altogether to his liking, with that beautiful book of Bishop Lewis Bayly's, 'The Practice of Piety.' As to pure Literature, in poetry or prose, we can do little more than guess. He quotes now and then some learned name or other, mostly theological. Traces of direct imitation, or more likely of memory, are not uncommon. The most famous of them is the palpable copy in manner, and now and then in words, of Amiens's song in 'As you like it':

'Who would true valour see
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be;
Come wind, come weather
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.'

If it be unexpected to find that Bunyan when he wrote had Shakespeare's melodies ringing in his ears, we need not wonder much if we find him remembering George Herbert. 'The God of Love my Shepherd is,' is, of course, one of the many English versifications of the twenty-third Psalm, and Bunyan must have heard it, as he certainly knew the metrical 'authorised version,' a work which hardly surpasses his own poetry in heavy-footed density of diction.

But how different is his prose: there is nothing heavy or laboured there. Take two passages, quite unlike each

other, yet typical of the author, before we proceed. First the famous beginning, which some have thought suggestive even of Dante :

‘As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, “What shall I do?”’

Then this beautiful picture :

‘I saw also that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was builded a stately Palace, beautiful to behold; at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted; he saw also upon the top thereof, certain Persons walked, who were clothed all in Gold. Then said Christian, May we go in thither? Then the Interpreter took him, and led him up toward the door of the Palace; and behold, at the door stood a great Company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a Man, at a little distance from the door, at a Table-side, with a book, and his Inkhorn before him, to take the Name of him that should enter therein: He saw also that in the doorway, stood many Men in Armor to keep it.’

After all, it is not through continuous passages that Bunyan is best remembered. It is in quips by the way that he is at his best, or at any rate is most amusing. Here is one, a description of the Pharisee in a sermon or tract :

‘He goes on boldly, fears nothing, but thinketh to himself that his state is good; he hath his mouth full of many fine things, whereby he strokes himself over his head, and calls himself one of God’s white boys, that, like the prodigal’s brother, never transgressed.’

Bunyan was certainly an acute observer of the common speech. Had he an eye for scenery as well as an ear for language? That learned antiquary the Rev. H. P. Kennedy Skipton has identified the road of Christian’s pilgrimage from the City of Destruction to the Delectable

Mountains, as the road from Guildford to the range which culminates in Leith Hill, and states that there is a tradition of Bunyan's preaching in Guildford and that two houses hard by were associated with him. Bunyan, he would say, took the thought of Christian's pilgrimage from the very pilgrim road whereby Chaucer's characters went to Canterbury. The identification has every mark of exactness. It conflicts, of course, with the more general opinion as to the House Beautiful, but there is a claim for it that again and again in the course there is an exact description of still existing landmarks.*

We return again and again to the conclusion that all the work was a closely personal study. He was a confirmed individualist. Dr Inge has said that Bunyan started on his journey in the way all true Englishmen wish to get to Heaven. He went by himself. A recent writer puts it rather differently †:

'The complaint has been made that the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a selfish book. Christian, it is said, thinks of nothing but saving his own soul. But Bunyan's aim and his personal characteristics must be taken into account. He wrote in prison. His very active life of evangelism had been rudely interrupted, and, for all he knew, death or banishment might be awaiting him. Did he himself know nothing of Doubting Castle, or of Mr Atheist? He must have been lonely enough at times in the prison on the bridge-head, with so much busy life passing on the other side of the wall. So for the encouragement of his own spirit he sat down and wrote, and, as he wrote, forgot his cares in the glorious adventures of his hero, and the magnificent mercy of his Lord. Religion does not forbid a man to take thought for his own soul.'

Nor, it may be added, his own body. Nor, indeed, from laughing at those who think too much of that. Soul-curer he claimed to be: of body-curers he apparently did not think much. In a charming note, quoted in his *Life*, Sir William Osler observed this.

* But, on the other hand, it is well said by the Rev. R. Winboul Harding ('John Bunyan, his Life and Times,' p. 29) that the writer of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' would naturally think of the country of his childhood, and that the 'Hampshire theory' arises from an association of ideas about the historic Pilgrims' Way, which passes through the neighbourhood of Guildford, Shalford, and Dorking.

† R. Winboul Harding, 'John Bunyan,' pp. 110-11.

We must not leave Bunyan with any thought that as a writer he was ever an idle fellow. Though, like Scott and Shakespeare, he wrote *currente calamo*, and no doubt never blotted a line (the critics are fond of repeating, 'Would he had blotted a thousand!'), he did revise his work after it was published, and frequently. There are many, and these important, additions to the First Part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' A name was only given to the Hill Difficulty in the second edition: that is one of the many improvements. So again, in the third edition, there enter to us Mr By-ends and his companions, with many delightful sayings. Nor in the first edition is there any full account of the imprisonment in Doubting Castle, and we hear nothing of Mrs Diffidence, or how the Giant treats his prisoners. But, whether with a rapid or a revising pen, the author always enjoys himself. And that is why his readers will go on doing so for generations to come.

Still his books bring to many something of a love personal to himself. Bunhill Fields, that strange Campo Santo in the heart of old London, where trees bloom in the summer over the memorials of forgotten heroes of dissent, is still visited by pilgrims from many lands, who turn from the famous chapel of John Wesley across the street, and the column which marks the grave of Defoe, to the tomb, not old yet already crumbling, of Bunyan. Essentially a countryman, he lies in the midst of the world's busiest city. There could be no more fitting place. Men and women everywhere know Bunyan, and his Pilgrim is for ever a citizen of the world.

W. H. HUTTON.

Art. 7.—THE CAPITULATIONS IN EGYPT.

The Egyptian Problem. By Sir Valentine Chirol. Macmillan, 1920.

BEFORE entering upon an impartial survey of the Capitulations in Egypt, with all their uses and abuses, a short account of their origin and history is proper and even necessary to a right understanding of their political and moral importance. Capitulations is the name given by Europeans to those concessions which secured from the Sultans of Turkey extra-territorial rights to foreigners residing there. They are no new thing, only a continuation of similar privileges granted to foreign residents by the old Byzantine Empire. They were unilateral and non-terminable, but liable to modification by subsequent Treaties. If, however, these were terminable, the Capitulations automatically revived on their expiration. Primarily they were intended to make it possible for Christians to trade and reside in the territories of the Ottoman Empire by safeguarding them against any forms of injustice or ill-usage to which, as foreigners of a different religion, they might otherwise have been subjected. The Capitulations granted to Great Britain by the Porte date back to a very early period, but after various alterations they now bear the date of 1675, and were confirmed by the Treaty of Peace concluded at the Dardanelles in 1809. Capitulations were granted to France in 1581, 1604, and 1673, and were renewed in 1740. The Dutch were granted Capitulations in 1612; these were renewed in 1680, and still continue in force. Nearly all the other Great Powers obtained similar concessions at one time or another during the last 400 years. It is in virtue of these unilateral Treaties with the Porte that Capitulations exist in Egypt. The Powers enjoying them before the War were fifteen in number, viz. Great Britain, United States of America, France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Portugal, Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. The privileges of the two latter were terminated by the Treaties of Versailles and St Germain.

Turkey abolished the Capitulations as an act of war; during the Armistice they were again put into force

until they were finally abolished by the Treaty of Lausanne for such parts of Turkey as remained under the domination of the Ottoman Empire. The abolition of the Capitulations in Turkey did not affect the capitulatory system in Egypt, where matters remained as they were. The subsequent history of foreign interests in Turkey constitutes a grave warning as to what would happen in Egypt if they were abolished in that country. They may be described as the judicial and economic system governing the settlement of foreigners, and have been applied in Egypt since the beginning of the 16th century. Their benefit has not been one-sided. It is from them that Egypt has derived her great and ever-increasing prosperity. The system may be summarised as:

(1) Immunity of foreigners from the jurisdiction of the Native Courts in criminal and civil matters. Criminal and civil jurisdiction being exercised by the various Powers over their own nationals through their own Consular authorities, the one exception being claims to land even when the parties are of the same nationality, in which cases the Mixed Courts have jurisdiction, as well as in all civil cases where the parties are of different nationality, or where a civil action lies between an Egyptian and a foreigner. The Mixed Courts have also a limited criminal jurisdiction over foreigners in what may be termed police offences, in fraudulent bankruptcies, and in certain offences committed within their precincts.

(2) Immunity from legislation of Egyptian authority, except where such legislation has been accepted by the Capitulatory Powers, or in matters of police by the delegated authority of those Powers to the General Assembly of the Mixed Court of Appeal. Part of this immunity consists of exemption from taxation by the Egyptian State, except where it has been agreed to by the Capitulatory Powers. This privilege, however, is not so ideal as might be imagined, as the principal taxes, which are the chief source of the Government revenue, have all been agreed to by the Powers.

For Egypt, the system, notwithstanding its theoretical anomalies has been the only possible one under which Europeans could live and do business in the country. It has attracted a vast amount of European capital and

brought about the development of Egypt along the lines of civilisation. It is of course easy to point out the demerits of such a system and to enlarge upon its inconveniences, but these shrink into insignificance when confronted with the huge advantages which Egypt and the Egyptians have derived from its intrinsic merits. It would be wrong to consider this system as a check on good government, because the sort of government which it checks is bad, and will be bad, if left in Egyptian hands, for generations to come. If it be argued that it is necessary to bring the Capitulations into harmony with modern conceptions of government, there must first of all be established a government which in fact, and not merely in appearance, corresponds to the modern conception of government. The prospect of the abolition of the Capitulations would be regarded by any European residing in Egypt with feelings of dismay, and authorities, such as Lord Cromer, never for an instant contemplated the abrogation of the Capitulations with the government entirely in native hands. Such a suggestion he would have classed as monstrous and beyond reason.

For some time past, however, the Egyptian Government, through persons officially connected with it, has proclaimed to the world its grievances in respect of the Capitulations. It is clear from these utterances and the tone of the native press in Egypt that the question of their abolition stands in the front rank of Egyptian politics. There is no doubt of the Egyptian Government's attitude in the matter. Their argument is extremely simple. We are a sovereign and independent nation, but our sovereignty and independence are obstructed by the Capitulations in a way that no sovereign and independent nation can tolerate. That is a very specious argument when placed by itself, and one which if the Egyptians had no history, instead of one which is a disgrace to humanity, might be taken into consideration. It is forgotten that the independence followed the removal of the British Protectorate, and that the grant itself was conditional on adequate arrangements being made between Great Britain and Egypt with regard to the protection of foreign interests, and that pending such arrangements, the *status quo* continued to exist. In the claims of the Egyptian government there is

no reference to the position as defined by the Declaration of February 1922, nor any suggestion as to how the Egyptian programme is to be brought into harmony with the rights enjoyed by foreigners for centuries, and the unquestionable need for adequate provision for safeguarding their interests. The whole campaign is designedly and with intention aimed at striking a blow against that reserved point—Great Britain's right to protect the interests of foreigners, which of all others is of paramount importance to subjects of other Powers. Any weakening of her position in that respect would raise greater problems and difficulties than any which might arise from the vagaries of Egyptian politicians.

The British Government has always been solicitous for the welfare of Egypt, and has at various times been desirous of bringing about such a reasonable reform in the system of the Capitulations as would ensure the elimination of their more objectionable features. They have sought to devise a system which would secure protection for the vital interests of the foreign communities in Egypt, and at the same time enable the Government of Egypt to be conducted on reasonable and equitable lines. The Egyptians have ever, as is their wont, turned a deaf ear to any reasonable proposition. Shortly after the War, Zaghlul Pasha advocated warmly the retention of the Capitulations. His object was to alienate the sympathy of the foreign communities from the British and show them that Great Britain's assumption of the protection of the interests of foreigners was supererogatory and superfluous. It is not, and never has been, possible to negotiate with the Egyptians, who have no historical sense, or ideas of relative values, and who never keep their word. It must be assumed in any case that a wholesale scrapping of the Capitulations is not within the sphere of practical politics. Nor can the suggestion be entertained that it is possible to assimilate the legal status of foreigners in Egypt with that of the Egyptians. However benevolently British statesmen, who do not live in the country and have nothing to lose, might regard the question, it does not rest with them. The subjects of foreign Powers who reside in the country would at once become alarmed and appeal to their

governments for protection were the British Government to show any disposition to hand their interests over to Egyptian politicians. Bitter experience has given them an inner knowledge of Egyptian methods. They know that without the protection afforded by the Capitulations the economic structure of the country would crumble into dust. No suggestion has ever been made by any person or authority that it is possible or desirable to sweep away the Capitulations without putting in their stead something that would adequately safeguard foreign interests and provide foreigners with as ample security as they enjoy under them. All British statesmen in Egypt have been absolutely categorical on this point. A clean sweep of the Capitulations without proper and exceptional machinery being set up, giving foreigners as ample and complete security as they enjoy under the Capitulations, is unthinkable. The absolute assimilation of Egyptians and foreigners under one system of law dependent entirely upon the Egyptian Government has never been put forward by any statesman or responsible observer, whether English or European. The reason is not far to seek. Modern Egypt is in great part the creation of foreign capital and enterprise under the ægis afforded by the presence of a British Army of Occupation and the control of the administration by British officials, with the Capitulations assuring effective security of life and property. No other reading of the history of Egypt from the date of the Occupation is possible. The foreign Powers who have capitulatory rights in Egypt cannot be expected to give up these rights unless they are assured that their nationals can rely upon obtaining justice and fair treatment. In order to give them that assurance it has been suggested that Great Britain should be put in a position to enable her to act as the protector of such of the privileges now enjoyed by foreigners in Egypt as it is just and reasonable to maintain. The suggestion, however, was not welcomed by the Egyptians, although it was in this sense that the recognition in the Peace Treaties of Great Britain's special position in Egypt should have been interpreted. Europe's view of Egyptian pretensions is that she has not travelled far on the way of progress, and has much to do to reform and advance her internal

affairs before she treats with European countries as an equal.

Egypt must always remain an international country. The great towns like Alexandria and Port Said are Europeanised. Conditions are always bound to be novel, but they should not be condemned on the ground that they are paradoxical. European interests are too strongly entrenched in the Valley of the Nile to be easily ousted. In no other Eastern country are there so many resident Europeans, enjoying such privileges or filling so many important posts in commerce, in education, in the professions, in society and even in the Government departments. The condition is unique and the problem appears to be well-nigh insoluble. Still, however undesirable the Capitulations may appear to the casual observer, they are the life-blood of the foreign communities in Egypt. Without them they can neither reside nor carry on business in the country. They are, moreover, an outstanding testimony to Egyptian incapacity, and it is difficult to give an adequate reason for their abolition while the Egyptians remain what they are.

What guarantee has any foreigner that what happened in 1882, when Europeans were murdered in cold blood, will not happen again? The same thing occurred in 1919, and in 1922 the mob were in possession of Alexandria. Many Europeans were murdered; among them an Italian who was burnt alive. The Egyptian police on this occasion proved not only incapable of maintaining order, but also that their sympathies were with the mob. Since the British Occupation it has always devolved on the British Army to restore order; it has never been restored by any so-called Egyptian Government.

The most serious restraints to which Egypt is subjected by the Capitulations are the following:

First, no direct tax can be imposed on foreigners resident in Egypt without the consent of all the Capitulatory Powers.

Secondly, all civil and commercial cases and all cases relating to land between foreigners and Egyptians, or between foreigners of the same or different nationalities, are tried by the Mixed Courts, which consist largely of foreign judges.

Thirdly, all criminal charges, with a few exceptions which come within the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals, are tried by the Consular Court of the defendant's own nationality.

Fourthly, no domiciliary visit can take place in the premises of a foreigner without the previous consent of his own Consular authority, and the Egyptian police cannot without such authority enter any foreigner's house except in case of fire or of an unmistakable cry for help against violence.

Now, what do these restraints mean in practice? The first one means that whatever may be the needs of the Egyptian Treasury there cannot be any great broadening of the basis of taxation (which in these days is not a great evil and benefits the Egyptian as much as the foreigner) so long as a number of Powers have a right to veto the enforcement of any new direct taxes upon the foreign communities resident in Egypt, who not only form a very important and wealthy fraction of the population, but handle almost the whole of the external and a considerable part of the internal trade of the country. However, the predominance in trade of the European cannot in any way be put down to his privileges under the Capitulations, but is solely attributable to the incapacity of the Egyptian. The Capitulations do not affect the land tax, nor Customs nor Excise, in respect of which the European has no privileges.

The second restraint placed upon Egypt under the Capitulations means the maintenance of Tribunals which do not derive their authority from the Egyptian State, but from foreign Powers. The creation of the Mixed Tribunals has been of the greatest benefit to Egypt. It has curtailed some of the extravagant rights formerly enjoyed by foreigners under the Capitulations. It has brought the bulk of civil cases between foreigners and Egyptians, as well as between foreigners themselves, under one jurisdiction, instead of leaving them, as was formerly the case, to the mercy of a number of Consular Courts of varying competence and integrity. It has established a strong and unified judicature which, in spite of occasional lapses, has on the whole set up a higher standard of equity and honesty than Egypt has ever before known. They are destined to remain, as it

would be admittedly impossible to supplant them by purely Egyptian Courts, not only on account of the fact that the Egyptian educated classes hold almost entirely aloof from the commercial and industrial business of the country out of which most of the cases arise that come before the Mixed Tribunals, but also, what is perhaps still more important, that the Native Courts, now that their backbone of English Judges has been withdrawn, do not inspire that confidence which would commend them to European nationals. The acquittals of some of those charged with the murder of Sir Lee Stack, and the totally inadequate sentences which were imposed by the Assize Courts in cases of criminal assaults on European women by natives, have intensified European feeling against them.

The theoretical anomalies of the Capitulations, or even at times their injustice, are nothing in comparison to the injustice which would result to foreigners if they were handed over to local jurisdiction. Recently the Egyptian Government has made an oblique attack on the right of Great Britain under the Declaration of February 1922 to protect foreign interests, by calling a Conference of the Powers to discuss whether the criminal jurisdiction of Europeans could be handed over to the Mixed Courts. This proposal bristles with objections. In the first place, the Parquet, or prosecuting authority, with the exception of the Procureur Général, who at the present time is a Belgian, is mainly in native hands. In so far as it is not native, it is nondescript Levantine to the absolute exclusion of any kind of English influence. Under the proposal British subjects would be handed over to be dealt with under a defective system, one with which they are not familiar, and which if made a starting-point would make it absolutely impossible to introduce English ideas of justice. Any system which is started would inevitably continue. The Criminal Code of the Mixed Courts is in existence, but it has never been put in practice except for the trial of breaches of bye-laws by foreigners. Its system is inquisitorial, and it is derived from the French system, which, in its turn, was derived from the religious Courts of the Middle Ages, and it contains no rules for the admission or exclusion of evidence in criminal cases. Hearsay evidence

is freely admitted and documents may be put in without restraint. The evidence is collected in detail and forms the dossier of the case, which is given to the judges to read before the case comes on for trial, and it is not necessarily repeated on oath before the judges when the case is heard. The evidence is collected by a member of the Parquet, who interrogates witnesses and the accused behind closed doors, and he may if he pleases exclude counsel for the accused.

The Parquet is a body of persons who combine the functions of detective officers with that of Public Prosecutors. The evidence that the Parquet thinks is necessary is recorded in a document called the 'procès-verbal,' which is submitted to the Court. This evidence is not necessarily taken in the presence of the accused; much of it is often taken before his arrest and without his knowledge, such as the record of the examination of the scene of the crime, clothes, instruments, and medical evidence, of all of which the accused has no cognisance until shortly before his trial. The hardship of this system is manifest, for under it the accused cannot have a complete idea of what is being urged against him. In fact, under it the accused is deemed to be guilty until he has proved his innocence. In many cases it resolves itself into the selection by the Parquet of a probable person as the criminal and the building up of evidence to secure his conviction. It requires a very experienced judge to sift the wheat from the chaff.

Another grave defect of the Parquet system is that the inquisitor strives to obtain a confession which is sometimes arrived at by physical and often by moral violence. The law provides that all evidence which is tendered shall be recorded, and the Parquet has to record verbatim and without comment the evidence of a witness though he may be convinced that it is untrue. Much of this evidence is taken by the Court trying the case as read in order to save time. The system, moreover, leaves a loophole for dishonest and inaccurate recording, and on that account is dangerous. Any one with any kind of experience of Egypt knows that investigations into crimes committed by foreigners with this system in the hands of native investigators would be dangerous, especially if the interests of natives of influence were

involved. In any case, the Parquet system is unfair and is abhorrent to Englishmen. It causes delay, it leaves the door open to the Parquet to suggest answers to witnesses and to weave a web of proof round a perfectly innocent person. In Egypt politics loom very largely on the horizon and Nationalism is extreme.

Even if Europeans were appointed to the Parquet to the exclusion of natives, a great deal of the investigation would be in the hands of the police. The system would bring with it the power of searching the houses of foreigners by the native policeman, who would not fail to take advantage of the manifest opportunity of levying blackmail on a scale hitherto unknown. There is a further and very serious objection to any transfer of criminal jurisdiction over foreigners to the Mixed Courts, and that is that most of the Judges on its Bench have no experience of the administration of Criminal Law, and the multiplicity of languages would convert the Courts into a Tower of Babel more easy to conceive than to describe. The Europeans are satisfied with their Consular Courts in which justice on the whole is now fairly well administered. There is no other alternative that offers the same guarantee in criminal matters.

The fourth restraint imposed upon Egypt is far more serious, for it operates mainly nowadays for the protection of the foreign evil-doer and often as well for his native accomplice. When the Ottoman Empire was a formidable Power and the foreigner was only admitted on sufferance because the Turk, incapable then as now of creating a commercial organisation of his own, was fain to recognise his usefulness as a trader, it was no mean achievement for the Christian Powers to have obtained by Treaty for their subjects personal immunity for arbitrary arrest and the security of their homes and warehouses from molestation, save with the express sanction of their Consular authorities and in the presence of a Consular official. Nor did the Turk himself consider provisions of this nature unreasonable or inconvenient at a time when he had to deal with small foreign communities, living only in a few seaports and all confined within one particular quarter of the town. In Egypt to-day there are foreign subjects numbering scores of thousands, some of them scattered all over the country,

and each of these large foreign communities includes a considerable number of natives who have been allowed by methods which, at any rate in the past, would not always stand inquiry, to acquire the same rights of protection as those enjoyed by residents of undoubted foreign extraction. Among them are to be found some of the most undesirable elements of the Levant, who chiefly use the privileges conferred by the Capitulations to defeat the law of the land, and often escape the penalties which in any other country would speedily overtake their nefarious practices. Nor is this all. They lend their names to Egyptian subjects of the same kidney, with whom they enter into clandestine and collusive partnerships. Every illicit trade can thus be carried on with relative impunity, not only by foreign but also by Egyptian subjects under cover of the Capitulations. By the time the Egyptian authorities have fulfilled the necessary formalities to enable them to enter the premises of a receiver of stolen goods; of a petty tradesman using false weights and measures; of a keeper of a gambling hell or a house of ill-fame, or of a dealer in forbidden drugs, he will in nine cases out of ten have got wind of what is coming through some of the many channels of information always available in an Oriental country, where notoriously nothing is ever kept secret, and when the Egyptian police arrive with the Consular official in attendance, the premises have been swept and garnished and every trace of offence carefully cleared away. Even when the law can be and is at last enforced, it is generally only after incredible delays, and then it is probably not the real offender but some man of straw who is at last brought to book. There have been cases in which the ownership of premises used for illicit purposes has been found to be vested jointly and successively in foreigners of four different nationalities. Lord Cromer's annual reports and those of his successors teem with instances that illustrate the resourcefulness of the law-breakers in exploiting the benefits of the Capitulations. But whilst this is more or less reluctantly admitted by most of the Powers, they, or some of them at least, have persisted hitherto in regarding it as a lesser evil than the surrender of any part of the Ark of the Covenant in which the Capitulations are enshrined.

The carrying on of the white slave traffic, the dealing in noxious drugs and the manufacture and sale of pernicious alcoholic compounds and similar trades do constitute a substantial grievance. They militate equally against European as well as Egyptian interests, and any restraining machinery to prevent their continuance would meet with no opposition. Probably the best solution would be to transfer offences of this class to the jurisdiction of the Mixed Courts with power, which at present they do not possess, of inflicting deterrent penalties. Lord Milner's Mission recommended the substitution of Great Britain for the Powers enjoying capitulatory rights to secure the protection of all legitimate foreign interests by a certain measure of control over Egyptian legislation and administration so far as it affects foreigners. Lord Cromer's scheme for their reform was based on this principle, but he contemplated an Egyptian Government assisted and controlled by British officials. However much these ideas may have commended themselves to the foreign communities, in Egyptian circles they encountered nothing but antagonism and hostility.

The Finance Committee of the Egyptian Government has stated that 50 per cent. of the private incomes are untaxed and that the whole burden of direct taxation falls upon real property. (This is almost inevitable in a country which has no manufactures, and whose sole source of wealth is agricultural produce.) They demanded equality of taxation as between all the inhabitants of Egypt. They mentioned that the inability of the Government to impose direct taxation on foreigners is the reason for the excessive growth of indirect taxation in recent years; for the enforced impotence of the Government in discriminating between luxuries and articles of prime necessity; for their dependence for revenue on railway fares and freights which are economically unsound and harmful to trade. They claimed that the Government should have complete freedom to impose direct taxation, which could be graduated according to the ability of the taxpayer to bear it, and that all privileges as between one class and another (i.e. the foreigner) should be abolished. In this way the revenue would be increased and many necessary

measures and reforms which required financial assistance could be undertaken.

There is of course a good deal of truth in these statements, but it is not the whole truth. It is true that in 1895 direct taxation was double that of the indirect, and that in 1925 the indirect exceeded the direct by more than one-half. It is also true that the growth of indirect taxation is harmful, and is in a great measure due to the inability of the Government to impose direct taxation on foreigners. But the Egyptian case as set forth is purely *ex parte*. Its protagonists all make much of the inequality between the Egyptian and the foreigner with regard to taxation, but no mention is made of the benefits received by the two classes as the result of taxation. If we examine the expenditure side of the Budget we find there is no equality between the Egyptian and the foreigner. To all intents and purposes the Egyptian alone makes use of the following services: Educational Services and Missions, Hospital Services, Ministry of Justice (excluding the Mixed Courts), Prisons, Subventions to Al-Azhar and Parliament, all of which amount to about 5 million pounds Egyptian.

The expenditure side of the Budget in 1926, excluding the commercial services such as Railways, Telephones, Telegraphs, and Domains, is approximately 30 millions. It is necessary to point out that at least one-sixth of this is of no benefit to the foreign resident. To the Revenue side, however, which apart from the commercial services amounts to 28 millions, the foreign element contributes to almost every head with the exception of two items, School fees, £E.438,000, and Military Exemption dues, £E.230,000, while he is practically the sole contributor to the items: Ports and Light dues, £E.370,000, and Royalties from Companies, £E.110,000. To the Land Tax, House Tax, and Judicial fees on transfer of property, which represent $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions of the Revenue, he contributes exactly in proportion to his property. The cotton tax is paid by the foreigner equally with the Egyptian. To the Customs Duties—12 millions of the Revenue—he probably contributes more than his *per capita* share, owing to his greater dependence on imported goods and his general higher standard of living. The privilege of the foreigner at the present moment is to

contribute his share and probably more than his share to the Public Revenue, and to receive quite certainly less than his share from the Public Expenditure. In addition the foreigner has to pay to his own Government estate and death duties from which the Egyptian is exempt. It will be seen from the foregoing that equality of taxation actually exists in Egypt at the present time. If, however, the Capitulations were abolished and the system of taxation readjusted according to Egyptian ideas, there seems little doubt that there would be a great tendency under any such system to make the disenfranchised foreigner pay more than his fair share to the Egyptian Exchequer as compared with the native population as a whole. If they were in any way interfered with except as in so far as may be deemed expedient to prevent the abuses connected with the sale of noxious drugs, alcohol, and the white slave traffic, England's task of defending foreign interests would be well-nigh impossible.

Nor is it conceivable, were England to yield to Egyptian importunity, that the Governments of those foreign nationals whose interests she is pledged to protect would surrender the rights which they have enjoyed for centuries, and which alone have enabled them to reside and carry on business in Egypt and have safeguarded their interests. The Capitulations have not only been beneficial to the foreigner, but they have equally benefited the Egyptian. Without them there would have been no foreigners in the country, and without the foreigner the Egyptian would have been nothing more than a slave at the mercy of his ruler. They have reduced taxation to a reasonable basis, especially since the British Occupation. They have made it impossible to overwhelm the people with a crushing weight of taxation as was done in the days of Ismail. They have enabled the peasant, who is the backbone of the land, to attain a higher standard of living, and allowed him to keep a substantial part of the fruits of his industry. They have prevented him from being the victim of a profligate and wasteful financial policy of unscrupulous politicians. Does the history of Egypt, either modern or ancient, inspire foreigners with such confidence in native rule as would incline them to submit themselves

to its domination and deprive themselves of the safeguards which the Capitulations afford? Their abolition would mean that the European would be at the mercy of the native police by whom he would be blackmailed. He would be looked down upon by the meanest native as a thing beneath contempt. He would be relegated to the place which was occupied by the native Christian, something that was despised and rejected of men. Laws would be enacted, ostensibly applicable to both native and European; in practice they would only be applied to Europeans. It must never be lost sight of that we are dealing with an Oriental people, and that Oriental statesmanship has a different angle of vision from our own. The Egyptian and Turk employ very similar methods and the abortive Treaty of Sèvres should ever serve as a danger-post in our dealings with Orientals. Good faith has never been characteristic of the Egyptians, and they have never respected obligations except in cases where force has been stronger than subterfuge. Is it likely that they will change methods which have been part of their nature for centuries?

In dealing with Egypt we have a great duty to perform, not only to the foreigner to whom we have given our pledge, but to our Empire. The Egyptians have given nothing, neither friendship, goodwill, nor gratitude. We have always desired to adopt a friendly line and to help them, but it has never been of any avail. The only explanation of Egyptian mentality is that they are obsessed with a desire to thwart anything which may emanate from Great Britain, whose policy has been one of forbearance, long-suffering, and great patience. Fortunately we have in Egypt, Lord Lloyd as High Commissioner. He has the complete confidence of the British community, of the British officials, and the foreign communities. He has a thorough knowledge of Egypt and Egyptian politicians, and in him the British Government may justly have the same trust which he has inspired in every place where he has undertaken duty. Any negotiations with regard to the Capitulations may be safely left in his hands, without any apprehension of prejudice being caused to foreign or British interests in Egypt.

J. E. MARSHALL,

Art. 8.—EXCOMMUNICATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Illustrated from the Diocese Registers of Bath and Wells.

As the law stood in the Middle Ages, offences against the Church could only be punished by Excommunication. Owing to complaints in Convocation that the reasons for excommunication were not set forth in the churches, the Bishops in 1435, at the command of the Archbishop, ordered that they should be read in the parish churches at least three times a year. Excommunication was of two kinds. The lesser excommunication, which excluded the offenders from the Sacraments, was employed for comparatively small misdemeanours. It was the greater excommunication which was so much dreaded by those consciously in fault, for its consequences were serious. Excommunicates were cut off from all Church membership. They could not be buried in consecrated ground. They could not sue in any spiritual court, and therefore might be attacked and robbed by any one in greater or lesser orders without means of redress. 'They were to be shunned,' says Hallam, 'like men infected with leprosy, by their servants, their friends, their families. The mere intercourse with a proscribed person incurred the lesser excommunication.' An excommunicate was, in fact, regarded as an outlaw. No respectable person, it was imagined, would have anything to do with him.

This power of excommunication rested with the Pope and the Bishops. An excommunication immediately ceased, if the excommunicate promised to fulfil the penalties enjoined by the Bishop or his chosen representative, in which case he was absolved. Unless he surrendered within forty days of the publication of the excommunication, or if he absconded, the Bishop wrote to the King and invoked the help of the secular arm. It then became the business of the Sovereign to seek and find the culprit and cast him into prison—which meant too often in those days incarceration in a dungeon so dreadful in its conditions and deprivations that death came as a welcome relief.

Excommunication, in the last resort, was the only

means possessed by the Church of maintaining its discipline, and of punishing offences against it. A parson's crops might be abstracted, his barns and orchards robbed, his character blackened, and he had only one remedy. He dared not bring his case before a civil court; but he could appeal to the spiritual authority, which, after inquiry, could excommunicate the offender and thus obtain for him redress. The spiritual courts were often intimidated, or are said to have been intimidated. Complaint was made of those who 'with thuple and noise come to spirituall courtes and pitte the jugges or the parties that there pleede in fear.' This was another cause of excommunication. Direct disobedience to the spiritual authority, the withholding of tithes, mortuaries or offerings, the offence of taking men out of sanctuary, and that of preventing food from reaching those actually in sanctuary, involved the same punishment and its consequences.

Blasphemy, adultery, forgery, sorcery and witchcraft were dealt with in the same manner. Heretics, and more especially in and after Wycliffe's time, Lollards and 'fautors of them,' ran the risk of excommunication, and from 1481 onwards, through a special statute, of death by burning. A sentence of excommunication was subject to an appeal to the Archbishop; but it does not appear that such appeals were often made, except by those of wealth and influence.

Excommunications in the circumstances of the time, of course, were much dreaded. Few dared to remain excommunicate: and the substituted penances were often humiliating to the last degree. Yet grievous as often they were, they were preferable to the continuance of the excommunication. To walk in solemn procession round a church, bearing a lighted candle; to be scourged in transit, scolded by a priest, and, during this ordeal, to wear only a shirt and breeches; to have perhaps to suffer this and the ridicule or contempt of the onlookers, many times, and in different churches, must indeed have been an experience to be dreaded. Sometimes, in addition to that, the victim was scourged round the market-place amidst the jeers and scoffs of the crowd; while long pilgrimages abroad, possibly even to the Holy Land, might be prescribed for the spiritual health of the

penitent. Yet such penalties, in greater or less degree, were undergone with sullen resignation by nearly all excommunicates.

In the year 1342, Walter de Spekynton, apparently the son of the Squire of Yeovilton, aided by others, stole crops from the glebe of the Vicar of the parish. The plunderer was placed under the ban of excommunication; and from that sentence an ineffectual appeal was made to the Archbishop. To get rid of the excommunication, Spekynton was ordered by Ralph of Shrewsbury, then the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to pay what in modern values would be six hundred pounds as compensation to the Vicar. Afterwards, 'for contempt of God and Holy Church,' he was to appear on Epiphany Sunday at High Mass in the parish church of Yeovilton, without shoes on his feet, and wearing only his shirt and breeches. He was to carry a burning candle weighing half a pound. It was in the depth of winter, and as he slowly paced the cold pavement of the unwarmed church, he was forced to endure the stern words of the priest as he explained the penitent's ill-conduct to the congregation. Yet that was only the beginning of Spekynton's trials. He had subsequently to appear in the same poor guise and to do penance, on Palm Sunday at Wells Cathedral, on Ascension day in Bath Abbey, on St John Baptist's day in St Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, on the day of the Translation of St Thomas Becket at Canterbury Cathedral, on the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin at St Mary's, Taunton, and on All Saints' day at Somerton. Practically a whole year was thus spent on penances. Even then Spekynton's cup was not yet full. At the expiration of that time, he had to leave England for three years, which he spent in visiting shrines and places of pilgrimage abroad. In spite of those experiences, Spekynton lived long enough once more to defy the Church and again was excommunicated.

When William I had forced himself on to the throne of England, he found the Bishop of Wells in possession of vast estates or manors given to the See by the Anglo-Saxon Kings and the Witan. The property included the City of Wells. Other manors were afterwards obtained by purchase. The bishops placed bailiffs in charge of

these manors, and had handsome residences on several of them, notably at Banwell, Claverton, Evercreech, and Wiveliscombe. On many of these manors the bishops had obtained 'free warren' from the Crown. They had, as we should put it, 'the sporting rights.' There were many, however, who systematically plundered the bishops, not only by entering their barns and granges, but also by poaching. Bishop Ralph had built a large house at Claverton—a kind of 'folly'—surrounded by a deer-park, which constantly tempted poachers. Among such adventurers, in 1352, was Parson Henry de Forde; and not a month passed without finding him there, engaged in deer-stalking at the Bishop's expense. Hares also were not despised. Good fare for the price of a few arrows! There is, however, a limit to all things. How Forde managed to escape for so long is a mystery, but at last he received a missive summoning him to Wiveliscombe to answer to the Bishop for his manifold raids. He was, moreover, told that he had fallen many times under the sentence of the greater excommunication. He might expect, ran a significant conclusion, that a punishment suited to the crime would be prescribed.

The Bishop was continually harassed by such poachers. Thirty years before, in the year 1322, he had been compelled to complain of 'degenerate and ungrateful sons of iniquity' entering the episcopal lands at Buckland. They came equipped for plunder and ready with weapons to resist any who withstood them. When they were confronted by the Bishop's guardian of the manor, they wounded him and drove him away. A monition was therefore issued stating that the offenders would be excommunicated, unless they appeared and paid compensation. In the same year, a special license was given by the Bishop for the absolution of Sir Geoffrey Hauteville, of Norton Hauteville, near Chard. Sir Geoffrey, the descendant of a famous family of warriors, had spent some of his leisure in plundering the Bishop's wood at Chew, only a mile or two from his own residence, and thus had incurred the greater excommunication. The Bishop, evidently wishing to remain on good terms with an influential neighbour and a man of wealth, was, however, willing to be pacified. He allowed the knight, apparently without penance, to obtain

absolution for his offence from any fit confessor chosen by himself.

William de Shepton, the Vicar of Bleadon, was a member of the large fraternity of clerical poachers. In search of game he rode as far as Westbury, a village four miles from Wells, where the Bishop possessed a park. The conditions of his absolution for this offence were that on the ensuing Ascension day he should offer a lighted candle at the beginning of the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and that he should not 'wear his habit' for a quarter of a year. In other words, he was suspended for three months.

Cases of attack on the persons of ecclesiastics were common in the Middle Ages. Even bishops did not escape. Archbishop Sudbury was butchered in the Peasants' revolt. Bishop Stapledon, of Exeter, was beheaded by a mob in the reign of Edward II. Two bishops were murdered in the course of Cade's rebellion. The death of three of these prelates may rather be ascribed to political hostility than to any other cause. The fourth had never resided among his people. 'He has always stayed at court,' said the rioters, 'so let him die.' There were, however, other causes which tended to make the bishops unpopular; and they were frequently the objects of hostile demonstrations. Their visitations were disliked, as a considerable sum was always levied on the place visited by them to meet their expenses and those of their numerous attendants. The mounted retinue of an Archbishop was fixed at a maximum of forty persons, that of a Bishop at thirty. Even with less numbers than these, such a visitation meant a considerable tax on the community. The aversion of the inhabitants to this expense was probably the cause of the scandalous occurrences which took place at Yeovil, in 1349, and involved many of the inhabitants in excommunication and subsequent penance. This memorable visitation was held by Bishop Ralph in the early autumn, and, towards the end of a busy day, the Bishop entered the church to take part in the service of Vespers. The opponents of the visitation had evidently planned their attack for this hour. The ringleader was a gentleman of position in the parish, named Roger de Warmeville. The Bishop must already have entered the church when

the angry mob arrived, and undoubtedly were determined to force the issue, being well supplied with bows, arrows, iron bars, and other weapons. On their arrival outside, the military and clerical attendants on the Bishop left the church, to defend their master from attack. A fierce fight ensued, many of the Bishop's men were wounded, and the struggle proceeded 'to the abundant shedding of blood.' The defenders were beaten, and the rioters entered the church, interrupted the service, and, on leaving, locked up the Bishop inside the building. When he succeeded in retreating to the rectory, he was also locked in there, and could not effect his escape till the following morning.

The Bishop at once placed Yeovil under an interdict. Services could not be held in the church, nor could there be burials in the churchyard. All who died while the interdict lasted, were to be buried at Thorn Coffin, an adjacent parish. Having made this arrangement for the dead, the Bishop gave renewed attention to the living. Like a wise man, he struck first at the leader, Roger de Warneville. Taunton Priory, founded in the reign of Henry I, was in those days one of the beauties and ornaments of the town, but nothing now remains of it except an ancient barn. To the 'cemetery' of this Priory, Warneville was summoned to answer for his conduct. The Bishop was not present as his judge, and the trial was conducted by his commissary, a canon of Wells, with whom were associated two other canons, one of them a lawyer by profession. The culprit left the 'cemetery' under pledge to do penance at Yeovil and many other churches, to go round Yeovil market on three occasions in penitential dress, and to pay six hundred pounds to the Bishop. Fifty of the subordinate rioters were afterwards sentenced. Their arms were confiscated, and they were ordered to receive three 'fustigations' or scourgings round the market-place. Among the offenders thus dealt with was a woman, and one other, either in holy or lesser orders, who is merely described as a 'clerk.'

A few years before this event, the Bishop of Exeter had a similar experience at Totnes. He was preaching on St Luke's day, in the parish church, when a company of rioters, led by a claimant to the Archdeaconry and by

two other prime movers, entered the building. They were followed by a body of archers. The service was stopped, and the Bishop excommunicated the rioters on the spot. He afterwards wrote to Ralph, Bishop of Bath and Wells, asking him to proclaim the excommunication of those 'sons of the devil,' the three ringleaders, in his cathedral and throughout his diocese.

Cathedral officials, as a rule, were unpopular in a city. They stood in the public eye for blind attachment to feudal customs and steady resistance to civic progress. The cathedral staff, which was often large and unruly, frequently broke the peace in a city, and then returned to their bounds, where, we are told, there was no power of arrest. Such causes may be sufficient to account for the serious complaint made by Bishop Ralph of an attack made on the Dean and Canons of Wells. Nor was that all. Visitors in the Bishop's own palace had been seized and kept in custody. Subordinate cathedral officers had been wounded. The Bishop ordered that 'these sons of perdition' should be denounced as having fallen into the greater excommunication, 'with ringing of bells and lighting of candles.' We do not know that those sons of perdition were caught. We do, however, know something of Ralph's severity in the case of Walter le Smith, of Newton St Lo, for laying violent hands on Thomas Cotell, clerk. On each Friday of the year for seven years, he was to do penance at Newton St Lo church in the usual attire and holding and offering a candle weighing half a pound. He thus made three hundred and sixty-four such appearances and offered about two hundredweight of candles. He had also to make a similar appearance once a year at Bath Abbey.

The bad feeling which existed between the regular and the secular clergy is to a large extent attributable to the fact that an enormous number of livings had been appropriated to the monks, who frequently farmed them, and did not hesitate to employ sweated labour. Sometimes, as rectors, they appointed vicars who were supplied with such slender provision that the bishops were compelled to intervene and order a proper sustentation for them. Such livings might also be served at an annual charge of a few marks, by 'capellani' or chaplains. These underpaid priests were naturally a discontented

section of the clerical body. It is not unlikely that it was on one of these that Alan de Newton, a canon of Taunton Priory, laid violent hands and was excommunicated. The excommunication, however, was soon removed by Drokenesford, then the Bishop of the diocese.

In 1453, in the episcopate of Bishop Bekynton, a most serious case of an assault on a priest occurred at Taunton. Among the numerous chantry-priests associated with St Mary's Church, and practically forming a part of its staff, was Robert Hillyng. A quarrel arose between Hillyng and an inhabitant of the same town named Tylly, who fell on the priest with an iron tool, and committed a savage assault. Tylly was duly excommunicated. The forty days' grace allowed passed by and there were no signs of his surrender—not the slightest token to show that he was willing to substitute penance for excommunication. He showed every mark of obduracy. The Bishop, however, was not to be trifled with. His action was prompt and decisive. He wrote to the King and demanded the capture of Tylly's person. It was not until he heard that he was almost in the grip of the secular arm that Tylly's resolution gave way. He begged for absolution and was soon acquainted with the Bishop's terms of penance. Wearing the regulation costume, and carrying the tool with which he had attacked the chaplain, Tylly was to go on two occasions to St Mary's Church, and twice also, in the same guise, to St James's Chapel. A priest, wearing his surplice, was to walk behind the penitent, and beat him with a scourge. Tylly had to suffer a similar discipline round the market-place of the town. At the end of that ordeal, he was compelled to proceed to St Mary's Church and there say the Lord's Prayer and the Evangelical Salutation five times.

Nothing was more repugnant to the mediæval bishop, nothing more likely to stir to the uttermost his wrath, than the taking of cases belonging to the Church Courts to any other jurisdiction. The Church Courts were a privilege jealously prized, for they raised the clergy above the heads of others. What cases could, and could not, be brought before these spiritual courts, was, as a rule, perfectly clear, and Edward I, who had no great love of spiritual courts, had tried to make it so.

In the year 1419, the see of Bath and Wells was held by Nicholas Bubwith, a statesman bishop, who was at one time Treasurer of England. It fell to his lot to adjudicate on what, to his mind, must have been a gross infringement of ecclesiastical law. For three years the Chaplain of Bishop's Hull had found it impossible to get his tithe from Philip Peynton, one of his parishioners. His salary was small. He was tired of waiting. So he resolved to bring the defaulter to account. Unfortunately for himself, instead of taking the case before the Archdeacon's Court, he sued the debtor before the Constable of Taunton Castle. The Chaplain had reason to repent his action. The debtor saw an opportunity for revenge, perhaps also for escaping payment. He wrote to the Bishop, and when brought before his representative, demanded that the sentence of the greater excommunication might be launched against the Chaplain. Throwing himself on the mercy of the court, the Chaplain was told by the commissary that he had incurred excommunication. The Chaplain replied by begging for absolution. He was ready, so he declared, to undergo whatever penance might be imposed. The sentence of the court was that the Chaplain should pay as costs a sum equal to eighteen pounds in our currency. He was also to be 'fustigated' on three different Sundays round Bishop's Hull Church, as well as three times round the market-place of Taunton. The Chaplain must have been terror-stricken when he heard the harsh sentence. Apart from the indignity, he must have thought of his future. How, after that pitiful exhibition, could he show his face again in Bishop's Hull or Taunton? And, if he resigned his cure, who would give a benefice or chaplaincy to one so disgraced? Doubtless with tears and entreaties, he begged for a lesser sentence, and the commissary was so far moved as to remit two of the 'fustigations' in the market-place and one in the church. But was that remission enough in view of the humiliation and the consequences afterwards? Tortured by his fears and troubles, the Chaplain appealed to the Constable of the Castle, who represented the Bishop of Winchester, lord of the Manor of Taunton. With his aid he might be able to face the Bishop of Bath and Wells at Banwell. Things went as he had hoped. The Con-

stable promised that the Clerk of the Castle should go with him to the Bishop. In the course of the interview, the Chaplain and the Clerk were to beg the Bishop, out of respect to his brother of Winchester, to lighten the burdens imposed. The Bishop consented to see them, so they went together to his house. The great man was sitting in an oratory between his chapel and the great room of audience; and with him were three Canons of Wells. He seems to have listened with attention to the arguments of the visitors. Nothing, however, could induce him to let the culprit go unpunished. Yet, after all, he possessed some humanity, for he remitted a second 'fustigation' in the church and allowed the Chaplain to wear shoes while being flogged round the market-place.

In the Middle Ages the administration of wills came before the Ecclesiastical Courts, and excommunication might lie in wait for any idle or dishonest executor. Sir Philip le Doo, Rector of Honiton, we discover, was ordered by the Bishop of Exeter to produce some inventories and a will of which he was one of the executors. Sir Philip produced neither the one nor the other and snapped his fingers at the Bishop's commissary. This was too much for his lordship, who sentenced him to the greater excommunication. Meanwhile, however, the culprit had left the diocese and gone to his new living of East Coker in the diocese of Bath and Wells; where, however, he found that the Bishop of Exeter was following his movements closely by communicating with his new spiritual lord and asking him to cause Sir Philip to be denounced in his new parish on Sundays and Feast Days. We do not know the exact issue. It is, however, certain that Sir Philip yielded; for we find him afterwards in possession of other livings and being sued for a debt by the Vicar of Crewkerne.

It may be observed that public penances in churches, or elsewhere, to remove an excommunication for immorality were not a prominent feature of the Middle Ages. Cases of this kind were dealt with leniently. The Archdeacon of Bath, convicted of immorality in 1340, was not at first excommunicated, but he lost his Archdeaconry for a year, and had to pay upwards of two thousand pounds to the Fabric

Fund of Wells Cathedral. The excommunication, afterwards added, was probably only the lesser excommunication. The Rector of Stoke Trister, guilty of immorality, was only placed under a penalty of a hundred and fifty pounds, in case the offence were renewed. Alice Gardner, of Mudford, convicted of immorality with a priest, was ordered to pay the modern equivalent of fifteen shillings towards the maintenance of a light in her parish church. The Rector of Weston was to feed one poor person every Friday from February to Easter; and on every such Friday in February his paramour was to attend her parish church with bare feet and to hear a Mass. The Rector of Staple Fitzpaine was fined and compelled to give a bond to forfeit about three hundred pounds if his offence were repeated. A vicar was ordered to pay six marks as a dowry to the mother of his two children and to promise friendship with her relatives. In short, it seems that the less the offence the greater was the punishment. The case of Richard Rokesbeare is interesting on account of the time occupied in its settlement; and shows, moreover, how thorny a subject a contumacious priest might be to his Bishop. Rokesbeare, in the reign of Edward II, managed to get himself placed on the list of priests for whom the Pope was to find livings. That king's disastrous reign is remarkable for the number of benefices to which the Pope, or more probably his officials acting in his name, appointed, by what is known as 'Provision.' The practice of the Curia, or Roman Court, was to write to a bishop asking him to communicate with an Abbey or Priory, or some other Church body owning livings, and request an appointment to a benefice for a priest who was named. This priest was usually termed a 'poor clerk.' Unpopular as the proceeding was, the Pope's command had to be respected. John de Droghensford, Bishop of Bath and Wells, received a letter from the Curia, in 1323, empowering him to demand a benefice from Taunton Priory for Richard Rokesbeare. The Bishop acted on the order, the Priory acquiesced, and Rokesbeare was appointed by the Prior and Canons to the Vicarage of Kingston. Ralph, the succeeding Bishop, for certain reasons with which we are unacquainted, excommunicated Rokesbeare in 1337. Whatever those reasons were, they were

probably just, as Rokesbeare seems to have had impudence enough for anything. He made an appeal to the Primate's Court. The grounds of the appeal were that he had not been admonished or cited to appear before the Bishop before excommunication; but, as it were, had been excommunicated straight off. The sentence had fallen upon him like a bolt from the blue. The Court of Arches, representing the Archbishop, ordered Ralph either to do justice to Rokesbeare, or to appear before the Primate within a mentioned time. We do not know the precise result of this order. The bishops had permanent counsel to represent them in the Court of Arches, and by that means Ralph may have been able to satisfy the Court, or he may have been ordered to issue a fresh excommunication in due form. This appeal to the Court of Canterbury in any case meant delay, and made it impossible for Ralph to take practical steps to enforce obedience. In the meantime, Rokesbeare ridiculed the excommunication, laughed at his Bishop, and continued to officiate in his church. From what transpired afterwards, he appears to have had the support of his congregation. The mediæval churchman could not, as a rule, count love of the bishops among his virtues.

Bishop Ralph felt at last, and probably after expensive litigation, in a position to act decisively. He was determined to bring Rokesbeare to book. He wrote a letter to the Rural Dean of Taunton, in which deanery Kingston was and is. The letter contained definite instructions. The Dean was to sequester the benefice, turn Rokesbeare out of his vicarage, and get rid of him. He was also to go to Kingston Church and there, in the presence of the congregation, excommunicate the Vicar. The day of public excommunication arrived. All was to be done with the utmost regard to form. The Rural Dean accordingly rode over to Kingston accompanied by a notary and others. The party entered the church. They may have been surprised to find about two hundred people present. They certainly did not realise that among them were many stout partisans ready to defend their Vicar. No resistance seems to have been made to the delivery of the excommunication. Rokesbeare was present and had to listen to the pungent words of the

sentence. Also there was a warning to the parishioners. They were henceforward to pay Rokesbeare neither tithes nor offerings. The culprit, however, treated the sentence with the utmost derision. He scoffed and jeered. It was now his turn to win a temporary triumph. The Rural Dean and his friends were congratulating themselves that they had got to the end of an unpleasant business and were proceeding to leave the church, when they were forcibly prevented, and had no means to resist. Rokesbeare intended to show them that, in his view and that of his friends, the excommunication was merely a solemn farce, and that he meant to minister in his church as usual. He put on his vestments and proceeded to celebrate Mass: and to his performance of this service the Rural Dean and his followers were compelled to listen. Nor was that all. The Vicar also administered the Eucharist to those parishioners who presented themselves. Not until this rite was ended, could the prisoners depart.

If Rokesbeare really supposed that he would ultimately triumph through such conduct, he was certainly mistaken. The Bishop issued instructions that the sentence of excommunication should again be read in Kingston Church. It was also to be read in the neighbouring churches, and pronounced during the celebration of Mass, the time when the attendance would be the largest. No one was to pay Rokesbeare his customary dues. No Catholic was to have anything to do with him. He was a renegade priest who had despised the authority of the Keys. A citation would soon reach him. He would have to appear before the Bishop, where perhaps he would be able to show why he should not be dealt with according to law. Whether Rokesbeare faced that ordeal or not we do not know. If he did so, it was only to be told that he must be confined within the Bishop's prison at Wells. If not, then he was probably arrested by the Bishop's officers, taken to Wells and there confined. It must have been after his release from prison, where he was not likely to have found writing materials or means of communication with the outer world, that he again appealed to the Court of Arches. He had a long tale to tell of robbery and wrongful imprisonment. The Court, as before, ordered that full justice should be done

to him. This order meant in the end long and expensive litigation between the Bishop and Rokesbeare, in which the Bishop's view prevailed. Rokesbeare was ordered to pay the large sum of two hundred pounds, equal probably to about six thousand pounds of our present currency. Such was the end of a long-drawn quarrel. It was enough, perhaps, to make Bishop Ralph regret that he had expended so much money at the Roman Court to procure his appointment to the See. As for Rokesbeare, after those ten years of turmoil he vanishes from history.

Haselborough, in the reign of Henry I, was noted as the residence of Wulfric, described by an historian as 'a celebrated saint, hermit and prophet.' Among those who thus sought his aid were Henry I and Stephen. To the former he predicted his death; to the latter his accession to the throne. Haselborough is also associated with the extraordinary case of Sir Alan de Ploknet, whose father had supported the cause of Henry III against Simon de Montfort. The King deprived William Marshall, as a partisan of Montfort and a rebel against himself, of the manor of Haselborough; and, as a reward for his services, bestowed it on Ploknet, whose son Alan eventually succeeded him and was knighted by Edward I. When the young man's mother died, it was found that she had directed by her will that she should be buried in Sherborne Minster. Sir Alan, however, failed to carry out the request; and we are told that he buried her 'in a more humble spot,' almost certainly in Haselborough Church. As his court dealt with the probate of wills, it is not surprising that Sir Alan's sin of omission came to the notice of Drokenesford, then the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who at once instructed the Rural Dean of Crewkerne to bear a letter to the knight, in which he was rebuked and commanded to bury his mother in accordance with her last wishes. The Rural Dean was duly received by Sir Alan, who read the missive, and was goaded almost to madness by the peremptory command. In a fury, he seized the Rural Dean by the throat and left the reverend gentleman, to say the least of it, sorely ruffled and not even then at the end of his troubles. For armed retainers of the knight were in the room, and at his command, they fell upon the priest and beat

him unmercifully. He was then compelled to swallow the Bishop's letter and the wax with which it was sealed.

When the Bishop heard of the gross outrage committed on the person of his official messenger, he at once issued the greater excommunication. The effect was to rouse Sir Alan to even greater madness. Bent on spiting the Bishop, he not only failed to carry out his instructions, but actually removed from the grave and desecrated, by disembowelling, the body of his own mother. The Bishop therefore issued a second excommunication, and ordered him to appear at Wells before his Consistory Court there. Sir Alan by this time realised that he had gone far enough, and that unless he could appease the Bishop, he would incur the usual fate of an excommunicate. He therefore journeyed to Wells at the appointed time, and proceeded, so far as possible, to justify his conduct. In doing so, he added falsehood to his other serious offences. He had not believed, he declared, that the messenger really came from the Bishop. For that reason, he had had him beaten by his servants. He admitted that he had used threatening language. He had not, however, forced the Rural Dean to swallow the letter and the seal. This he had done in a panic, of his own accord. It will scarcely be believed that, in spite of all that, Sir Alan obtained absolution and was free of the excommunications, 'on condition of compensation,' which makes it appear that it was owing to his powerful position that he escaped the heavy penalties which should have been his punishment.

These instances show that under the system which they illustrate, justice was often not done. Offences against the privileges of the Church were treated with far greater severity than were gross breaches of the moral law. Yet, were a man rich and powerful enough, he might escape punishment, though he was not always able to do so. At its best, the ecclesiastical judicial system was 'a kind of wild justice'; at its worst, it was an instrument of terror and oppression. There can be no doubt that the penalty of excommunication, as practised in the Middle Ages, was resented by the people, and was one of the causes of the Reformation, for it tended 'to dissolve and deface the laws of charity and human society.'

H. P. PALMER.

Art. 9.—THE RUSSIAN ICON.

1. *The Russian Icon*. By N. P. Kondakov. Translated by Ellis H. Minns. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1927.
2. *History of Russian Art*. By Igor Grabar. Vol. VI. *The Epoch before Peter*. In Russian. Moscow: Knebel.
3. *Art Treasures in Soviet Russia*. By Sir Martin Conway. Methuen, 1925.
4. *Russian Sketches: The Sealed Angel*. By Leescov. Translated by the Hon. Mrs Lionel Tollemache. Smith, Elder, 1913.

AN art which has behind it a continuous if changing tradition of eight centuries; an art which for all that time has been endeavouring to satisfy a definite public demand, not for art but for sound workmanship; an art which could only be shown while working under the strictest limitations, such is the art of the Russian Icon. It is, as all art should be, a by-product: not all Russian icons are beautiful or works of art—their aim is to convey a recognisable representation and symbol of the person or event they commemorate. If, and when, the painter is competent, in such measure as his satisfaction with and pleasure in his work grows, the touch of art is seen upon it; not gained by taking thought for it, but by concentration on the task in hand.

The term 'Icon' means an image, and in its largest sense includes wall-paintings and metallic representations, great or small; but in its more usual sense it is used for painting on a wooden panel of a religious subject. The size of the ordinary icon has become more or less uniform for centuries; larger devotional icons are used for the iconostases, or altar-screens of the churches. The use of icons was introduced into Russia with Christianity by Vladimir on his marriage with Anna, daughter of the Emperor of Byzantium, at the end of the tenth century. Kiev in the South West, Novgorod in the North, were the two great civic centres of the early Russian power, and it was in these towns that religious painting first developed in the form of wall-painting fresco. Movable paintings seem to have been at first imported from Byzantium through the

Chersonesus in the Crimea, and for this reason the name of Khorsuny was given to the ancient icons of Russia in later times. The Russian icon is, therefore, however its development may have been affected by other influences, Byzantine in its origin, and from thence its history must be traced.

Nikodim Pavlovich Kondakov, who died in February 1925, soon after his eightieth birthday, was the foremost student of his time of Byzantine art in all its extensions. His first important work was a history of Byzantine art in illuminated manuscripts (1876), and its developments in Italy, Sicily, Macedonia, Syria, and Palestine claimed his attention in turn. His study of Russian Antiquities, produced in conjunction with Count I. I. Tolstoy, was the first trustworthy account of the older period of Russian art. At the beginning of this century he devoted his whole energies to the study of the icon, in conjunction with his friend N. P. Likhachev, whose collection of icons, fully illustrated in 'Materials for the History of Russian Icon-painting' (1906), is the nucleus of the Russian Museum at Leningrad. Kondakov's first publication on the subject was a re-issue of the old guides for icon-painters with an iconography of Our Saviour (1905), and he followed this later with two volumes of an iconography of Our Lady (1913 and 1915) carried to the 13th century. The volume before us, most ably translated and edited by Prof. Minns, is 'shortened from a much larger book intended mainly to illustrate the Russian Museum for the benefit of Russians,' and though it has received 'some adaptation for Western readers,' nothing less than a thorough recasting would make it into a complete history of the Russian icon suitable for them. A great number of things which the non-Russian reader would wish to know are never mentioned; Prof. Kondakov, as is the wont of 19th-century specialists, is scornful of traditional origins, never alluding to one except to dismiss it summarily, but quite apart from their possible truth, these stories are an indispensable part of the history of the Russian icon, and need to be retold to the Western reader if he is to understand anything about their place in Russian art and life. No doubt diligent search of the book, assisted by a useful index, would tell the

reader many facts about the ordinary icon, but he will find nowhere a plain statement of its size, what it looks like, how it is made, and so on. An elementary and popular work on the subject has yet to be written: may we hope for it from the pen of Prof. Minns? A more serious objection, from the present writer's point of view, is that Kondakov regards icon-painting as an art which has degenerated into a handicraft, whereas at all times in Russia it has been a handicraft which has occasionally thrown up an artist; in his discussion of foreign origins and new influences he has undervalued the unifying power of a living tradition, constantly bringing these new elements into harmony with the past.

The study of the Russian icon is comparatively recent: by the end of last century a number of collections had been formed, and a rough attempt at classification made. But their artistic interest was hardly suspected—they were treated as a branch of Russian archæology; covered as they were with thick layers of varnish and the smoke of centuries, little more than their subjects could be seen. But when 'after much labour and minute care' a number of them were cleaned and exhibited, the dark and smoke-begrimed icon shone out in bright colours and harmonious shades. It was a revelation. In 1899 Riepin, writing of icons and acknowledging the sincerity shown in the best of them, could see in them only disfigurement of the subject 'without the least elementary knowledge of painting,' and Bunin could call them 'icons, black planks, poor symbols of God's might.' No one had dreamed of the beauty and gay colour now brought to light, and enthusiasm among Russian art-lovers rose to a very high pitch of extravagance—an extravagance which the writer must own he was tempted to share on his first sight of a representative collection in what is now the Russian Museum of Leningrad.

In 1905 another avenue for the exploration of the history of the Russian icon was opened up, of which Prof. Kondakov does not seem to have made much use. An imperial decree in that year granted a modified freedom of conscience to certain Russian sects, among them that of the Old Believers—a conservative body which had separated from the Orthodox Church in the

17th century in consequence of the reforms then introduced. They had been the object of severe repression, and their icons, of ancient design and many of them very old, were confiscated and destroyed whenever they were found, so that it became a common practice to paint over the real icon a modern one which conformed to Orthodox pattern, especially among the Moscow merchant class, while the peasants endeavoured to hide theirs from view. Some of the feelings of the Old Believers about the Orthodox, and their treatment by the latter, can be obtained from Leescov's tale 'The Sealed Angel,' in the fine translation by the Hon. Mrs Tollemache published under the title 'Russian Sketches,' to which we shall have occasion later to refer. When the edict of toleration was published these icons were cleaned or brought out of hiding, and thus were seen for the first time. A large number of them were presented to the new Old Believer Cathedral church in Moscow of The Assumption, including some 15th-century panels for the Royal Door of the iconostas.

A third, and still more important, stage in the history of icon-study was brought about by the removal in 1920 of the jewels and ornaments of the precious metals with which the more celebrated icons were covered, for the benefit of the famine-stricken provinces of Russia. For the first time for centuries, it was possible to see them as pictures, and to give them the expert care which their priceless value demanded. A commission, at the head of which was Prof. Igor Grabar, the historian of Russian Art and Director of the Tretyakov Art Gallery, was appointed to take charge of them as historical monuments, and, after due study of modern methods, to clean them and remove the coats of discoloured varnish and paint which overlay the original painting. So far as it has gone the result of this commission has entirely justified its appointment. 'The general result (of cleaning, etc.) is to show that the traditional age of the original icon is often correct, but that repainting has changed not only detail or colouring but general design so completely that the surface which later generations have known bears hardly any relation to the original painting' (p. ix).

Sir Martin Conway, who has seen the cleaners at

work, and speaks highly of their skill and patience, writes even more strongly:

'The repainting of icons, which has gone on for centuries, has been a very different affair from the ordinary repaintings and retouchings which the pictures of the Old Masters have had to endure at the hands of Museum directors and private owners. An icon, for instance of the Virgin and Child, may have been wholly repainted as many as six or seven times with so little regard to the original design that in the end it may have come to depict a Head of Christ or of some Saint. I saw several icons which had been cleaned in strips, leaving in succession a band of each of the repaintings upon the original picture, and it was amazing to see how recklessly successive painters had dealt with the work delivered into their hands' ('Art Treasures,' p. 43).

There is no doubt that a certain amount of repainting has been absolutely necessary even in the earliest periods of Russian ecclesiastical history, a necessity arising from the method of painting and the use of candles and incense. As early as 1080 A.D. the Metropolitan John II is said to have ordered that all old icons in use should be repainted, and there are other similar orders since, but this repainting has added terribly to the difficulty of writing the history of the icon. Many of Kondakov's pronouncements on early Russian icons will have to be reviewed in the light of the knowledge we are slowly gaining, and even before this book was published, Prof. Minns was able to correct him in the very important case of the Vladimir Mother of God.

The origin of the custom of icon-painting is traced by Kondakov to the Egyptian portraits of the dead which were deposited with their mummies, of which examples are to be seen in the National Gallery and the British Museum. They were produced by the encaustic method, that is, by the manipulation of heated coloured wax with a spatula on a wooden panel. Such portraits of martyrs and confessors, laid on their tombs or in shrines, attracted in due course a part of the honour done to their memory, and we find the icon as an adjunct to worship as early as Chrysostom or Gregory of Nyssa. The fact that the icons of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints always face the worshipper is an inheritance from these Egyptian portraits. Very few

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early icons exist; there are two pilgrims' icons brought from Sinai or Egypt at Kiev, both of the sixth century, one of St John the Baptist, the other of Our Lady. Of the latter, the oldest icon known, we should have expected a fuller description in this place as Kondakov's Iconography is not translated.

The iconoclastic controversy (726-843 A.D.) cuts right across the history of the Byzantine icon. 'We have no single example of Byzantine icon-painting older than the ninth century,' every painting of an earlier date was systematically destroyed. A few ancient icons from the East may have survived. Kondakov thinks that the icon of the Virgin carried off from Constantinople in 1204 and preserved in St Mark's at Venice under the name of 'Nicopoea' is pre-iconoclastic, though some Western critics assert that it is a tenth-century copy of a fifth-century painting. The icon of 'Our Saviour' in the Lateran Chapel of the Sancta Sanctorum at Rome is also considered pre-iconoclastic, while the icon of the Mother of God in Santa Maria Maggiore has a traditional history as far back as 871 A.D.

None of these pre-iconoclastic icons enters into the history of Russian art; Russians would see and copy no icons till the tenth and eleventh centuries, and of these we have fortunately some examples remaining. The chief among them is the famous Vladimir Mother of God at Moscow, formerly in the Uspenski Sobor, now in the Historical Museum. It is said to have been brought in a ship from Constantinople to Vishgorod near Kiev, removed from there to Suzdal in 1155, brought to Vladimir in 1161 on the completion of the Cathedral there by Andrew Bogolyubsky, and removed to Moscow in 1395. It is the Palladium of the Russian State, incomparably the most famous of its wonder-working icons. Kondakov, founding his objection on the iconography of its subject, dated it as 14th century; tradition carried no weight with him, or rather its existence was an argument against its truth, a position too common with critics of his generation—it is only of recent years that we have learnt to inquire what lies at the base of tradition. In the case of the Vladimir Mother of God, cleaning has disclosed three re-paintings—the first in the middle of the 13th century, possibly after its stripping

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by the Tartars in 1237; a second at the beginning of the 15th century, not impossibly by Rublev; and a third in 1574. Prof. Minns reproduces a photograph of the faces of the icon as it is now seen, showing startling differences from the final state of the icon as well as from early copies. 'Our Lady of Bogolyubov,' which is recorded to have been brought to Kiev with the Vladimir icon, is accepted by Kondakov as a twelfth-century copy; he rejects the notion of Byzantine origin for the sole reason of its size.

If we are to accept the somewhat sweeping assertion of Kondakov, no icon dating from the days of the supremacy of Kiev is in existence, not even the wonder-working copy of the Vladimir Mother of God, said to have been painted by Alipi, the only early Russian icon painter whose name is preserved. This icon, in the Cathedral of Rostov the Ancient, is dated by him as of the 14th century for reasons of style (which no longer hold good). There are, however a certain number of icons of the eleventh and twelfth centuries still to be found in Russia—one of them is reproduced in Sir Martin Conway's 'Art Treasures'—the origin of which will have to be rediscussed when they are cleaned and photographed.

With the decline of Kiev in the twelfth century and the transference of power to Suzdal, two new schools of icon-painting become evident, one with its centre at Suzdal and Vladimir, the other at Novgorod in the north. One hesitates to say that the Suzdal school is a discovery of Kondakov, but when one compares the relative spaces allotted to Suzdal and ~~N~~Novgorod in Prof. Grabar's 'History of Russian Art' with that in Kondakov, it would almost seem so. To Suzdal are allotted the icons which 'adopted Byzantine models, technique, and draughtsmanship in all their purity and accuracy,' it alone 'retained a fine feeling for drawing icons and a mastery of colour.' The Novgorod school, on the contrary, becomes a mere provincial school in every sense of the word, sticking right through the 14th century to the reproduction of bad and clumsy models. The Tartar invasion of 1237 destroyed Suzdal, and its craftsmen fled north or west, while Novgorod remained free and unharmed; but still, when two centuries later the tide of Tartar invasion

was rolled back, we are told that Suzdal preserved a uniform style (influenced by a Galician Metropolitan of Moscow who had been an icon-painter), while Novgorod has a disparate congeries of styles each answering to the iconographic character of the subject. And all this is affirmed with only very slight evidence of any connexion at all of icon-painting with Suzdal after the early years of the 13th century. Much too of Kondakov's argument concerning the influence of a supposed Italo-Cretan school is vitiated by his post-dating of the Vladimir Mother of God and similar icons, and by his assumption that the causes which produced change in style in one place were not operative in another. The influence of Byzantine icons on 14th-century Italy is hardly sufficiently recognised.

From 1340 to 1440 over one hundred and fifty monasteries were founded in Russia. It was an age of economic expansion, it witnessed the growth of Moscow and its entrance on the leadership of Russia, and it threw up a great artist, Andrew Rublev, the greater Fra Angelico of Russian art. The finest of all his works, the Trinity of the Sergius Monastery near Moscow, receives scant justice from the hands of Kondakov, 'Not even the best copy of Rublev's icon of this subject'—the three angels who appeared to Abraham. Sir Martin Conway, on the other hand, calls it 'one of the loveliest primitive pictures I ever beheld,' and other critics agree in regarding it as the finest of all Russian icons. Kondakov passes in review the whole of the existing icons attributed to Rublev in one of the best chapters of his book, and does justice to the extent of his influence.

The character of the Novgorod school of icon-painting is not unlike that of the city itself. Novgorod was intensely Russian before Moscow was heard of, a free city, ready to accept the foreign lord whom it had chosen for itself, but expelling him at once when he overstepped his allotted rights or failed in the execution of his duties. The Novgorod icon departed very early from purely Byzantine methods of treatment and became Russian; it had none of the qualities which attract us in primitive Italian painting, and the school never throws up a great master, but its range of subjects is very wide and its colour is bright and attractive. By far the greater part

of the icons in the Russian Museum at Leningrad are of the Novgorod school, as are the majority of those selected for illustration in Grabar's 'History of Russian Art.' The political supremacy of Moscow in the 15th century led to fresh developments in art of all kinds, and the importation of Italian architects and craftsmen; the icon tends to approach, in the best examples, the art of the illuminator, and to surround itself with a frame of miniatures painted with a skill approaching that of the contemporary Flemish painters.

In the 16th century an attempt was made to concentrate at Moscow the production of icons as a branch of official work, Novgorod icon-painters were brought to Moscow, and as a result a fusion of styles appears contemporaneously with a widening of the range of subjects; while a new class of icons illustrating mystical and didactic themes, such as 'The Fatherhood of God,' 'The Indiction,' 'The Burning Bush,' and others with an ethical purpose, became popular. Icons of the Moscow school are distinguished by harmony of composition and brilliant jewel-like colour.

The last distinct style that Russian critics recognise is the Stroganov. The Stroganovs are a merchant family which rose into prominence at the middle of the 15th century by trade with North Russia and Siberia. They were great builders and adorners of churches, and somewhere (we do not know where) they kept a workshop of their own for painting icons which lasted over two generations. From the end of the 16th and the first half of the 17th centuries we have a series of names of painters who worked for them, passing later—some of them—into the service of the Tsar. The collection of the Stroganov family is now added to the Russian Museum, and indubitably contains authentic works by these masters. The Stroganov style shows improvement of composition and of the design in details, buildings, and hills.

The reform of the service books by the Patriarch Nikon in 1655, as a return to ancient Greek models, initiated a bitter controversy in Russia, leading to the secession of the Old Believers, who adhered to the unreformed Slavonic Use. Nikon also led a movement against icons painted from German models, then coming

into popularity, but to the Old Believers he was the champion of alterations in the traditional style, they themselves the upholders of the ancient ways. By the time of Peter the Great old-fashioned icons had almost disappeared from among the Orthodox, and all new orders for important icons were given to modern painters. The ancient technique was held in honour only by the Old Believers, and was practised as one of the village crafts (*kustarny*) which were to be found spread over Central Russia, but were finally localised in the Government of Vladimir. Here it survived throughout the 18th and the first half of the 19th centuries as a purely popular craft, finally becoming a factory industry with almost complete division of labour, the craftsman being unable to paint any icon other than that which he had been taught to make. Icons began to be produced in which only the face, hands, and feet were painted, the remainder of the surface being covered with a metal plate (*riza*). For the very poor, gilt or coloured tinfoil on paper took the place of metal, and finally icons printed in colour on tin plates were introduced to compete with the *kustarny* icons. The lowest depths in the history of icon-painting had been reached.

The *kustarny* icons lie outside the range of Kondakov's study, but they are the only ones a Western collector is ever likely to have the opportunity of buying, for icons when neglected very soon go to ruin, and all the old ones that are not in museums and private collections or on the walls and iconostases of the churches are in the cellars or attics of churches and monasteries, ruined by the neglect of the last two centuries. But these *kustarny* icons are well worth attention. Kondakov seems to look upon art as a sort of luxury product only attainable for 'really high pay.' But this seems contrary to the whole history of human experience. Art, as has been already premised, is really a by-product, a disinterested interest in the mode of satisfying the utilitarian qualities desired in a piece of work. It is true that many, nay most, peasant-made icons are mere journeyman work, destitute of life and vigour, but every now and then one meets with an icon in which the artist's conception shines out only the stronger for the narrow limitations imposed upon him by his subject.

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A few words as to the construction of an icon may not be out of place. The dimensions of church icons are determined by their place in the iconostas or closed altar screen, while the ordinary private icon is about 12 inches by 9, the painting usually on a sunk surface measuring about 9 inches by 7. The wood is of well-seasoned lime, alder, birch, or oak, Novgorod icons being usually of lime. It was the presence of such immense stores of suitable wood that made the icon possible in Russia to an extent undreamt of in Byzantium. The board is strengthened and kept from warping by two cleats at the back set in opposite directions. An icon which is the object of special veneration is covered by a plate of silver called the *riza*, showing, in more or less relief, the outlines and folds of the clothes or vestments; the flesh of the face, hands, and feet being seen through openings in the *riza*. On this plate may be placed pendants, earrings, and strings of pearls, in addition to a crown of gold. The coronation of icons is not peculiar to the Russian Church; the icon of the Madonna in Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome is officially crowned by the Pope, and the proper office for its coronation is laid down. As we have already remarked, all these ornaments have been recently removed in the Russian churches.

In theory the painting of icons was a religious work; as the Old Believer in Leescov's tale says: 'In former days when an artist devoted himself to painting sacred pictures, he fasted and prayed, and then toiled in solitude with the same zeal, whether it were for much money or for little, as the dignity of this work demands' (p. 63). As a matter of fact, attempts were made, as early as 1551 A.D., to regulate the lives and morals of the icon-painters and to bring them under the direct supervision of the bishops, though Kondakov is scornfully incredulous of any result from these attempts; and when in 1648 the icon of the Iberian Virgin was copied at Mount Athos for the Tsar Alexis, the copy now at Moscow was made while the whole community fasted and remained in prayer.

The materials used in the painting of icons are described at considerable length by Kondakov, both in his chapter on Technique, and elsewhere throughout

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the book, though, characteristically enough, he nowhere deals with the preparation of the board for painting—that is left to Prof. Minns. The sunk painting surface of the board is rubbed smooth and a coating of gesso (gypsum and glue) or Kazan alabaster is applied and rubbed down to a hard smooth surface; the painter 'mixes raw yolk of egg with thin *kvass* or water, and drops a little of this mixture, which starts rather yellow, into ten or fifteen gallipots, and in these he dissolves his colours as he has need. The craftsmen of Mstera or Palekh, the icon-painting villages of Vladimir, can distinguish in which of their painting-shops an icon was made. When he puts before a customer samples of his colours a painter now offers twenty-four or more' of them, which Kondakov proceeds to describe (p. 55).

The most unobservant traveller in pre-war Russia cannot have failed to be impressed by the presence of an icon wherever he went—railway station, shop, bank, restaurant, living-room, sleeping-room, each of them had in its place of honour, the 'red' or splendid corner, an icon of Our Lord, or the Virgin Mother, or of some saint, usually with a lamp burning before it. The universal private use of the devotional icon dates, so far as we know, from the time of the overthrow of the Tartar rule and the growth of Muscovite Russia, and even now under its atheist dictators the portrait of Karl Marx or Lenin often serves as a cover to the cherished icon, and the civil servant entering the Kremlin makes his half-concealed sign of the cross when passing the icon of the Iberian Virgin, or passes bare-headed through the Gate of the Redeemer as of yore.

The character and extent of the devotion paid to the icons in the Orthodox Church is carefully laid down; they were not to receive adoration in the proper sense, but 'salutation and worship that expresses honour,' that is, the outer sign of a reverence that could be paid to men. It took form in Byzantium from the exaggerated reverence given not only to the Emperors, but to anything pertaining to them, a legacy from the Cæsar-worship of old Rome. The icons of Our Lord, of the Mother of God, of the Saints thus have a claim on the reverence of the Christian; and in the case of some of them, the icons are mediums by which miracles are

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wrought (tchudotvorny), and copies of these share to some extent in the power. The Iberian Virgin of the Kremlin derives its power from the eighth-century Vratarnitza of Mount Athos, of which it is a copy. Of all icons the most honoured, indispensable to every believer, was the icon of the Mother of God. No less than 158 different varieties of icons of the Virgin are to be found described in the popular almanacs of Russia, each with its special feast-day, though some of these may be doublets. Kondakov in his 'Iconography of Our Lady' describes and illustrates some sixty of them; they can be finally reduced to about seventeen main types, derived by Schlumberger from originals dating from Byzantine times and named in most cases from the churches of the capital. One of these, the Hodegetria or 'She who shows the way,' is noteworthy as being the type to which nearly all the portraits of the Virgin traditionally attributed to St Luke conform. She is standing upright, the Child on her arm with a cruciform nimbus, His right hand raised in blessing, the left holding the Gospels. There are at least twenty-seven of these paintings of the Virgin attributed to St Luke known, ten of them at Rome, and we have the authority of a Bull of Benedict XIV for the attribution of that in S. Maria Maggiore—'quae a S. Luca Evangelista depicta pie creditur.' Its history is traced back to 847 A.D. Another Hodegetria is that in St Mark's, Venice, brought from Constantinople in 1204 A.D. Moscow has, according to Kondakov, forty-six icons of Our Lady, whether originals or copies, especially venerated or rendered famous by miracles, of which he gives a list (p. 148). They are popularly known either by names of places with which they are associated, by some special feature of the icon, or by some phrase or remark. The chief icons known by place-names are the Vladimir Mother of God, which was taken to the front in 1915; the Smolensk Virgin, taken to the front in 1812 before the battle of Borodino; the Donskaya, the Muromskaya, of the twelfth century; the Iverskaya or Iberian Virgin with a wound on its cheek, caused, tradition says, by a Tatar arrow, or, as another legend reports, by the knife of a Catalan fisherman to its original at Mount Athos. The Virgin of the Passion (Strastnaya) is accompanied

by two angels bearing the instruments of the Passion in the Konevets the Infant is shown holding a white bird by a string attached to its leg. In the Burning Bush the Virgin and Child are shown in a star surrounded by cherubim, archangels, the angels of fire, snow, storm, frost, lightning, etc., while in the four corners of the icon are pictures of Moses and the Burning Bush, Isaiah and the Coal of Fire, Jacob and the Ladder, and Ezekiel with the Door. Icons of mystical and didactic subjects such as this are very popular, and a great number of them are described very fully, and many of them reproduced, in Prof. Kondakov's book.

The icons of the saints were venerated not only for the sanctity of the person venerated but for the protection they afforded to the worshippers. A favourite name-day present was the icon of the 'angel,' that is, of the saint whose name they bore, represented as watching over their sleep, the archangel Michael with drawn sword standing at their head. Other saints could be guardian saints, as St George for Moscow, who also gave success in war together with St Procopius and St John the Warrior among others. 'Our Lady who adds good sense' was a protection against murder, while St Christopher prevented sudden death, and the icon of St Panteleimon was a safeguard against disease, for St Panteleimon was a doctor who in his lifetime refused fees for his cures. St Cosmo and St Damian are also revered as doctors, but their fees were large. The danger of fire, always present in a Russian village, was guarded against by icons of Elias (the prophet Elijah), or of 'The Ascent of Elias,' or the Burning Bush; seafarers and unfortunates revered the icon of St Nicholas, who, like Elias, is a popular figure in Russian folk-tales. Merchants are protected by St Parasceve, who is also, under the popular name of St Pyatnitsa (St Friday), the peculiar saint of women-folk, Friday being the women's day of the week. Women in childbirth are aided by the icon of St Anastasia; diabolical possession is warded off by St Nicetas the Martyr. Horse-breeders hang up an icon of SS. Florus and Laurus in their stables, and cattle are guarded from disease by St Blaise.

When one thinks of the influence that the icon, and
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Religion in general, has exerted on Russian life, one considers what part it reserved for it to play in the future. Our ignorance of the conditions of life in the Russian country-side is almost complete; we know nothing of what the peasant is thinking or doing except what the Soviet government chooses to publish. Russia is a country of immense distances with almost no internal means of communication; visitors from England see only the towns, and very few of them; they are usually unable to speak the language, and if they wished to see a village, they would either have one prepared for them, *à la Potemkin*, or if they succeeded in meeting the real peasants, they would be met by a suspicious silence. The famine relief workers who did go among the villages were carefully shepherded, and in any case could tell us nothing of normal conditions. We can only await the event. The last time a dynasty disappeared in Russia, leaving no central government behind it, the 'Troubles' lasted ten years; to-day with a strong if unstable band of rulers and a relatively unarmed people, they may last much longer. In the meantime, though the priests are still officiating all over the country, their revenues are limited to the free-will offerings of the people, on which, assessed at the fancy of the local officials, they are heavily taxed. No means of recruitment for the priesthood are allowed to exist, and monasteries and nunneries have been closed, though many of these have formed themselves into 'artels'—co-operative guilds—and taken up land as farmers. The peasants themselves have, to a large extent, availed themselves of the Soviet legislation concerning marriage, so as to free themselves of the burdensome and expensive regulations of the church in this respect, but they still resort to it for baptism and funerals. The icon still holds its accustomed place in the village homes, the portrait of Lenin taking the place of that of the Tsar which formerly hung opposite it. In the towns the religious processions are fully as numerous as the official communist celebrations, and the belief and practice of religion has spread to circles in which it formerly did not exist. The story of the relics of St Theodosius of Tchernigov is illuminating. A *sine qua non* for canonisation is that the body of the saint should be preserved

uncorrupted; when the shrine of St Theodosius was opened the authorities brought the body to Leningrad to demonstrate to the people that there was nothing miraculous about its preservation, that it was simply a case of natural mummification owing to the properties of the soil. But when the body was exhibited in a glass case the result was that crowds came to visit the holy relics of St Theodosius in growing numbers and their religious fervour was so marked as to lead to the closing of the exhibition. The effect of state atheism on the generation which has grown to adolescence since 1917 in the towns and villages near the lines of communication cannot be denied, it is unfortunately too patent; but when one reflects that for three centuries the Russian government has been trying without the slightest success to change the habits and prejudices of the peasant, even for his own good, it does not seem likely that the new dictators will be more successful. The future of Russia lies in the hands of the peasants, religious as well as political.

ROBERT STEELE.

Art. 10.—THE NIGHTMARE OF EXAMINATIONS.

IN educational discussions the tone generally adopted towards the institution of examinations is that of men caught in an irresistible current which is bearing them they know not whither. Their freedom of action is almost wholly lost. All that is left is a more or less good-humoured conformity of motion to the onset of the stream, accompanied by unintermittent abortive grumblings. Certain it is that every proposal for an educational reform which bids fair to be at all far-reaching and sanative in dealing with sundry deep defects in our intellectual training is sooner or later met by the silencing objection that the examination system would have to be changed. The case for the plaintiff is at once closed. It is as if some one had denounced the proposal for summer hours by insisting that it was based on the assumption of the sun not rising on the following morning.

Nevertheless, while it is assumed that the present-day system of examinations is one of the foundations of the earth which no one may imagine to be out of course, it is in this country at least of very recent growth. Such examinations as were in vogue before Matthew Arnold fulminated about the need for organisation, only affected schools in a mild fashion, though the competition for Honours at Oxford and Cambridge was keen enough among the élite. The majority of the middle and working-class boys—not less than 90 per cent. between 1750 and 1870—were neither taught nor examined, or were only examined in a tender fashion, so that an adverse verdict had little or no effect on the career of the 'student' in his after-life. Briefly, the fact is that the examination system as a means for selecting young people for responsible work in after-life brings into notice and puts a premium on the wrong quality. Further, the system has an injurious effect on the training of character. The following considerations will, I think, show that this double contention is not baseless.

Examinations at the Universities are carefully arranged to test not only memory but grip of facts, breadth of view, freshness of mind, and what we call

originality. They inevitably put a premium on the possession of these faculties at an early age—twenty or twenty-two. But it has strangely escaped notice that the majority of young men so gifted are precocious; and precocity in youth gives no promise of growth and freshness after fifty years or even forty. Unfortunately, the greatest of all gifts required is fresh vigour of mind in later life when responsibility is given. Very often it is remarked how few of our highest honour-men become leaders. Suppose 50 per cent. of the examination élite are instances of precocity the mystery is solved. Especially is this true of originality. A very eminent American educationist told us some thirty years ago that it had been his dreadful lot to read through a mass of truly nauseating literature; to wit, a whole cargo of theses written by German University students who knew that the highest honours could only be gained by those who treated the theme with marked originality. One's imagination reels at the thought! What must be the outpourings of the pertinacious young Prussian who had been commanded to be original? The output was a marvel of ponderous style and the uttermost audacity of conjecture. When Germans blunder their blunders are ugly—so ugly that we fancy they must be unique. Not at all. Their gestures are unique; but the direction they are pursuing, their aim and attention, are much the same as ours to-day.

This subject, the question of the Ethical influence of Examinations, includes not only the working of the examination system where youths of twenty years old are concerned, but the influence of all the stimulus of competition freely and remorselessly applied to children and adolescents in all kinds of schools wherever such things as weekly orders, terminal promotion-lists, prizes for precocity, as well as 'paper-tests' for entrance into various professions have been instituted. It is necessary before considering the matter to remind ourselves that in the training of character the deadly enemy against whom we are engaged is Egoism. We are all egoistical till we are perfect. Many pages—nay, many volumes—might be filled if we were to enumerate fully the evidences of this truth. On its negative side we have often heard that all sin is selfishness. On the positive

side we may notice Emerson's contention that very few of mankind can so far forget themselves as to be really great. In fact, the claims of the ego by persistent but stealthy onsets 'war against the soul.' Hence we may discern the true import, the essential aim of moral education: another expression for character training. It is that each individual be moved to subordinate his natural inclinations to a higher law than that of self-gratification. That higher law would by some be spoken of as obedient to the Law of God; by others in less precise and more secular language. But every educator is engaged, always and everywhere, in pressing the claims of the higher law upon the young mind and heart; so that it shall eventually take the supreme place in the loyalty and reverence of the man. For, all along, the self lives, according to the immortal paradox, by being slain; is enriched by being pruned; waxes in power as it wanes in consideration. During this process, however, it is no passive resister but an active unconscious objector. It develops powers of increasing subtlety the more its open antagonism is thwarted.

Against the all-pervading pestilence education—that is, spiritual feeding—is the great hope. In a warfare of which the issues are so tremendous the influence of the examination system must be very potent. It can hardly, then, be neutral. On which side does it work? Can it be denied that when a child has his thoughts turned on to a comparison between himself and others he is being taught a lesson—perhaps the first of a life-long series—in egoism? What other effect on the innocent malleable mind can be looked for from the modern institution of the weekly order in marks, from organised rivalry in prize competitions? Whereas before school life began the most delightful characteristic was his unself-consciousness, before he reaches his teens the *novitas florea mundi*, the naiveté, has begun to lose its freshness. He has learnt to make comparisons which are odious because they inevitably include the ego. The effect must be, and plainly is, the closing of the shades of the prison-house upon the growing boy; not very unlike the change in the eyes' outlook when the girl-child of twelve first hears some one remark on her good looks, of which she had been before wholly unconscious. If this is so, there

lurks a poison in the examination-system not only potent, though its effects are for a time invisible, but deadly in that it corrupts the very springs of character. Wherever there is rivalry there is a stimulus either to individual or to group-egoism; which begins in comparison and grows either towards arrogance or paralysing self-distrust.

Two inevitable objections to the argument must be dealt with. The first is that in our schools there are numberless influences which check all growth of conceit, vanity, and self-importance; the youthful society being always ready to deal the nascent monster a shrewd blow in time. This is true; the society is ready: but the blow does not always descend. Egoism driven under the surface is strengthened in the dark; and the adolescent acquires enough of dissimulation to escape notice. Moreover, the healthy social antidote is weaker in Day- than in Boarding-Schools—and the mass of English children, so far as eye can see, will be day-pupils. Moreover, it is idle to rely on any antidote when the pestilence after childhood is known to be the deep-seated canker of all that seems most fair, lovable, and vigorous in human life. Also, in a matter so complex and profound we are playing with fire. If there is the slightest foundation for this indictment against examinations of children, the system ought not to be tolerated for another year. In passing from the second to the third of the injurious effects of artificial stimulus, we should note that as in the case of the first we are dealing with a violent and very recent innovation in our educational system. A century ago the important fact was that the mental development of about 90 per cent. of young people was left to take care of itself. In the first place, girls were hardly taught at all, and the same applies to the large majority of boys; * in fact, to nearly all the sons of the

* These words are, roughly speaking, true. Class-teaching in 1870 for lads of seventeen in a division near the top of the school meant that an elderly scholar—a foppish and grotesque figure—maundered at the end of the room about the opinion of a German commentator of whom we had never heard on a passage of Sophocles which we had never read. The boys had to sit still, but all except three or four foundationers who had an eye to emoluments could let their minds rove at will. But was the will as 'sweet' as that of Wordsworth's river? The *animula* was *vagula*, but was it *blan-dula*? I remember three ways of killing the time: (1) surreptitious

labouring classes and a huge group of the 'lower middle' stratum; the idea—if such a word can be used of a time when nobody thought at all—being the outcome of a blending of piety and laziness of mind. The piety has gone, but the laziness abides. By 1870 a mighty revolution in all departments of national life had set in, and it became evident that an undisciplined swarm of young hooligans in our great towns was a menace to our peace. So compulsory education began; for several years the most woeful travesty of 'spiritual feeding' that the world has ever seen. Meantime the secondary schools were stirred and zeal became the order of the day, showing itself in two directions; the diminution of corporal punishment and the multiplication of subjects. A striking improvement in moral and physical training was to be noticed; but the one question to which nobody gave a thought was the difference between stuffing and feeding in the processes of mental growth. From 1880 till to-day there has been a flood of talk about child-psychology, but in practice the grand failing has been the want of common sense, sympathy, and patience.

At this point we have to take into account the strength of the Public and Grammar-School tradition which had been growing unnoticed for centuries previously to 1880. When it is remembered that from early mediæval times the staple mental nourishment for such boys as were taught at all was the Latin language; that all school premises were rough and many of them squalid—and anything like pastoral care was almost unknown—it is no matter for surprise that the mass of boys hated their lessons and stoutly resisted all efforts to make them learn. Teachers in those schools were engaged in a struggle against what they fondly imagined to be a deeply rooted lethargy in their pupils. From this struggle the mass of the boys emerged victorious. That is to say, barring the linguistically gifted minority, they might or might not drudge at Cæsar and Eutropius according as they were frightened into it; but no power can make young boys gain nourishment from analysis. In

reading of Byron; (2) carving the desks with our names; (3) studying the master's idiosyncrasies with a view to subsequent mimicry out of school; an accomplishment practised with real diligence; for unlike the Greek vocabulary it had an obvious relation to the needs of ordinary life.

spite of this murky tradition the English people about the middle of last century thought they might as well educate girls as well as boys. They calculated apparently on the girls being as recalcitrant as the boys. Hence a misreckoning which to-day is costing us dear.

For, about 1860, schoolmasters became gradually zealous and attacked simultaneously what was amiss in the three departments of school-life—the moral, the physical, the mental. In the two first, though the success achieved was gradual and still is far from complete, the progress was real. Changes were made which attracted little attention. There was no waving of banners and no controversy; and, excepting Arnold and Temple, there were no outstanding figures in the portrait-gallery of moral reformers. But in the sphere of intellectual training how startling the difference! Instead of a quiet and steady advance, here a little and there a little, a slow uplifting of the general tone and practice, every change made—and there were many—was the signal for resistance: wranglings, sputterings, dissensions among men really desirous of doing right, but only united in one unvarying resolve—namely, to burke the central spiritual question, as if it were a source of peril to the body politic. That question was and is as follows: Is there such a thing as a law whereby the human mind works which must not be violated if anything whatever is to be truly learnt? Of course there is; but as the search for it, or for anything else like it, was profoundly distasteful to hard-worked Englishmen they left it on one side and gave themselves to the insane task of congesting the time-table. There was no clear idea how to teach any subject whatever: the panacea for all failure was to pile one subject on to another and trust more and more to the method of stuffing. Everybody has been dissatisfied. Lovers of Greek literature: the historians: the men of science, the musician, the game-master, and a posse who represented various extras, each secured some time for his pet subject, but in no case enough. The protests have been both loud and deep, and for the last forty-five years schoolmasters though constantly overworked have found abundant time to groan.

What has been the effect on the pupils? Not

identical on boys and on girls. When young people are hustled from one subject to another no new knowledge is allowed to *sink*. That is to say, the opportunity is withheld of relating the new to the old. But if this is not done the mind is not being fed, but is being stuffed with matter which it cannot assimilate. When that happens a healthy mind will reject the matter ingested into it as speedily as possible: that is, a vigorous organism, speedily: a less vigorous one, more slowly; a weak one, not at all. If this principle is not understood and the teachers are becoming more zealous the inevitable result is that the pupils are crammed. The more information is rejected as being to the pupils alien, dead, meaningless, the more is shoved in by the teacher to fill up the gap. When the system of 'hustle' includes stiff qualifying examinations this grave evil is of course intensified.

Is this an exaggeration? One of the pupils of a first-rate London girls' school who has just completed the four years' course has furnished me with the following bristling list of subjects in which she has dabbled:

- I. English: i.e. Paraphrasing: Précis writing: Reading aloud, learning by heart: Essays. Four subjects for each of which time has to be found every week.
 - II. Scripture: Bible: Prayer-Book: Church History.
 - III. French: Compositions: reading: translation: grammar: lecture.
 - IV. History.
 - V. Latin.
 - VI. Geography.
 - VII. Mathematics: Accounts: Algebra: Arithmetic: Geometry.
 - VIII. Botany or Chemistry.
 - IX. Singing (in class).
 - X. Extras. Music and dancing.
- German instead of Mathematics.

I do not see how the total of these items can come to less than twenty-two; and any subdivision of such huge subjects as IV, V, and VI would easily bring the number up to thirty. The effect of this state of things was emphasised to me lately by two most capable and

enlightened ladies who run another school of high repute. (I mean by the last words a school where the evil effects of 'hustle,' racket, and over-pressure are so far as possible mitigated.) They discoursed with eloquence and conviction on the mental dissipation, the want of leisure, or of any quiet time for growth. Does it need a profound study of psychology to pronounce such a travesty of education to be sheer insanity? Why, then, does it continue? There are several influences at work, but the most baneful and potent is the parents' insistence that their girls shall pass the School Certificate.

But what of the boys? The difference is this: Boys, who have always refused to be crammed, secretly despise education except as a means of pelf. Girls, who have accepted cramming and are damaged by it, believe in it and become teachers. It is to be noted that the mischief of a congested curriculum leading up to an important examination consists not only in general mental dissipation but more definitely in the necessity, for practical purposes, that the pupils should qualify for the examination, not by a tranquil, joyous process of self-feeding, but by being forced to imbibe facts prematurely; that is, before the mind can relate them to experience. That is called cramming, and it is the most serious and the most universal mischief of the helter-skelter multiplication of subjects; and the mischief would tell upon boys just as much as upon girls, were it not that the former are endued with a greater power of resistance fostered by a long tradition of antagonism between teacher and class. When he is bored by being crammed, a young Anglo-Saxon of the male sex can and does shut his mind and takes refuge in torpor. Thus he is saved most effectually from overstrain; so much so that I doubt if there is any authentic record of one of our boys overworking himself at school. But along with a grand heritage of strong nerves he grows to hate learning. Everything possible is done to make his school life happy and healthy; but by seventeen years of age the love of learning for its own sake has well-nigh disappeared for ever.*

* Recent investigations seem to show that while the most intellectually gifted school girls are (nearly) on a par with the élite of the boys, the decline in any group of the former is markedly more rapid. Thus the tail

The precise effect on girls is first that cases of over-strain are not unknown; but every one is on guard against the danger. Next, they are singularly free from the traditional indocility which most middle-aged Public School men look on as part of the nature of things. Girls allow themselves to be crammed without murmur or protest. The result is hardly to be described as mental indigestion, for indigestion suggests pain, and the grievous fact is that a sort of internal chaos is induced which is accompanied not by pain but by a dim sense of dutifulness. Morally there is something heroic about their endurance; but at the age of eighteen the High School product is a maiden whose mind has never been allowed to assimilate naturally and repeatedly the varied knowledge which has been piled upon it. It is true that as the months go by the silent priestess, Oblivion, stealing in upon the disorder, performs her task of 'pure ablution' like the sea around 'earth's shores'; and by twenty-five the young women are as ignorant as the young men. But their minds have lost freshness. They bear the marks of a long and unavailing struggle; and even where the positive evidence is less decisive there is no doubt whatever about the negative failure. The facts—the information—have not been retained: if they had been, the results would have been more deplorable still. In any case it is a sorry defence of a system to say that its main object has not been achieved.

Such for two generations has been the training of our secondary-school teachers. Both men and women have endured, on the whole patiently, a system woefully misunderstood by all concerned: a system of cramming which becomes more mischievous as it is administered with increasing zeal; and as the pressure of many subjects has been made more real, more concrete, by the urgency of frequent examinations. With striking success the adults have mitigated the asperities of the old-fashioned class-room, and by sympathy, by humour, by new and friendly co-operation with parents, by glad development of healthy extraneous activities, by a fine

end of fifty girls reaches a level of intelligence corresponding to the tail end of two hundred or more boys. Teachers of experience are inclined to accept this estimate as roughly true.

blend of discipline and kindliness, we have let down the curtain over the tragedy which is being played on the intellectual stage; but it goes on behind the scenes. For as the inducements to 'work' are multiplied, the child's love of knowledge for its own sake dies away.

As to the remedial measures, there is little danger, indeed, of any over-precipitate reform. It is not that educationists are unable in theory to contemplate change, or that there is any general contentment with things as they are; but there is a widespread moral paralysis in presence of an organised system of examination tests so complicated and inelastic, so buttressed up by recent tradition and apparently symptomatic of efficiency, that any change has come to be regarded as quixotic and utopian. But if permanent immobility in this grave matter comes to be taken for granted, we are undone. The evils may be classified thus: (1) A spirit of rivalry and self-consciousness is engendered among children and continues to poison the true motive and the actual process of learning all through adolescence. (2) During adolescence the training is chaotic and meaningless for the boys, and often overstrains the girls, and for both produces a shallow and superficial mentality. (3) As selection-tests for professions, examinations inevitably put a premium on precocity.

(1) Fortunately there are a few schools where advantage is taken of the almost universal desire to learn, which is one of the winsome characteristics of children; and where the native interest in the subject gives ample encouragement to healthy, joyous, intellectual efforts. All other stimulus is banned; there are no marks or weekly orders or competition of any kind. The day will come when our posterity will marvel at the long continuance of these pernicious and wholly needless elements in early school life.

To meet, then, the ethical mischief for children under fourteen, all competitive tests should be abolished. Even such an examination as the Common Entrance to the great Public Schools is unnecessary, and if rumour is to be believed, a movement is on foot for substituting a simple recommendation from the Preparatory School headmaster. (Entrance Scholarships form another and more complex problem which I cannot deal with here.)

The gain would be immense. The Preparatory teachers could teach by natural methods, and would be put on their mettle to vindicate wise experiments, which at present they are forbidden to make. Of course the wise-acres will prate about the dangers of dishonesty. This is a typical mare's nest. The accused parties are upright, sterling men to whom we entrust our children for their mental, physical, and spiritual training without a qualm for eight months out of the year. On what rational principle, then, do we accuse them of a wish to be dishonest in one detail only of the trust reposed in them—a detail, moreover, in which any trickery which would be profitable would certainly be found out? I am afraid that whenever the change is attempted the criticism will be heard—but that is no reason for supposing it is anything but arrant nonsense. The truth is it simply indicates the reluctance of most people in this country to abandon an established and mechanical system for one that demands a little insight into the child's mind, a little patient experiment, and a freedom from cheap and baseless cynicism.

(2) Over-pressure is a far more formidable matter. But if the essence of the mischief is considered it will be seen to be due to nothing but the *premature* ingestion of 'knowledge'—facts and formulæ—into the delicate organism of the young mind: such ingestion being reinforced and necessitated by the prospect of competitive paper-tests. In its place the natural method of learning which is encouraged in the P.N.E.U. schools must be substituted for the present cramming. So far as possible, every pupil should be allowed to imbibe knowledge at his own pace: that is, the one salutary safeguard against over-pressure and distaste for learning is that the mediocre and the slow should be allowed to take in what they can without being buffeted, chaffed, penalised, or convinced of their inferiority by recurrent competitions. As to the constitutionally inert boys, a certain number of whom at fifteen will probably be irresponsive, a policy allowing of some temporary marking-time will be advisable. The number of such recalcitrants will be greatly reduced when sensible methods have been employed in the preparatory stage, from eight or nine years of age. The slow boy, too, though he will not be

a monument of learning when he reaches eighteen, will know something; and what he knows will be naturally and spontaneously acquired. The faculty of apprehending, which no boy is wholly without, and which is entirely distinct from the faculty of being passively crammed, will have been continuously exercised instead of being atrophied. Above all, they will go out into the world with a reasonable amount of confidence in themselves and with some disposition to go on learning, by using their minds in the right way, linking the new to the old. On girls the effect will be no less beneficial: indeed, much more so, as the mischief has told more banefully upon them. In short, the time has come for a clear and decisive choice between two psychological theories offered for our acceptance. The child's mind is either a passive receptacle into which unsorted facts may be poured to be retained for subsequent use: or it is a delicate and mysterious organism constructed so as to be injured by cramming, and boundlessly benefited by self-activity.

(3) Examinations as a means of selection. This is a practical problem successfully grappled with by Lord Cromer in Egypt and solved by the common-sense of the heads of business firms. Tests must, of course, be applied, and for more reasons than one the paper examination will be an important ingredient. But it ought to be supplemented by a general estimate of physical and moral stamina, and by the most important requirement of all, the probability of growth in later life. It is likely that any reforming efforts in this direction will be derided and possibly inhibited by stagnant-minded critics; but the wise experiment has been justified sufficiently to indicate the direction in which we are bound to move. Examinations must be employed for purposes of selection; but it is a mere counsel of prudence that they should never again afford the *only* criterion of a young man's fitness for important undertakings. If they do, they become a dark cloud on the horizon to every youngster who at thirteen is told that he will have to qualify or starve.

Above fourteen and sometimes earlier the menace of the School Certificate and the professional examinations begins to loom on the near horizon. The former demands proficiency, or anyhow a standard in certain subjects

presumed to be necessary for a general education. The latter add to these according to the predilections of directors of companies and other 'practical' persons influenced by the stress of competition and the manifold fluctuations of commerce. Another *coda* springs from the pressure of parents on Headmistresses, and in one school there are four kinds of dancing, for each of which a separate time in the week has to be found. Hence a chaotic and wholly purposeless activity. In the general welter the only people as helpless as the Headmistresses are the Headmasters.

Up to thirteen, then, the main line of reform is easy to see. Examinations begin to be pestiferous when they are used as goads for the lethargic. In preparatory schools they are not needed for the purpose of classification. That is secured in ordinary 'work': i.e. by written reproduction of knowledge gathered in the natural way. In Public and other Secondary Schools the practical problem has still to be worked out. It consists of minimising the nightmare of competition as regards the School Certificate; which ought to be regarded as a Preliminary Entrance Examination to the professions. Subsequent tests should be in the hands of the professions. The school authorities should have the entire control of the Preliminary examination.*

This will be seen to be the inevitable outcome of the general adoption of the Mason method of letting all pupils assimilate instead of being crammed. That method is based on a natural principle which every single teacher acknowledges in theory, however persistently he violates it in practice. It is found to mitigate two great obstacles to progress—the large classes and the congested curriculum. When children are feeding themselves, 'forty feeding as one,' the number of the class is not important.

* Compare these two pictures. About thirty-five years ago a Preparatory Schoolmaster was showing a visitor round. They went into a class-room, and the boys stood up. Thinking, as always, of Entrance Scholarships the master took one youngster by the neck and said, 'I shan't let this one go under 80%.' He might have been talking of a prize calf.

To-day in a P.N.E.U. school one may see such natural spontaneous eagerness in the lessons that it is impossible to imagine greater delight in any game. That is where every motive except interest in the subject is banned, and the children teach themselves.

As to subjects, even when they are already numerous the method of spontaneous assimilation is the one safeguard against stuffing and indigestion. Three subjects, zealously 'hammered in,' will effect more mischief than thirty from which the learner selects his natural nutriment.

This salutary change is beginning among the youngest. It cannot fail gradually to affect the tyranny of examinations. The two grand obstacles to reform are (1) rancid suspicion of one set of school teachers harboured by another. (2) Dissensions between men and women teachers as to different curricula for boys and girls. There is a question which only patient experiment can solve. As long as class-teaching is class-cramming, all discussion of the matter becomes a shouting of random and meaningless dogmas. When nature's method becomes general almost any curriculum will give rich opportunity of really beneficent results.

What has been said in this article may seem at first to advocate certain changes in three departments of our educational system, which are outwardly different. In reality they are closely linked together by the arresting thought-compelling fact that all three powerfully affect the training of character. The link is not difficult to discern. In selecting for professions the rewarding of mental precocity and the ignoring of such elements in the young human being as a gift of cool judgment, of tact, tenacity of purpose, power of command and others, are not only from a practical point of view patently foolish, but they must tend to teach a distorted view of what we nowadays call values. The abortiveness of the system is twofold. It professes to deal with the essential and the permanent: but in truth it aims only at the fleeting, and the secular and the uncertain; and even that it frequently fails to secure. In addition to the folly of the method the ridiculous estimate it sets on cleverness is more than enough to condemn it. The second in order deals directly with character. The third, over-pressure and cramming, obviously makes it difficult for our young people genuinely to believe in a universe of order and law. Their own mental growth has been and is being checked, perverted, and disordered. If they fail to catch the indications of intellectual law

and order in themselves they will be blind to the majesty of the moral law.

To improve our method of selection for professional work the tyranny of the exclusive paper-test should be mitigated; other qualifications than intellectual precocity being demanded. The evil of encouraging a spirit of rivalry and comparison among children has been abolished in the schools that follow the Mason method rightly. Over-pressure disappears when the pupils are encouraged to feed themselves instead of being crammed or spoon-fed. Where this is secured the congestion of the curriculum does little harm. Of these the second is by far the most urgent and the easiest to put into practice. Great, therefore, will be our responsibility for any further delay.

EDWARD LYTTTELTON.

NOTE.—Certain practical difficulties in the way of reform have been pointed out by a correspondent. This article, however, deals mainly with principles. Their application has already been achieved where they are thoroughly understood and the mischief of the present system is fairly weighed.

Art. 11.—INDIA FROM CURZON'S DAYS TO THESE.

1. *The Life of Lord Curzon*. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Ronaldshay. Vol. II. Benn, 1928.
2. *The India We Served*. By Sir Walter R. Lawrence, Bart, G.C.I.E. Cassell, 1928.
3. *India in 1926-27*. A statement prepared for presentation to Parliament by J. Coatman, Director of Public Information with the Government of India. 1928.
4. *The Life of General Lord Rawlinson of Trent, G.C.B., from his Journals and Letters*. Edited by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G. Cassell, 1928.

LORD RONALDSHAY'S second volume of Lord Curzon's Life will not disappoint the most confident expectations. It is entirely worthy of its subject and gives a vivid picture of a time that has indeed fallen into 'the irrevocable limbo of the past,' but was marked by doings which have influenced profoundly the whole course of subsequent events. Sir Walter Lawrence who, after years of valuable experience in the political branch of the Indian Civil Service became Lord Curzon's private secretary, has thrown additional and supplementary light on those pregnant years.

Lord Curzon said truly that he had given to India 'all that was worth having of his spirit and strength'; and it was to India that he turned in the hour when life with its labours and disappointments was sinking from under him. In India he had worked with an intensity of courageous and whole-hearted devotion which has never been surpassed, and, despite disappointments and mistakes, had achieved much and shown the way to more. With all his defects of character; defects which neither Lord Ronaldshay nor Sir Walter Lawrence conceals, he left a deep and most beneficial impression on those departments of administration which most affect the security of the country and the lives of the people. To the rank and file of the civil Services, the stokers in the great ship, he was no transient vision, no benignant phantom—but a vivid and inspiring leader; the atmosphere for activity which had always been wide, he made wider; the sense of duty which was keen before, he made keener. He set an example of tireless enthusiasm

not only for the people and the present but also for the past of India, 'the Ancient of Days,' an enthusiasm which, on occasion, obtained recognition even from that Western-educated opinion with which he was so often at issue. At present this opinion is generally voiced by lawyers, men the substance of whose days is incessant contention. But things were not always so; and it is pleasant to learn from Lord Ronaldshay's page 390 that the late Gopal Krishna Gokhale, foremost among Lord Curzon's political adversaries and bred in the more reflective school of education, recognised unstintingly the impelling force which drove the Viceroy on. Before the National Congress in December 1905 Gokhale made 'a passionate and acrid onslaught' on all his doings. Six months later after receiving the news of Lord Curzon's great bereavement, he was writing to him in deep sympathy acknowledging 'the rare spirit that had lived for lofty ends and made a religion of all its work.' Gokhale felt that to Lord Curzon many things could be forgiven because of the main direction and underlying motive of all his days.

In a minute dated May 11, 1902, regarding preparations for the Durbar of January 1903, Lord Curzon observed that the thing most needed in India was 'the sense of common participation in a great political system and of fellow citizenship of the British Empire.' The Durbar, he said, was intended primarily to bring home to all the people of the Indian Continent the vital fact that they were partners in a harmonious whole. Yet he was anxious to assist the Indian National Congress to a 'peaceful demise,' and bitterly antagonised the 'new Nationalists,' especially in Bengal. To some extent this antagonism was the result of an unfortunate manner; but mainly it sprang from the natural conflict between his zealous reforming spirit and the impatience of Western control which was then beginning to show itself in India and Asia. His first offence was curtailment of the power of the elected element in the Calcutta Corporation, an arrangement undone in 1923 by a Bill piloted through the Legislative Council by Sir Surendra Nath Banerjee, once Lord Curzon's stoutest opponent, and in later times, by a turn of fortune's wheel, a member of the Bengal Government. The undoer lived

to see substantial reason for regretting his achievement. Lord Curzon's next offence was his Universities Bill, which came too late and ran too sharply counter to popular prejudices and vested interests to do much more than point the way to better things. Next came the unfortunate passage in his speech at the Calcutta University Convocation, which, it is safe to say, would never have found utterance had Sir Walter Lawrence been still at his elbow. His last and greatest offence was the partition of the old unwieldy province of Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa, in such a manner as to split Bengal itself into halves, creating two new provinces. Had this measure not been preceded by the highly contentious period of University legislation, and had it not synchronised with the thrill which passed through Asia on the close of the Russo-Japanese war, it might not have been so violently resented by Bengali Hindu sentiment as it was, a resentment which was heightened and sustained by the apprehensions of powerful vested interests. Psychologically the line of division adopted was unwise; but no one then suspected that it would afford a welcome opportunity to a band of revolutionary conspirators, or that when the new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam came into being, it would lose its first Lieutenant-Governor within a year; would be for some time financially and administratively starved, and would be abolished when it had begun amply to justify its creation. Its abolition only temporarily placated Bengali Hindu sentiment; it annoyed the Muhammadans and weakened their trust in British stability of purpose. Extremist hostility in no way relaxed. The stream of subterranean revolutionary conspiracies flowed on in Bengal.

Sir Walter Lawrence says that Lord Curzon did not attempt to forecast the distant future of India. From Lord Curzon's own words we would gather that he made such attempts and desisted, not arriving at any satisfactory result. Whither was Britain leading India? What was it all to come to? What was the goal? The future of the Indian race was 'the most hazardous as well as the most absorbing of speculations.' He did not think that it lay with the Nationalists representing as they did only certain castes and professions, always apart

from the soldiers, the hereditary rulers of bygone days. Yet Nationalist ambitions were expanding; their numbers were growing; their tempers were not improving; and they could appeal to the British democracy in persuasive language. It was all a puzzle. Unable to avoid presentiments of the eve, he turned for relief to the great problems involving the welfare of the millions which Indian administration presents, to foreign defence and domestic administration. As Lord Morley afterwards said: 'The outcome, the final outcome of British rule in India may be a profitable study for the musings of meditative minds. But we are not here to muse. We have the duty of to-day to perform. We have the tasks of to-morrow spread out before us.'

In his own 'British Government in India,' Lord Curzon ranks Warren Hastings and Dalhousie above all his other predecessors as administrators and rulers of men. He is perhaps hardly fair to Wellesley, to whom, as Lord Ronaldshay says, he possessed a 'more than superficial resemblance,' and dwells more sympathetically on Dalhousie, whose character and fortunes were not unlike his own. Of both it may be said that where they erred it was from a 'a certain hardness of texture which prevented them from making sufficient allowances for the susceptibilities and weaknesses of others,' and that neither possessed 'the equanimity which was the glory of Warren Hastings.' One certainly cannot imagine Lord Curzon passing through trials at all comparable in severity to those which beset that much-injured man and afterwards, in the evening of his life, writing calmly to a friend: 'I have had a handsome letter from the Chairman of the East India Company and of more unreserved graciousness than was ever written by or in the name of the Court of Directors. I have answered it feebly. The colours of my setting seem all too vivid.' The greatest of all the Governors-General was the first.

Nine eventful years elapsed between Lord Curzon's departure from India and the coming of the Great War. Bengal was distracted by Hindu and Congress anti-Partition agitation, and by conflicts between would-be enforcers of a boycott of British goods and Muhammadans who opposed the campaign and desired to be left alone.

Under cover of the general ferment associations of young revolutionaries in the two new provinces developed their plans, and began a long intermittent campaign of robberies, bomb outrages and murders. The atmosphere was poisoned by seditious newspapers. The Congress split into Moderates and Extremists, in spite of its formal adoption of Swaraj (one's own dominion) as a watchword which was designed to rally all its adherents. The most prominent Extremist leader found his way to jail. A Muslim League was organised to secure the Muhammadan position in a time of constitutional change; the Morley-Minto reforms were enacted, and after long delay a much-needed Press Act was sanctioned by a very reluctant Secretary of State. The whole atmosphere then improved considerably, and India was visited by their Majesties the King and Queen. The capital was transferred from Calcutta to Delhi, and Bengal once more became one province. But Muslim sentiment was alienated by the alteration of the partition and by the Balkan war, and the Muslim League formally declared for 'the attainment of the system of self-government suitable to India.' Hindu revolutionists were busy here and there, and the Viceroy was bombed on the occasion of his State-entry into the new capital. Lord Hardinge's calm courage under this ordeal produced a profound impression; and in spite of all political discontents, when the Great War came, the country was quieter than it had been for some years; trade, commerce, communications, education were rapidly expanding; the enlarged legislative Councils were working well. Lord Morley, and after him Lord Crewe, had emphatically declared that they were not meant to lead to the establishment of a parliamentary system; but by abandoning official majorities on provincial legislative councils, Lord Morley stultified his own declaration.

At the outset of the War the ruling Chiefs set an example of enthusiastic loyalty to the whole country. The martial castes and races rendered invaluable service, and the politicians followed the initiative of one of their leaders who moved in the Imperial Legislative Council that India should be allowed to share in the financial burdens which the war must bring. In spite of the efforts of the Extremist Tilak to organise obstruction with the

view to using the Empire's difficulties for pressing a demand for Home Rule in India,* all agitation was suspended for eighteen months and more. The whole country had been warned by robberies and murders in the Punjab, where concerted revolutionary efforts had been boldly met and thoroughly defeated, that the times were out of joint for it. But the war dragged on; this impression faded; and at the political meetings of December 1915, the President of the Congress, the late Lord Sinha, stated that 'a reasoned ideal of the future was required; an ideal which would satisfy the ambitions of the rising generations and arrest anarchism; an ideal which would at the same time meet with British approval. This was the establishment of democracy pure and simple—"government of the people by the people."' On the same occasion the President of the Muslim League blamed British foreign policy for the war with Turkey, and declared that India needed 'self-government suitable to the needs and requirements of the country under the ægis of the British Crown.' In April 1916, Lord Hardinge made over charge of the Viceroyalty to Lord Chelmsford. In the same month rebellion broke out in Dublin; and from that time agitation began, continued, and intensified under the fostering influence of a 'Home Rule League' dominated by Tilak and Mrs Besant. In August 1917, British policy was declared to be 'the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in British India as an integral part of the British Empire.' Substantial steps in this direction were to be taken as soon as possible, and the Secretary of State would proceed to India to discuss with the Viceroy what these steps would be. Progress toward the goal could be achieved only by measured stages. The British Government and the Government of India, on whom responsibility lies for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples, must be the judges of the time and measure of advance, and they must be guided by the measure of co-operation received from those upon whom the new opportunities

* See Mody's 'Life of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta,' vol. II, pp. 654-6.

of service would be conferred, and the extent to which it was found that confidence could be placed in their sense of responsibility.

It would have been better to have abstained from measuring the future; but the conditions on which progress must necessarily depend were clearly defined. The visit of the Secretary of State and the publication on July 8, 1918, of the proposals of Mr Montagu, Lord Chelmsford, and their Councillors followed. The reformers disclaimed all intention of satisfying political impatience. They did not mean their plans to result merely in 'the transfer of powers from a bureaucracy to an oligarchy.' Their scheme was welcomed by the Moderate politicians who, however, proposed to ask for more, as indeed they were virtually invited to do. The Extremists condemned the scheme as inadequate and disappointing, one gentleman describing it as 'a monster fondling of the Round Table.' Its main features were accepted by a Joint-Parliamentary Committee, which sat for some months in London in 1919, and they passed into law in the December of that year. When speaking at the inauguration of the new central Legislature by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught at Delhi, in February 1921, Lord Chelmsford said that one era had been closed and another opened. The most innovating provisions of the Government of India Act of 1919 had, however, their roots in the past, in the Councils Act of 1861, the enlarged councils of 1892, and the Morley-Minto reforms. From the last, the element of responsibility was absent, for the final decision rested with the Government, and the Councils were left with no functions but that of criticism. The demand of educated Indians for a larger share in the government gained in volume and intensity every year and could not find adequate satisfaction within the framework of the Morley-Minto constitution. Confronted with this situation in the years of 1916-17 the Government of India had decided to seek a new point of departure for British policy. The declaration of August 1917 was the result. The British Government would now become a guiding authority, whose rôle it would be to assist the steps of India along the road that eventually would lead to complete self-government within the Empire.

The new constitution imposed upon British India, a form of government hitherto unknown, designed carefully and with much ingenuity to satisfy not any spontaneous demand of the people at large, but the aspirations of that section which had learnt its political creeds from English teaching and was impatient to free itself from foreign control. In many members of this section there was present the belief that when once this freedom had been attained, India could resume the great position she occupied in the ancient world, and in all the desire that in the new age which was now beginning she should take an honoured place in the councils of the nations. To these aspirations Parliament was willing to make a fair and generous response. But the actual facts of modern India; the complexity of its populations; their still widespread illiteracy; their deep religious and racial cleavages; their diversity of thought and outlook, compelled some measure of caution. While, therefore, administration was in a marked degree transferred to parliaments with limited powers in the nine major provinces, and at headquarters a central legislature consisting of two chambers was given considerable authority over the budget from which the government derived its motive power, precautions were taken to prevent deadlocks. Reserve powers were given both to the Governor-General and to governors of provinces which enabled them on emergency to pass necessary laws, and allot funds for necessary purposes, independently of their Legislatures but subject to the approval of the British Parliament.

The system called Dyarchy was introduced into the major provinces. It divided a provincial government into halves and its functions into 'reserved' or absolutely vital, such as law and order, and 'transferred' or less urgently essential. For the former the governor and two councillors, for the latter the governor and two or more popular ministers would be responsible. If all went smoothly 'reserved' functions would become 'transferred' until ministers held all administrative portfolios and government responsible to the peoples of the major provinces was an accomplished fact. It was not, however, clear what would happen then at central headquarters or in the government of India

generally. Dyarchy was denounced on Jan. 15, 1919, by five Heads of Provinces as 'exposing a large surface to legislative, administrative, and financial friction, and having all the elements which made for division at a time when there was most need for co-operation.' At the same time the five provincial governors criticised the whole scheme put forward by the Secretary of State and Viceroy as a 'leap in the dark' in respect of the probable conduct of the new and untried electorates (about six million strong and including many illiterate persons); they noticed the misgivings current in all the Services, European and Indian, as to prospects under a dual form of government; and they made counter-proposals. But the Joint Parliamentary Committee preferred Dyarchy, and Parliament endorsed the choice.

The schemes of reforms provided for a council of princes, but did not interfere with constitutional arrangements in or relating to Native States. The Act provided that, ten years after its passing, the Secretary of State would submit to Parliament the names of persons who would serve on a commission to inquire into, and report on, the results of all these changes and the growth of education. They would say to what extent the degree of responsible government then existing should be extended, modified, or restricted. Another feature of the Reforms was a programme of progressive reduction in the European element which was predominant in the higher civil services. In the Indian Civil Service, for example, from 1920 onward, recruitment was arranged with the object of providing a proportion of Indian selected candidates, beginning at 33 and rising to 48 per cent. of the whole number. Entrance examinations would be held in India as well as in England.

The change of ideas implied by this arrangement is apparent from some passages in a notable correspondence laid before Parliament in 1894. A resolution, moved by a private member, had passed through the House of Commons in favour of simultaneous examinations in India and England for admission to the Indian Civil Service. The Government of India protested very strongly against any measure likely to reduce the British element. It was a great mistake to suppose that the principles of law and order had penetrated the

minds of the Indian people so deeply that this could be done; and the number of the men upon whom, and not immediately upon military force, British rule rested, was extraordinarily small. A letter was forwarded from Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who represented that, apart from the danger of religious rioting, there were always to be found in many parts of India, predatory classes ready to break out whenever British administration might be temporarily relaxed or British control disorganised. It was a mistake to suppose that the substitution of India for British administrators would be popular with the masses; its popularity would be limited to the advanced Indians, a small fraction of the population.

'British rule,' he wrote, 'brought this country out of a state of chaos, and if the grasp of the British power were relaxed, chaos with all its attendant horrors would come again. Englishmen, even Englishmen who spend all their lives in India, are not given to reflecting much on this, and I doubt whether many natives of the country now-a-days think of it, though it was a good deal present to the minds of the people of the Punjab when I first came to India.'

After reading through the whole correspondence the Secretary of State, H. H. Fowler (the late Lord Wolverhampton), decided that there were insuperable objections to any measures calculated to reduce the British element in the Civil Service. Time, however, had gone on since then; ideas had altered; much water had flowed under the bridge, and the Declaration of 1917 prescribed 'the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration.' So measures were now adopted which combined with other circumstances to produce such a shrinkage of recruitment for the Indian Civil Service that very soon it showed signs of ceasing altogether. On Aug. 2, 1922, Mr Lloyd George, whose Cabinet had been responsible for the Declaration of 1917, found it necessary to say in the House of Commons that he could see no period when the people of India would be able to dispense with the guidance and assistance of the British Civil Service. Few indeed in number, they were the frame of the structure, and without them that structure would collapse. Afterwards a remedy for the

slump in recruitment was found by the appointment of the British-cum-Indian Lee Commission, whose recommendations were, in the main, adopted by the Secretary of State and by Parliament. The chief principles accepted were that recruitment for the Indian Civil Service and the Police should be arranged with the view of producing a service half European and half Indian within fifteen and twenty-five years from the year 1925. The All-India Services employed in 'reserved' fields of administration would continue to be controlled and appointed by the Secretary of State in Council; but the Educational, Agricultural, and other Services working in 'transferred' fields of administration were provincialised. Convinced that British recruitment for the Indian Civil Service was a cause of the gravest urgency and importance,* Lord Birkenhead spared no pains to resuscitate it, and succeeded in doing so.

The new constitution of British India was launched under a lowering sky. Lord Chelmsford's Government had inherited from their predecessors the ominous legacy of failure to grapple effectively with Hindu revolutionary terrorism in Bengal. This failure, which was destined to produce a long succession of disastrous consequences, went back to Morley-Minto days. Some years before the War it had become evident that trial after trial of revolutionary criminals was halting or breaking down in Bengal because witnesses feared to give evidence in open Court. Proposals for special legislation were discussed, but nothing was decided. The real obstacle was British reluctance to imprison any person without regular trial in open Court. At the end of 1913 the situation was regarded as very dangerous. The conspiracies had left a long trail of murders of police officers, bomb outrages, robberies, and ruined lives. The movement intensified after the commencement of the War. In 1915 it was absolutely necessary, for this and other reasons, to pass a Defence of India Act. Its provisions proved effective when rigorously applied; but with the conclusion of the War the Act would lapse, and it was desirable that some new measure should take its place. Toward the close of 1917 the central government, at the suggestion of the

* See Parliamentary Debates, House of Lords, April 1, 1925.

Government of Bengal, appointed a British-cum-Indian committee, under the chairmanship of Mr Justice Rowlatt of the King's Bench, to report on the nature and extent of revolutionary conspiracies, to examine and consider the difficulties that had arisen in dealing with them, and to suggest remedial legislation. The subsequent course of events is well known. The Committee's report recommending under certain conditions detentions of individuals without trial in Court and other preventive measures, was at first favourably received by the Imperial Legislative Council; and after the conclusion of the Armistice the Central Government decided to legislate on the lines recommended therein. Extremists, however, assisted by Muhammadan sympathy with Turkey and by the unique personality of Mr Gandhi, worked up a fiery agitation which swept the Moderates before it. The riots of April 1919, Amritsar, the Khilafat and non-co-operation movements, the Moplah rebellion, followed in rapid succession. The shadow of all these events lay heavily on men's minds in 1921 and 1922. The world outside India was much disturbed. There was grave trouble in Egypt and Ireland. Industrial unrest was rife in Great Britain. The new constitution of India pushed out into turbid seas. The story of its fortunes from the year 1921 to the year 1927 has been clearly told in the annual statements of progress prepared for the information of Parliament by Mr Rushbrook Williams, Director of Public Information with the Government of India, and his successor Mr Coatman.

On meeting the non-co-operation movement and its parallel Khilafat agitation, the Government of India decided to adopt a policy of playing a long game, of waiting for the Moderates, for the constitutional party of politicians who formed so prominent an element in their Councils. Repression coinciding with the initiation of the reforms would, they considered, jeopardise the whole new policy; and if in withstanding non-co-operation the Government could secure strong support from the Legislatures, very much would be gained. Times were very difficult as we can gather from passages in the annual statements and in Lord Rawlinson's Diaries; but it is quite certain that this policy was carried to lengths to which it can hardly be carried again. The

authority of the Government was weakened with enduring effects. 'In many parts of India during the year 1921 and the early months of 1922 it was believed that the administration no longer possessed power to enforce its will.* Not only did 'non-violent, non-co-operation' bring with it a long tale of bloody outrages culminating in a massacre which Mr Gandhi himself stigmatised as 'diabolical'; but even when the leader of the movement was arrested and sentenced to a considerable term of imprisonment with immediately beneficial results,† it was apparent that the restraint upon violent crime and unlawful activities which the forces of order normally impose had been generally relaxed.‡ And no sooner had the roaring tides of paid and unpaid disorder receded, than Hindu and Muhammadan friction began and the sunk rocks of revolutionary conspiracy reappearing in Bengal compelled the Governor to enact a measure similar in character to the Rowlatt Act which had in the meantime been repealed by the Central Legislature. Lord Lytton did this in the exercise of his reserve powers as the Bill had been rejected by his Legislative Council, although Sir Hugh Stephenson, his Executive Councillor, had made a full statement of facts and reasons emphasising 'the insidious expansion of terrorism into all walks of public or even private life.' The Bengal Criminal Law Amendment Act was sanctioned by Parliament and has proved efficacious. It was in fact the passing of this measure, stigmatised by a prominent Nationalist leader as a 'misguided attempt to perpetrate violence upon the people,' that at last convinced most Extremists that the Government were resolved to stop 'violent Revolution' effectively.

On the Councils the Moderates, or 'National Liberals,' were at first the most potent party, as the non-co-operators, or followers of Mr Gandhi, took no part in the elections. But when the second triennial elections arrived the Swarajists, those non-co-operators who had decided to enter the Councils in order to make government impossible 'unless the Indian people were allowed to control their own destiny,' attained sufficient success

* 'India in 1922-23,' p. 76.

† See 'Life of Lord Rawlinson,' p. 303.

‡ 'India in 1922-23,' p. 76.

to displace the Liberals as exponents of the ideas of the Indian intelligentsia.* Many National Liberals, however, were anxious to show that they were as eager for rapid advance as the stoutest Swarajist, although they were not prepared to adopt Swarajist methods for obtaining it. Before the Reforms had been a year in operation a resolution was passed by the Legislative Assembly aiming at accelerated advance; and on Feb. 18, 1924, another resolution recommended an early revision of the Government of India Act with a view to securing 'free self-governing dominion status within the British Empire and provincial autonomy in the provinces.' To this an amendment was moved by Pandit Moti Lal Nehru, the leader of the Swarajists, suggesting that the Government should summon a Round Table Conference to recommend the scheme of a constitution for India; and after dissolving the central legislature, should place the scheme before a newly elected legislature and submit it to the British Parliament to be embodied in a statute. The resolution was carried, and was followed by the appointment first of an official committee and then of a mixed committee of nine members with Sir Alexander Muddiman, Home Member, as Chairman to examine the existing constitution and the possibilities of improvements in its working. In October of the same year there appeared in the 'Asiatic Review' an appreciation of the political situation by Mr S. R. Das, then Advocate-General of Bengal and now a member of the Governor-General's Executive Council, which throws so much light on all these doings and on currents of thought arising from certain past events and apparently still operative that it calls for notice.

The writer began with the proposition that most thoughtful men were agreed that it is to the interest of both countries that India should become a self-governing partner in the British Empire, 'free to administer her very distinct civilisation in her own way, and yet friendly, and as a friend concerned in the rest of the Empire.' But he stated that this goal will only be attainable if England will deal with the existing situation with firmness and on a perfectly frank and rational basis. First of all, Indians must become convinced that England

* 'India in 1923-24,' p. 267.

cannot be frightened or squeezed. The basis of the whole policy of obstruction and of Swarajist influence was the belief that England could be squeezed if sufficient pressure were brought to bear on her. It would not be easy to dissipate this belief. Next, there was a mistrust of English intentions recently increased by the propaganda of the so-called followers of Mr Gandhi, who, more practical than their leader, realised that non-co-operation could only succeed on the basis of distrust and hatred. This was really a violent reaction from the old belief that England was in India from philanthropic motives only. England should never have hesitated to say that she had herself derived considerable benefit from her connexion with India, that she realises that this connexion will last longer if India is able to govern and defend herself and can be induced to remain a friendly partner in the British Empire; but that she also realises that it is her interest to hold on to India as long as possible, rather than grant self-government to an India likely either to be hostile to her, or to revert to the anarchy which prevailed before she took over administration. As things were, persons who were against Swarajist methods found it difficult to convince others that those methods would not bring further concessions because they were not sure that this was indeed the truth. No one knew where he was. The three great political parties in England should take council together and lay down a definite policy.

The Muddiman Committee's report was published on March 25, and the letters from the Provincial governments annexed to it are particularly instructive. The Committee divided itself into a majority and a minority group. The former held that their terms of reference prevented them from recommending any remedies inconsistent with the structure, policy, and terms of the Act, and that the existing constitution was working in most provinces and giving valuable training in Parliamentary government. The period during which it had been in force was too short to enable them to form a well-grounded opinion of its success. The minority members, who included two strong opponents of the present Simon Commission, held that dyarchy had failed. The proper question to ask was whether the constitution

should not be put on a permanent basis, with provisions for automatic progress in the future so as to secure stability in the government and willing co-operation in future. A serious attempt should be made to solve the question either by appointment of a Royal Commission with freer terms of reference and larger scope of inquiry or by some other agency. One of the most interesting passages in the Report is a quotation from a speech by Sir Malcolm Hailey, Governor of the Punjab, stating that the extension of the electoral system had brought into the orbit of politics, classes whose interests had previously been unvoiced, and that free discussion of their needs and requirements had given a new aspect to the whole of public life in the Punjab. The rural classes had been given a new outlook, as there was an insistent demand among them for better education and for vocational training, great activity in availing themselves of character-building institutions such as co-operation, a new and more intelligent interest in all that concerns their economic welfare. The report of the Punjab Government annexed to the Committee's findings, however, showed that the reforms had driven the Hindu and Muhammadan communities into bitter dissension and aggravated their communal differences. The letter of the Governor of the United Provinces and his British Executive Member is illuminating on this and other points. It stated that as self-government had drawn nearer, each community had become more conscious of its own position, and more suspicious of the motives and intentions of the other. The Hindu was filled with alarm by the more rapid increase of the Muhammadans, and the tendency of some of them to look for support to Powers outside India. The Muhammadans knew that they were heavily outnumbered and outdistanced both in wealth and education, and feared that Swaraj would mean Hindu rule. The more far-seeing politicians on both sides realised that without a genuine union Swaraj was impossible and incessantly preached the necessity for this. Nevertheless, even in the ranks of the intelligentsia there were few signs of a common patriotism capable of dominating sectarian animosities; in fact, the true national spirit which is the basis of democracy had got to be evoked. In the legislatures members acquired

certain aptitudes in Council and in committee; and had been brought into contact with vital issues. But well-organised parties (except for the Swarajist, which was almost entirely Hindu and held together by hostility to the British connexion) were non-existent; the interplay of personal factors was incessant; and the formation of stable combinations was impeded by the cross-divisions of race, religion, and interest.

The Muddiman Committee's report and annexures were reviewed by the Secretary of State in the House of Lords on July 7, 1925. Lord Birkenhead considered that the existing constitution must be given a further trial. It could not be reconsidered until the responsible leaders of Indian thought gave evidence of a sincere desire to make the best of it. It had been the habit of Swarajist statesmen to deduce in anticipation that no constitution framed in the West could be suitable for the people of India. If, then, our critics in that country were of opinion that they could succeed where they said that we had failed, let them produce 'a constitution which carries behind it a fair measure of general agreement among the peoples of India.' Such a constitution would be most carefully examined by the Government of India, by himself, and by the statutory commission which would be appointed later on. No such constitution has been produced from that day to this. But the offer is still open.

Mr Coatman's extremely interesting narrative of Indian affairs in 1926-27 claims that extremist politics have weakened and that the representative bodies created by the Act of 1919 have strengthened their hold on public esteem. He states, however, that political groups or parties 'have as a rule no policy except one—opposition to the Government' (p. 106). They have no economic, social, or even any definite political programme to which they give their loyalty and sustained effort. Mr Coatman's personal experiences have presumably been confined to the Central Legislature. He quotes a passage from a speech in the Legislative Assembly by the late Sir Alexander Muddiman, then Home Member, which clearly illustrates the degree to which the government has been forced back on to the use of its reserve powers, but warns the politicians that

in weakening the government they also weaken themselves. It would be difficult to imagine more telling confirmation of the soundness of this warning than is to be found in two appreciations of the situation from a political point of view which appeared in the Indian newspapers of October 1927. On the 10th of the month Pandit Ikbal Narain Gurtu, President of the United Provinces social conference of National Liberals, bitterly bewailed the growing hatred born of mistrust and suspicion between 'the educated sections of the two communities (Hindu and Muhammadan) who were fighting for posts and power and were influencing the masses for political ends.' The educated classes felt that in the intercommunal struggle for posts and power into which they had plunged themselves headlong, they would strengthen their hands if they could succeed in carrying the bulk of their communities with them. In pursuance of this policy furious attempts had been and were being made to arouse the masses, and a propaganda of a raging and tearing character had been set on foot. The motives which moved the educated classes did not move the masses who did not yet hanker after government posts or care so much for 'supremacy of power in the realm.' But their religious susceptibilities could be aroused and liberty had been taken with them with impunity here and there. The whole address, which of course ascribed blame to the usual scapegoat, government and its officials, was a remarkably frank description of the state of politics. On the 20th of the month Dr M. A. Ansari, President of the Indian National Congress, said in a statement to the Press that the recent cold-blooded murders in the Punjab and United Provinces humiliated and enraged him beyond measure. The country was 'drifting into a bottomless pit by communal forces.' He held that both Hindus and Mussulmans were hopelessly disintegrated and divided amongst themselves. In the following month the Secretary of State for India advised Parliament to appoint the Simon Commission. The situation that resulted is still fluid. Another Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Harcourt Butler is examining the treaty relations of the ruling princes to the paramount power.

Sir Walter Lawrence, who writes with long experience

of Indian States and intimate knowledge of Indian character, has no faith in the present path to Swaraj. 'We look too much,' he says, 'from Western windows and ignore the strange strong Eastern light.' The Indian respects tradition. The fighting races have strong views on discipline and authority, and would be up in a moment if the British withdrew from the country. He is in favour of some extensions of the system of Native States. Mr Coatman, on the other hand, considers that the Government of India Act of 1919, and the rules made under its authority, are capable of becoming 'the tap-root of a great growth of constitutional practice and privilege suited to the needs and expressing the character of the Indian people.'

Whatever may be the outcome of the Simon Commission, the real India will still stretch for endless distances beyond the council walls of Delhi, Simla, and provincial capitals. Among its multitudinous populations British rule, however repellent to the Nationalist ideals, has meant to the ordinary man justice, impartiality, the protection of the weak from the strong.* These are the blessings that he most desires. In the history of the past fourteen years certain broad facts stand out prominently. Never have such tremendous changes taken place in Asia within so short a period. Yet India has made her way first through the prolonged crisis of the great war, and then through the stormy years which followed it with immunity from the ruinous calamities which have struck down two great Asiatic empires. The ship has swung with the tide, but the anchor has held. In March last, for the fourth year in succession, a surplus budget was declared. All this would have been impossible but for the general good sense of the kindly Indian people, for their willing response to the British direction and assistance which have been with them throughout. Attempts to spurn these, to thrust them aside, have largely recoiled on the heads of the promoters. The seeds of hatred and bitterness, so freely scattered, have yielded a crop unsatisfying to every one. This is evident; and it is clear that advance towards a successive parliamentary system can never lie through

* See Reports of Debates—Legislative Assembly—Feb. 16, 1926, p. 1336, also Punjab Legislative Council, March 14, 1928, pp. 745-46.

the incessant promotion of strife. If in this 20th century, India is to attain to a place among the nations worthy of her ancient name, it will be through the willingness of her leading men to accept English help and make fair allowance for England's dearly bought interests in their country. Solid progress too is essential in education and agriculture, two great causes to which Lord Curzon devoted untiring thought and labour. In both he pointed out paths of advance; but opposing advance are mighty obstacles which can be overcome only in an atmosphere of patient perseverance, of peace and good will. Unless this atmosphere can be secured India will be benefited by no constitution that the wit of man can devise. A fresh wind is needed to move her from that bank and shoal of time on to which she has politically drifted.

H. VERNEY LOVETT.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Mr William J. Brittain, in his article, 'The Beginnings of Television,' in our April number, mentioned the growing opinion that television will develop by the use of electrons rather than along the mechanical lines being chiefly followed at present. Among the men of science who agree with this view is Mr Alan A. Campbell Swinton, F.R.S. As early as 1903 Mr Swinton made television experiments with electrons, using a selenium cell, sensitive to light, specially prepared for him by the late Prof. G. M. Minchin, F.R.S. In 1908 Mr. Swinton wrote a letter in 'Nature,' which was most likely the first published suggestion of the use of cathode-ray electrons, in place of mechanically moving material parts, both for transmitting and receiving in television. In 1911 he illustrated and detailed his scheme before the Rontgen Society of London; and before the Radio Society of Great Britain, in March 1924, Mr Swinton elaborated his suggestions, showing how modern wireless methods could be applied to his apparatus, so as to produce wireless television by means of electrons.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Socialism, Fascism and Mussolini—An Ancient Epic—Santiago—A. L. Smith—Johnsonian Gleanings—Trollope—Robespierre—Books on Art—Romans and Britons—Morals—Bi-Sexuality—African Jungle Life—‘Blue Trousers’—‘The Sacred Fire’—Explaining Masterlinck—English Literature.

So much mere sentimentality has been blended with the Socialism of recent years—it began with the start of the Fabians in the 'eighties and Sir William Harcourt's casual, untrue assertion that 'We are all Socialists nowadays'—that it is time we looked steadily at the truth; especially since a Socialist Government has been in power and will shortly be making a bid for power again. Also we have seen in Russia the very brutal havoc wrought through the relentless application of Marxian ideas to the social life. No better clearance of the issue could have been made than is accomplished by Prof. F. J. C. Hearnshaw in 'A Survey of Socialism' (Macmillan). This analytical, historical and critical examination of the various Collectivist movements and assertions of principles launched on an unsettled world is careful, illuminating, searching, convincing, overwhelming; and also is fair to the opposite side. The only judgment in it that we question is the severe one on John Ball, whose protest, surely, is amply justified by the pictures drawn of the suffering peasants in the contemporaneous 'Piers Plowman.' His denunciation of the inequalities which cast their rags and starving into a greater hopelessness was natural to humanity, and far removed from the positive cruelty of the Communism which has ruined Russia and would ruin this country too, if the impossible happened and the nasty little people, its advocates, gained the whip hand. Space at present prevents more than this brief commendation of a brilliant and most valuable book. If it does not absolutely break the theorists of Socialism altogether—wilful obstinacy being in the life-blood of those gentlemen—it is final to those who are prepared to weigh duly the evidences of experience and history.

We can get used almost to anything; and so it is that many who, the other day, looked upon Mussolini as, after Lenin and his evil company, the greatest danger to European peace and settlement, are beginning to forget old doubts and fears and to tolerate 'Il Duce' as on the whole a beneficent force, a constructive Napoleon. It is, therefore, perhaps opportune to have from one of its victims a volume describing the origins and early practices of 'The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy' (Cape). Prof. Gaetano Salvemini is an exile from his country because of his opinions and his opposition to Mussolini; yet he was intimately working with the Dictator in the young days. As his editor points out, it is natural for a sufferer from any cause to exaggerate its evils; yet take away the possible extravagances of his story and still we see that, however fair and strengthening to Italy the results of the Fascist Dictatorship have been, it began with violence, cruelty and persecution; its bases were laid in moral mud and blood. History in time will tell the true story—more or less—and then the confident assertions of the successful Black Shirts will be checked by the striking and angry statements of this volume. Meanwhile, the Dictatorship goes on. And it is easy to see why it goes on, if Signor Vittorio E. de Fiori in his 'Mussolini, the Man of Destiny' (Dent) tells a true story; for 'Il Duce' in a very brief space of years has risen from extreme poverty to his present power and greatness; and that is the sole result of personal force and genius. The son of a blacksmith, he began to earn money as a bricklayer's labourer; a convinced Socialist, he edited 'Avanti' until the War broke out; and then after fruitless endeavours to keep international Socialism as a neutral influence, he threw himself ardently into the cause of his country. He served as a private and a corporal in the trenches, and then began that amazing change which has placed him at the head of a renovated and self-confident Italy. 'Cruelly sentimental' and 'bad tempered' are Signor Fiori's epithets for the Dictator at the beginning of the book; but, after that it is roses, roses all the way. This, again, is the tribute of a partisan; but how can bias be avoided in the case of so forceful a personality as Benito Mussolini?

'The Epic of Gilgamesh' (Luzac) takes us back to the

very dawn of life when there were gods and heroes endowed with like passions to ourselves. Visioned and inscribed on clay so long ago as 5000 B.C., and copied by Babylonian, Assyrian, Hittite and other scribes, fragments of the tablets telling the wonderful tale have been found and pieced together; so that the Epic comprises not only a living account of ancient heroism and passion, but is a fairly complete record of the legendary wanderings and trials of the mighty Gilgamish, who amongst his other vicissitudes travelled in the Ark with Uta-Napishtim, the Hebrew Noah. This latest version of that old, old tale, which left so marked an impression on the human mind, is retold by Dr R. Campbell Thompson in stirring hexameters. Granted that any translation must be far removed in form and spirit from the original, Dr Thompson has yet achieved a fine poem as well as a clear rendering of a tale which, despite the almost century of centuries that have elapsed since first it began to find expression through a human mind, still can move the heart. The legend is one of the mightiest, and this, its latest version, marches with power.

That titles of books do not always suggest the quality of the contents to which they are the signposts is proved by 'The Cult of Santiago' (Longmans). At the first sight of that title the idea came that the volume would be profound, esoteric, blue-bookish. It looked like wares for Dryasdust; and the assurance on the title-page that the Author had made of it a 'sympathetic study' was not vastly re-assuring. Happily we went on with it, and now recommend cordially the reading of this book, for infinite entertainment is packed within its pages. The purpose of Dr Stone, the author, has been to write, sometimes almost in a gossiping spirit, round the personality of the Apostle James, the Son of Zebedee, and the traditions, myths and pilgrimages associated with him. Wielding a happy pen, he talks, digressing here and wandering there, in the manner of a cultured conversationalist who has admitted his readers to a fireside intimacy. Much of the story is focussed upon Compostella, the great Spanish shrine of the saint; and, reading of its pilgrims and legends, we meet a multi-coloured company, from Charlemagne and his fierce contemporaries to the little pilgrims of the other day. A very engaging book. The

author wins the reader's heart with his humour and simple subtleties. The calm way in which in one paragraph he will take and refuse a miracle is most attractive.

So, too, with the next book. No small part of the success of the biography of 'Arthur Lionel Smith' (Murray), written by his wife, is due to the delightful candour with which it has been penned. The Master himself is almost a subordinate figure in the congress of persons who pass across these entertaining pages; and yet, through their reactions to him as well as from the occasional direct testimony to himself, we realise his helpful, kindly, energetic, easy-going, workful, playful, sometimes crotchety, but essentially sympathetic spirit. 'A.L.S.' was not every man's man, obviously: he was too indifferent to mere clothing for that; but what a great guide he proved to masculine youth in its greenness! Despite its lonely beginnings, he was fortunate in his life, and supremely fortunate in his choice of wife and biographer. One is compelled to revert to the manner in which her book is written, with its frequent points of subtle frankness, of kindly acid; though never is it touched with malice. How many of those who possibly trembled before the shrewd personal examinations of the Master were aware that his much-occupied wife, despite her many children and the care of the students resident in her crowded home, was as closely observant as he! The subsequent Deputy-Master of the Mint beaten in a race by a little girl, who became in time a prominent actress; 'Mr Bennett of Hertford,' who now is made aware of the horrific truth that he ate up all the cakes meant for the children, and others; how will they take these pleasant barbs? But, of course, they will take them well, for it all has been done with the real kindness which marks the whole book.

Mr Aleyn Lyell Reade is almost out-Boswelling Boswell in his meticulous study of details and even amazing devotion to Dr Samuel Johnson; and it is safe to predict that any future biographers or students of the life-history of the Great Cham of our literature will be compelled to come with obligation to Mr Reade. His 'Johnsonian Gleanings,' privately printed in a limited edition at 3, Amen Corner, London, have been in progress for many years, as was to be expected when it is

seen how extraordinarily patient, careful and elaborate his labours have been. In the fifth Part, now issued, he treats of 'The Doctor's Life' from 1728 to 1735; and the period comprises Johnson's entry at Oxford, his residence there—amply discussed with discoveries of new facts and material—and the very anxious period following his leaving the University, until the eve of his marriage. In quantity and essential quality this work of eager research may be described as great. What a tribute it is to the superb strength of Samuel Johnson's personality that such widespread devotion as this volume illustrates is still being given, in spite of the more than multitudinous tomes on the subject already published! Mr Hugh Walpole's volume on 'Anthony Trollope' (Macmillan) is in the best tradition of the famous series to which it is the latest addition. It has authority, interest and style. Doubtless, Mr Walpole's study of the subject has been helped by Mr Michael Sadleir's irreplaceable work, but as surely also it has been not helped by it; for this volume shows that its author has approached and mastered his subject with independence of conjecture and judgment, helped by his own experiences as a craftsman in fiction. That is one of the supreme attractions of this book; that its writer knows the ropes, and is able to show how Trollope used his material. The concluding chapter, in which Mr Walpole summarises the artistic qualities and shortcomings of the Victorian, who after long waiting has come vigorously and steadfastly into his own, is especially admirable.

The purpose of M. G. Lenotre in his study of 'Robespierre's Rise and Fall' (Hutchinson) has been not to write a biography of that 'man with a cat's face,' whose destiny and influence upon France were equally disastrous; but to study his psychological characteristics, especially in the later years of his gradual and then rapid fall. The only important aspect of Robespierre in this otherwise realistic and revealing volume not sufficiently brought out is as to how, in five brief years, he managed to secure supreme power over the forces and victims of the French Revolution. What was the cause of the undoubted devotion of his friends? Something more than we are shown must have appeared to produce that effect. It is an unsolved aspect of Robes-

pierre. The causes of the hatred he aroused are plainly seen. Doubtless that missing necessary link in the chain of personal evidence may some day be supplied as the persistent study of Robespierre and the tragedies in which he enacted his leading part is pursued; but it remains as yet a mystery. M. Lenotre is able to show that his man was not all monster. The trembling schoolboy in his rags, slowly achieving an inferiority complex; the nervous, ambitious deputy to the 'Tiers État'; and then, after only one lustrum, the President of the Assembly with the powers of death in his hands, mercilessly wielded. Subtly we are shown the turn of the tide in the great hour of triumph at the Feast of the Supreme Being, as Robespierre walking alone at the head of his colleagues of the Revolution heard their gibes and sneers and felt the cold beginning of failure. The tragic horrors of the end are vividly described.

Two handsome books of special interest to artists have reached us from the House of Dent; both are lavishly illustrated and beautifully produced, but otherwise the value and interest are different. In '*Miniatures and Silhouettes*,' Mr Max von Boehn, although his main province is the miniature in England, Germany and France, spends his space rather on the lives and characters of the subjects portrayed by the examples reproduced in the book, than on the development of this dainty form of art and its leading exponents; and some of his biographical references are to the last degree poor and trite. His chapter on the Silhouette is the better part. On the other hand, Mr Douglas Percy Bliss's '*A History of Wood-Engraving*' is in all ways admirable. The text and the many illustrations are happily married, each clearly helping and embellishing the other. He traces the development of wood-engraving from its beginning in Europe during the 14th century; from the crude woodcuts of religious subjects and the examples of playing-cards which required stencils for their colouring; on, through the innumerable fine book-illustrations of France, Germany and the Netherlands, to the triumphs in England of Bewick and his successors, including those artists of to-day who—not too wonderfully—are rediscovering the power and quality of the wood-block. We should like to have seen mention made

of Timothy Cole, the artist, and of J. D. Cooper, the engraver, both of whom bravely, in America and in England, with the world falling about them under the competition of the new process blocks, kept their flag flying with work which none of these moderns as yet have nearly approached.

The contributions of foreign scholars to the study of British archæological history (or to any other department of research) are ever welcome, and therefore we are happy to receive from Prof. R. E. Zachrisson of Upsala his pamphlet on '**Romans, Kelts and Saxons in Ancient Britain,**' in which he has summarised with excellent lucidity the results of the more recent studies of the two dark centuries of English History—A.D. 400 to 600. Brief as is the compass of his pages, it comprises many aspects of interest. The general conclusion he comes to is that the earlier Celtic settlers in these islands were neither exterminated nor allowed to remain in their hill-top refuges, but were absorbed by, and amalgamated with, their Anglo-Saxon conquerors. He emphasises the fact that the successful Teutonic invasion of England was slow, gradual and stubbornly contested; and accepts the theory that King Arthur, the champion of the Britons, was a true historical personage, though not possessed of the gigantic proportions in which the poets and hero-makers have robed him.

Dr Leon Roth is concerned over the truth that whereas the physical sciences have advanced and are advancing by leaps and bounds, moral science is at a standstill; and therefore he has written the Essay in Method, '**The Science of Morals**' (Benn) in order to clear the ground for a further advance in the study of Ethics and the ending of the stagnation which at present exists. But is it possible to bring any aspect of Psychology, with its limitless provinces, into a condition comparable with that of the so-called exact sciences? The one set of inquiries may generally be supported by demonstrable and pretty finite evidence; the other set—the spheres of the mind, the heart, whatever you call it—at the best are merely 'impressionist,' and the personal equation in every case is incurably variable. The book is a gallant, as well as a very reasonable, endeavour; but it is doubtful whether the arguments of many lifetimes

would ever make it possible to grasp the infinite; and that appears to be what the more ardent psychologists are ever endeavouring to achieve. We are informed on the wrapper of Mr T. J. Faithfull's '**Bi-Sexuality**' (Bale, Sons and Danielson) that it is 'an essay to read not once, nor twice, but again and again'; which certainly is true, if this small book is to have any influence at all upon the normal heads of a household; for the terms used in it, although commonplace to the man of science, are very like jargon to the laity. That in every one of us, woman or man, there are masculine as well as feminine elements, is a circumstance recognised by every thoughtful observer of life and character; but how to achieve the desire of Mr Faithfull towards securing 'homologous monosexuality' in individuals is not sufficiently clear from this volume.

With brush and pen Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore pictures sympathetically and cleverly not merely the externals of '**African Jungle Life**' (Macmillan) but the inward feelings, the workings of the intelligence, as well as the fears and other perturbations, of the more powerful animals of the wild. Generally it has been the weakness of imaginative writers detailing the lives of the great untamed to give them thoughts and sentimentalities like our own. Major Dugmore avoids that mistake, and brings out clearly the haunting cares and anxieties, the pains and difficulties, of the wild things of the jungle and the African plains. His Tembo, the elephant; Simba, the black-maned lion; and Mbogo, the buffalo, are fine fellows; while even of Kifaru, the rhinoceros, he makes a sympathetic figure. And why not? Because she is hideously ugly—as appalling as a prehistoric dream—and apt to be angry when annoyed, is she to be regarded as utterly bad? Yet when has a rhino not been thought of but as a thoroughly unpleasant beast? The happiest feature in this attractive book is the author's pleas for sportsmanship and fair play for the animals.

Though, doubtless, it would be well to read *seriatim* the whole of the four volumes of the Lady Murasaki's prose epic, '**The Tale of the Genji**,' yet its translator, Mr Arthur Waley, with his footnotes and connecting links, makes any one of the volumes sufficient to itself, and his concluding instalment, '**Blue Trousers**' (Allen

and Unwin)—formal mourning trousers among the older Japanese—is self-contained and enjoyable. It carries us as with a magic flight to the days of the mystical Empire, when almost every act and duty was governed by ritual essentially poetical and lovely. Genji was a prince of the blood royal, a man of heartiness in body and mind, whose amours were free, ambitious and full of consequences. In these pages we visit a feudal system gone. The Samurai lived with their chivalry: the horrid breath of modern commerce had not yet blighted the immeasurable beauties of ancient Japan, and—for the well-born and the fortunate—it was bliss to be alive. The great attractiveness of this story comes from the vital difference of its atmosphere from that we breathe to-day. Although we are restored to the age when Japanese knighthood was in flower, it is an exotic flower that we are shown, rich with the luxury and blazing brilliance of the East. Sometimes, though rarely, Mr Waley falls from the heights of choice and poetic diction appropriate to his theme: but generally his words rightly frame the brave picture. Some passages, such as those leading to the death of Murasaki, are touching in their reverence and beauty.

‘The Sacred Fire’ (Watts) by Mr Theodore Sydmont is a curious novel, being at once full of interest for certain minds, and written with crudeness. It endeavours to do too many things. Had the author possessed more experience as a novelist he would have done the work better, or would not have done it at all. He blends a purposeless modern tale with the legend of Appolonius of Tyana, whom he identifies with Jesus, who is also Barabbas! Think of it! He asserts that such phenomena as have been called supernatural were due to physical causes, ‘an electro-chemical “hormon” of certain non-seminiferous interstitial cells’; and, in following the story of ‘Jesus Barabbas,’ not too ingeniously or ingenuously, elaborately explains away the miracles. The turning of the water into wine at Cana was a practical joke; the walking on the Sea of Galilee was due to the disciples not having seen that Jesus was standing on a dinghy before he alighted on their sailing-boat; the cures, and the apparent raising of the dead, were due to hypnotic suggestion or to faith-healing. Much of the

book is needless and even preposterous; but its honesty and breadth of purpose are unquestionable.

No greater compliment can be paid to a seer or prophet than is shown in the endeavour to explain him; and here is Miss Florence G. Fidler in 'The Bird that is Blue' (Selwyn and Blount) offering such tribute to M. Maeterlinck. What precisely is meant by his Blue Bird? Is it a symbol of happiness? And what is the significance of this, that and the other purpose, remark or action, in his plays, 'The Blue Bird' and the 'Betrothal'? The author has such earnestness that she does not disdain, as on p. 22, the very trivial; and, doubtless, is able generally to suggest what the Master was driving at. But to make a consistent whole out of these scenes or actions of the stage is impossible; for Maeterlinck appears never to have bothered over inconsistencies. In 'The Blue Bird,' for instance, we are taught by the scene at the Grandparent's Cottage that those we love only die when we cease to remember them; whereas the graveyard scene assures us that 'There is no death.' It may as well be frankly recognised that these plays were written for enjoyment in the Theatre; and as such they succeed. Let us, therefore, be content with that sufficiency.

Messrs Dent have completed their two-volume 'History of English Literature,' of which the first part, written by M. Emile Legouis, was published a year ago. M. Louis Cazamian, who has been responsible for the second part, now issued, seems to be less successful than was his collaborator, possibly because the period at his disposal, ranging from Dryden to 'these moderns,' is by far the more difficult. The endeavour is really too wide for any one man to accomplish successfully. Think of the periods, the schools, the movements, the actions and reactions, in the last two hundred and seventy years of English literary history! In view of the vast range and intricacy of the subject and the difficulties, M. Cazamian has done rather well. But there are slips. Several of the obvious geese among present-day writers are listed as swans; and why does he label Sir James Frazer as an 'eminent historian of religions'? Certainly that might have been expressed differently.

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